

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Die Römische Päpste, ihre Kirche und ihre Staat im sechszehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Leopold Ranke.

Erster band. Berlin. 1835.

(*The Popes of Rome, their Church and State during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.*)

WE envy the dispassionate and philosophical serenity with which the German historian may contemplate the most remarkable and characteristic portion of the annals of modern Europe—the rise, progress, and influence of the Papal power. In this country, the still-reviving, and, it is almost to be feared, unextinguishable animosity between the conflicting religious parties, the unfortunate connexion with the political feuds and hostilities of our own days, would almost inevitably, even if involuntarily, colour the page of the writer ; while perfect and unimpassioned equability would provoke the suspicious and sensitive jealousy of the reader, to whichever party he might belong. On one side there is an awful and sacred reverence for the chair of St. Peter, which would shrink from examining too closely even the *political* iniquities, which the most zealous Roman Catholic cannot altogether veil from his reluctant and half-averted gaze ; while, on the other, the whole Papal history is looked upon as one vast and unvarying system of fraud, superstition, and tyranny. In truth—notwithstanding the apparently uniform plan of the Papal policy—notwithstanding the rapid succession of ecclesiastics, who, elected in general at a late period of life, occupied the spiritual throne of the Vatican—the annals of few kingdoms, when more profoundly considered, possess greater variety, are more strongly modified by the genius of successive ages, or are more influenced by the personal character of the reigning sovereign. Yet, in all times, to the Roman Catholic the dazzling halo of sanctity, to the Protestant the thick darkness which has gathered round the pontifical tiara, has obscured the peculiar and distinctive lineaments of the Gregories, and Innocents, and Alexanders. As a whole, the Papal history has been by no means deeply studied, or distinctly understood ; in no country has the modern spiritual empire of Rome found its Livy or its Polybius ; no masterly hand has traced the changes in its political relations to the rest of Europe from the real date of

its *temporal* power, its alliance with the Frankish monarchs—nor the vicissitudes of its fortunes during its long struggle for supremacy. Almost at the same time the slave of the turbulent barons of Romagna, or of the ferocious populace of the city, and the powerful protector of the freedom of the young Italian republics—the unwearied and at length victorious antagonist of the German emperors—the dictator of transalpine Europe;—now an exile from the imperial and Holy City, yet in exile swaying the destinies of kingdoms—triumphing even over its own civil dissensions, and concentrating its power, after it had been split asunder by schisms almost of centuries, not merely unenfeebled, but apparently with increased energy and ambition:—no subject would offer a more imposing or more noble theme for a great historian than that of Papal Rome; none would demand higher qualifications—the most laborious inquiry, the most profound knowledge of human nature, the most vivid and picturesque powers of description, the most dignified superiority to all the prepossessions of age, of country, and of creed.

Of all periods in the Papal history, none perhaps is less known to the ordinary reader, in this country at least, than that comprehended within the work of Mr. Ranke, the centuries which immediately followed the Reformation. Just about the time of that great æra in the religious and civil history of mankind, the reign of Charles V., the extraordinary characters of the ruling pontiffs, and the prominent part which they took in the affairs of Europe, have familiarized the least diligent readers of history with the names and the acts of Alexander VI., of Julius II., and of Leo X. The late Mr. Roscoe's life of the latter pontiff, though, from its feebler and less finished execution, it disappointed the expectations raised by that of Lorenzo de' Medici, filled up some part of this great chasm in our history. But, after the Protestant nations of Europe had seceded from the dominion of Rome, they seem to have taken no great interest in the state of the Papacy; they cared not to inquire by what hands the thunders of the Vatican were wielded, now that they were beyond their sphere: so that they scarcely perceived the effects of the Reformation itself upon the Papal system, the secret revolution in the court of Rome and in the whole of its policy, the different relation assumed by the Papal power towards that part of Europe which still acknowledged its authority.

This extraordinary fact, of the silent retirement of the Papal power almost entirely within its ecclesiastical functions; the complete subordination of the temporal interests of the Pope, as an Italian prince, to those of his spiritual supremacy; the renovation of the Papal energy in its contracted dominion over southern Europe

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Europe and its foreign possessions ; its confirmed and consolidated power in the countries which had not rejected its supremacy, from the higher personal character of the pontiffs, who from this time, if darkened, to our judgment, by the varying shades of bigotry, were invariably men of high moral character, and of earnest and serious piety ; the extension of its influence by the activity of the Religious Orders, more particularly the new institution of the Jesuits ; the assumption of the general education of the people by this most skilfully organized and sagaciously administered community ;—these subjects have been first placed in a clear and attractive point of view by Professor Ranke. If we should find a fault in the history before us, it would be that on which we are most rarely called upon to animadvert, especially in German writers. Brevity is an offence against which our statutes are seldom put in force. Still where the author has made such laborious and extensive researches, and where his subject possesses so much inherent interest, we could have wished at times that he was less rapid, concise, and compressed—we could have borne greater fulness of development, a more detailed exposition of the course of events, and of the motives of the influential agents—more of the life and circumstance of history. In many parts the present reads like a bold and vigorous outline for a larger work. But having exhausted our critical fastidiousness on this point, we have only the more gratifying duty of expressing our high estimate of the value of the present volume, and our confident reliance on the brilliant promise of those which are to follow. To the high qualifications of profound research, careful accuracy, great fairness and candour, with a constant reference to the genius and spirit of each successive age, common to the historians of Germany, Mr. Ranke adds the charm of a singularly lucid, terse, and agreeable style. We do not scruple to risk our judgment on this point, which it is sometimes thought presumptuous in any one but a native to pronounce ; as we are inclined to think, that for an historical style, which, above all others, demands fluency, vivacity, and perspicuity, there can be no testimony more valuable than the pleasure and facility with which it is read by foreigners.

Mr. Ranke is, we believe, the colleague of Mr. von Raumer in the historical department at the University of Berlin ; and there can be no better proof of the wisdom with which the higher as well as the lower system of Prussian education is conducted, than the selection, or indeed the command, of two such men as connected with this distinguished province of public instruction.

Before we enter on the consideration of Mr. Ranke's history, it is right to give some account of his labours in searching out original sources of information, in order that we may justly appreciate

the diligence of the writer, and the authority of his statements. We are the more anxious to do this, because the Professor seems to have derived great advantage from collections, the existence of which, at least to the extent and value described in his preface, is little suspected. Having exhausted the archives of Berlin, Mr. Ranke proceeded to Vienna. Vienna has long been a great centre of European politics. Besides the relations of Austria with Germany—from her connexions with Spain, with Belgium, with Lombardy, and with Rome, the imperial archives have been constantly accumulating their treasures of public documents. The court of Vienna has for a long time had a passion for collecting, amassing, and arranging such papers. The Court Library (*Hof-Bibliothek*) has been enriched by many important volumes from Modena, and the 'invaluable' Foscari manuscripts from Venice—the collections of the Doge Marco Foscari for the continuation of the Italian Chronicles—and a very valuable collection made by Prince Eugene. The Imperial Archives are still richer; the greater part of the treasures which belonged to Venice have been restored to that city, but there is still a vast stock of papers relating to the history of Venice, original despatches, extracts from the customs of the state, called *Rubricaria*; narratives, of some of which no other copy is known to exist; lists of state-officers, chronicles and diaries. The archives of Vienna were of great value in illustrating the pontificates of Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. Mr. Ranke's researches were next directed to the Venetian libraries. That of St. Mark is not only valuable for its own proper wealth, but as having received in latter days the wrecks of many old private collections. This last is the department which has been first discovered and explored by Mr. Ranke. Both at Venice and at Rome the nobility took a pride in the collection of family-papers, which, of course, are constantly interwoven with public affairs. In Venice, the great houses almost always possessed a cabinet of manuscripts attached to their libraries; some of these still remain, many were dispersed at the downfall of the Republic in 1797. At Rome, the great houses, almost invariably the descendants of the Papal families, the Barberinis, the Chigis, the Altieris, the Corsinis, the Albanis, have preserved vast collections relating to the period of their power and splendour. Mr. Ranke describes the importance of these documents as not inferior to those of the Vatican. The free and liberal access to these collections compensated to him for the somewhat restricted use of the Vatican treasures, imposed partly, it should seem, by some mere personal jealousy on the part of Monsignor Maio, the librarian, and partly from the natural reluctance to open at once all the secrets of that mysterious treasure-house to a foreigner and a Protestant. Mr. Ranke, however, observes with some justice

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on the impolicy of this concealment at the present day, as inquiry can scarcely bring to light things worse than suspicion, thus awakened, will imagine, or than the world is inclined to believe.

The present work, professing to be the History of the Popes during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, properly commences with the two last years of the pontificate of Alexander VI. The prefatory chapters trace with rapidity, but with skill, the development of the Papal power from the establishment of Christianity. Already, before the opening of the sixteenth century, some ominous signs of resistance had menaced the universal autocracy established by Hildebrand and Innocent III. The national spirit in many countries had asserted its independence. In France, in England, in Germany, even in Spain and Portugal, a strong reluctance to the interference of the Papacy in the nomination to the most opulent benefices, and to the grinding taxation of the court of Rome, began to betray itself; and the nation, as represented by its parliament or its nobles, had invariably supported the rebellious sovereign in his struggles against the ecclesiastical despotism. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, new objects of ambition opened upon the minds of the pontiffs. The nepotism, which had hitherto been contented with the accumulation of ecclesiastical benefices, and the spoils of the tributary kingdoms, upon the relatives of the ruling Pontiff, assumed a bolder flight. The state of Italy was tempting, and the Popes not only began to form schemes for the extension of their own temporal dominions, but aspired to found independent principalities in the persons of their relations. Native sovereigns, or at least native republics, now occupied the whole of Italy. The Sforzas on the throne of Milan, and the republic of Venice, ruled in Lombardy; the Medici in Florence, the House of Aragon in Naples. These powers had gradually absorbed many of the smaller states, and had reduced their sovereigns into subjects or feudatories. The subjugation of the turbulent barons of Romagna, and the extension of the Papal territory into a powerful kingdom, offered immediate advantages which might have blinded the wisest of the Pontiffs to its remote and dangerous consequences. But the more fatal ambition of establishing an hereditary sovereignty in their own house, led to more immediate and inevitable evil. The succeeding Pontiff found the fairest possessions of the church alienated; the favourite of one reign became of necessity the deadly enemy of the next; the usurper must be ejected to make room for the present claimants on the Papal bounty. The Pope was thus more and more embroiled with his own vassals, more inextricably entangled in the labyrinthine politics of Italy, more fatally diverted from the higher objects of his temporal policy, as holding the balance be-

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tween the great sovereigns of Europe. At all events the spiritual ruler of the world sank into a petty Italian prince.

That was indeed a splendid dominion which had been erected over the mind of man by the Gregories and Innocents ! Its temporal were always subordinate to its spiritual ends. It was a tyranny, which repaid by ample and substantial benefits its demands upon the independence of mankind. It required tribute and homage, but it bestowed order, civilization, and, as far as was possible, in such fierce and warlike times, peace. It was a moral sway, not, like the temporal sovereignties of the time, one of brute force. It had comparatively nothing narrow or personal ; it united Christendom into a vast federal republic ; it was constantly endeavouring to advance the borders of the Christian world—to reclaim the heathen barbarism of the north of Europe—or to repel the dangerous aggressions of Mohammedanism. The Papacy, during the dark ages, notwithstanding its presumptuous and insulting domination over the authority of kings and the rights of nations, was a great instrument in the hand of Divine Providence, a counteracting principle to the wild and disorganising barbarism which prevailed throughout Europe, a rallying point for the moral and intellectual energies of mankind, when they should commence the work of reconstructing society upon its modern system. In such lawless times it was an elevating sight to behold an Emperor of Germany, in the plenitude of his power, arrested in his attempts to crush the young freedom of the Italian republics ; a warlike or a pusillanimous tyrant, a Philip Augustus of France, or a John of England, standing rebuked for their crimes and oppressions, at the voice of a feeble old man in a remote city, with scarcely a squadron of soldiers at his command, and with hardly an uncontested mile of territory. From this lofty position, the Popes, towards the end of the fifteenth century, voluntarily descended. The strong man was caught in the toils of local and territorial interests. Low motives of personal and family aggrandizement degraded him into the common herd of kings ; and from the arbiter of the world, the acknowledged ruler of the moral and intellectual destinies of mankind, his ambition dwindled into that of a small sovereign prince, or the founder of a petty dynasty of Italian dukes. Had the Popes stood aloof from the politics of Italy, and only consulted the higher interests, we will not say of religion, but of the See of Rome, how commanding would have been their station during the conflict between the great monarchies into which Europe began to be divided ! At all events, how much would they have gained, had they been spared the animosities and the crimes into which they were plunged by the more ambitious nepotism of the times on which we are about to enter !

\* Sixtus IV. conceived the plan of forming a principality for his nephew

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nephew Girolamo Riario, in the beautiful and fertile plains of Romagna. The rest of the Italian powers were already contesting for predominance in, or for the possession of, these territories; and, as a question of right, the Pope had clearly a better title than the others. He was only deficient in political resources and in the means of war. He did not scruple to make his spiritual power, exalted in its nature and in its object above everything earthly, subservient to his temporal designs, and to debase it to the intrigues of the day, in which he was thus involved. As the Medici stood principally in his way, he mingled himself up with the feuds of Florence, and brought on himself, as is well known, the suspicion that he was cognizant of the Pazzi conspiracy; that he was not without knowledge of the murder which these men perpetrated before the altar of the cathedral—he the Father of the Faithful! When the Venetians ceased to favour the enterprise of his nephew, which they had some time done, the Pope was not satisfied with deserting them in the midst of a war to which he himself had urged them; he went so far as to excommunicate them for continuing the war. He acted with no less violence in Rome. He persecuted with wild relentlessness the adversaries of Riario, the Colonnas; he forced from them Marino; he stormed the house of the prothonotary Colonna, took him prisoner and executed him. His mother came to the church of St. Celso, in Banchi, where the body lay; she lifted up by the hair the dissevered head, and cried—"This is the head of my son! this is the truth of the Pope!—He promised, if we would yield up Marino, that he would liberate my son; Marino is in his hands, my son in mine, but dead! Lo! thus does the Pope keep his word."

The first act of Cæsar Borgia, the too-famous son of Alexander VI., who, though not the immediate successor to the popedom, was the immediate heir to the splendid nepotism of Sixtus, was to drive the widow of Riario from Imola and Forlì, of which the possession had been bought by so much crime, and by such a fatal precedent of the degradation of the Papal power. In Cæsar Borgia, Papal nepotism rose to its height of ambition and of guilt.\* The inquiries of Ranke have thrown discredit on no one crime; they have confirmed the monstrous mass of iniquity which has been charged against this man. But with all his subtlety, and all his profound Machiavellism, Cæsar Borgia alone did not perceive the inherent instability of a power which must depend on the life of the reigning Pope. It was built on sand, and however he might cement it with blood, it could not endure

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\* We have heard a striking anecdote relating to these times from one of the contemporary MS. documents. The writer, if we remember right, a Venetian ambassador, was present at Rome during the tumult caused by the disappearance of the Duke of Gandia, Alexander's elder son. 'All Rome is in an uproar,' he writes: 'the Duke of Gandia has been murdered, and his body thrown into the Tiber. I have been upon the bridge; I saw the body taken out of the river; I followed it to the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo. We thought we heard the voice of the old Pope waiting audibly above all the wild tumult.'

the shock. The sagacious Venetians, according to a MS. chronicle, quoted by Ranke, looked on without concern, for they well knew that the conquests of the Duke Valentino were but 'a fire of straw, which would soon go out of itself.' We may add to Mr. Ranke's authorities, a passage from a curious and nearly contemporaneous life of Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, by Bernardino Baldi. When this duke was driven from his city by the extraordinary arts of Borgia, his subjects consoled him with the observation, that 'Popes do not live for ever.'

Julius II., by fortunately obtaining the inheritance of this dukedom of Urbino in a peaceful way, was enabled to satisfy the claims of his family without warlike aggression. Thenceforward he could entirely devote himself to the nobler, yet by no means spiritual object of his life, his warlike achievements for the aggrandizement of the Papal territory, and the expulsion of foreign powers from Italy.

With Julius II. the proper subject of Mr. Ranke's narrative commences. It was in the third year of the sixteenth century, that the poison which had served the house of Borgia with so much fidelity, revenged and liberated the world from the supremacy of Alexander VI. It was a singular coincidence, that exactly at the period at which the pure and genuine gospel of Christ was about to be re-opened, as it were, to the eyes of man—when, even if Luther had never lived, the art of printing must to a certain extent have revealed again the true character of the evangelic faith—the highest office in the Christian community should have been filled by such men. The successor of Christ and his apostles was Alexander, in the midst of his blood-stained and incestuous family; Julius II. in full armour, at the head of an host of condottieri; and even Leo X., in his splendid and luxuriant court, where, if Christianity was not openly treated as a fable, it had given place, both in its religious and moral influence, to the revived philosophy and the unregulated manners of Greece. The pontificate of Leo X. is sketched with admirable fairness and judgment by Mr. Ranke. The effect of the study of antiquity on poetry and the arts is developed with peculiar felicity. The men of creative genius at this stirring period had discovered the beauty, and deeply imbued their minds with the harmonious principles, of the ancient poets—but they were not yet enslaved to their imitation.

'Not that the middle ages had been altogether ignorant of the classic writers. The ardour with which the Arabians, from whose intellectual labours so much passed back into the south, collected and appropriated the works of the ancients, did not fall far short of the zeal with which the Italians of the fifteenth century did the same; and Caliph Maimun may be compared, in this respect, with Cosmo de' Medici.

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But let us observe the difference. Unimportant as it may appear, it is, in my opinion, decisive. The Arabians translated, at the same time they often destroyed the original. As their own peculiar ideas impregnated the whole of their translations, they turned Aristotle, we might say, into a system of theosophy; they applied astronomy only to astrology, and astrology to medicine; and medicine they diverted to the development of their own fantastic notions of the universe. The Italians, on the other hand, read and learned. From the Romans they advanced to the Greeks; the art of printing disseminated the original works throughout the world in numberless copies. The genuine expelled the Arabian Aristotle. In the unaltered writings of the ancients, men studied the sciences; geography directly out of Ptolemy, botany out of Dioscorides, the knowledge of medicine out of Galen and Hippocrates. How could mankind be so rapidly emancipated from the imaginations which hitherto had peopled the world, from the prejudices which enslaved the mind!

It was precisely at this period of transition from the dark ages to the revival of learning, that the second great epoch of the creative genius of Italy took place. The study of antiquity was now free, noble, emulative: not servile, cold, and pedantic. The old poetic spirit was yet unextinguished; it admired, with kindred and congenial rapture, the graceful and harmonious forms of Grecian skill—it aspired to array its own conceptions in the same kind of grace and majesty. From this union of original and still unfettered imagination with the silent influence of familiarity with the most perfect models, sprung the Romantic Epic, the Sculpture and Architecture of Michael Angelo, the Loggie of Raffaele. It is singular that Italy alone, which, perhaps, contributed nothing to the treasures of romance, excepting indeed that curious specimen of early Tuscan prose, the '*Aventuriere Siciliano*,' by Busone da Gubbio—(lately discovered and admirably edited by our countryman, Dr. Nott)—that Italy should alone have founded great poems on the old romances of chivalry.\* But how wonderful the transmutation of the rude and garrulous, and sometimes picturesque, old tales, by the magic hand of Boyardo and Ariosto, into majestic poems!

The following observations of Mr. Ranke are marked, in our opinion, with equal ingenuity and taste:—

'This is the peculiar character of the romantic epic, that its form and matter were equally foreign to the genius of antiquity, yet it betrays the inward and unseen influence. The poet found prepared for his subject a Christian fable of mingled religious and heroic interest; the principal figures, drawn in a few broad and strong and general lines, were at his command; he had ready for his use striking situations, though imperfectly developed; the form of expression was at

\* The Spanish *Cid* and the German *Nibelungen* are ancient national epic poems, not poems founded on old romances.



hand, it came immediately from the common language of the people. With this blended itself the tendency of the age to ally itself with antiquity. Plastic, painting, humanizing, it pervaded the whole. How different is the Rinaldo of Boyardo—noble, modest, full of joyous gallantry—from the terrible son of Aimon, of the ancient romance! How is the violent, the monstrous, the gigantic, of the old representation subdued to the comprehensible, the attractive, the captivating! The old tales in their simplicity have something pleasing and delightful; but how different the pleasure of abandoning oneself to the harmony of Ariosto's stanzas, and hurrying on from scene to scene, in the companionship of a frank and accomplished mind! The unlovely and the shapeless has moulded itself into a distinct outline—into form and music.\*

The same admiration of the majesty of the ancient forms, struggling with, but never taming, the inventive boldness of genius, harmonized the sculpture of Michael Angelo. It was Bramante's sublime notion to rival the proportions of the Pantheon, but to suspend its dome in the air. The dispute whether Raffaele borrowed the exquisite arabesques of the Loggie from the antique shows how deeply he had imbibed the beauty of the Grecian form: still it only imperceptibly blends with his own free and graceful conceptions; it is the same principle working within him—from whatever source derived, however influenced in its secret development, the sense of beauty is in him an attribute of his nature—it is become himself. Tragedy alone in Italy wanted its Ariosto or Michael Angelo. In the cold and feeble hands of Trissino and Rucellai, it gave the form and outline of antiquity, but the form alone; all was dead and cold within—a direct, tame, and lifeless copy from the antique. Even comedy, though too fond of casting its rich metal in the moulds of Plautus and Terence, preserved some originality of invention, some gaiety and freedom of expression.

The manners of the court of Leo X. exhibited the same singular combination—the same struggle for the mastery between the spirit of antiquity and the barbaric Christianity of the middle ages. The splendid ceremonial went on in all its pomp; architecture and sculpture lavished their invention in building and decorating Christian churches. Yet the Vatican was visited less for the purpose of worshipping the footsteps of the apostles than to admire the great works of ancient art in the papal palace—the Belvedere Apollo and the Laocoon. The Pope was strongly urged to undertake a holy war against the infidels, but the scholars of

\* It is remarkable that the first reprint of Boyardo's genuine poem has been made in England by Sig. Panizzi. We admire the professor's taste and courage. The difference between the original work and the long-popular *rifacimento* of Berni, is, that one is in earnest, the other in jest—the one the work of a poet, the other of a satirist.

his court (Mr. Ranke quotes a remarkable passage from a preface of Navagero) thought little of the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre; their hope was that the Pope might recover some of the lost writings of the Greeks, or even of the Romans. The character of Leo himself is thus struck out in the Journal of a Venetian ambassador. 'He is a learned man, and a lover of learned men, *very religious*, but he will *live*—(E docto e amator di docti, ben religioso, ma vol viver).' The acute Venetian calls him *buona persona*, which we may English, *a good fellow*.

And Leo X. knew how to *live*:—his summers were passed in the most beautiful parts of the Roman territory, in hunting, shooting, and fishing—men of agreeable talents, improvvisatores, enlivened the pleasant hours:—

'In the winter he returned to the city; it was in the highest state of prosperity. The number of inhabitants increased a third in a few years. Manufactures found their profit—art, honour—every one security. Never was the court more lively, more agreeable, more intellectual; no expenditure was too great to be lavished on religious and secular festivals, on amusements and theatres, on presents and marks of favour. It was heard with pleasure that Giuliano Medici, with his young wife, thought of making Rome his residence. "Praised be God!" Cardinal Bibiena writes to him; "the only thing we want is a court with ladies."'

Ariosto had been known to Leo in his youth—(Mr. Ranke has not noticed that the satires of the poet are not so favourable to Leo's court). Tragedies, such as they were, and comedies, by no means wanting in talent, whatever might be said as to their decency, were written, and by the pens of cardinals. To Leo, Machiavelli had addressed his writings; for him Raffaello was peopling the Vatican with his more than human forms. Leo possessed an exquisite taste, and was passionately fond of music; and Leo, the most fortunate of the popes, as Ranke observes, was not least fortunate in his early death, before these splendid scenes were disturbed by the sad reverses which were in some respects their inevitable consequence.

Had Rome been merely the metropolis of the Christian world, from which emanated the laws and the decrees which were to regulate the religious concerns of mankind, this classical and Epicurean character of the court would have been of less importance; but it was likewise the centre of confluence to the whole Christian world. Ecclesiastics, or those destined for the ecclesiastical profession, and even religious men of all classes, undertook pilgrimages to Rome from all parts of Europe. To such persons, only accustomed to the rude and coarse habits which then generally prevailed in the northern nations—to men perhaps trained in the severest monastic rules, who had been taught to consider the  
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austerest asceticism as the essence, the perfection of Christianity—what must have been their impressions on entering this splendid and festive city, on beholding the Father of the Faithful in the midst of his sumptuous entertainments, amid all the luxuries of modern art, with heathen idols in his chambers, and heathen poets superseding the study of St. Augustine and St. Bernard? \* No doubt much relaxation of morals prevailed in this gay and intellectual court-circle, though Leo at least respected outward decency: yet it must be remembered how thoroughly the whole city had been vitiated by Alexander VI.; and since the days of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, the atmosphere of Rome had not been too favourable to matronly virtue. No doubt much freedom of opinion was permitted among the scholars of the day. The philosophy as well as the art of Greece had revived in all its captivating influence; but its attempts to harmonize with Christianity did not meet with equal success. The priesthood itself had imbibed irreligious or sceptical opinions.

'How astonished was the youthful Luther when he visited Italy! At the moment, at the instant that the offering of the mass was finished, the priests uttered words of blasphemy, which denied its value. It was the tone of good society to question the evidences of Christianity. No one passed (says P. Ant. Bandino) for an accomplished man, who did not entertain erroneous opinions about Christianity. At the court, the ordinances of the catholic church and passages of holy writ were spoken of only in a jesting manner—the mysteries of the faith were despised.'

To the coarse and barbarous minds of the less-civilized nations of Europe, the elegancies and refinements of the Roman court would be no less offensive and irreligious than their laxity of morals and belief. Luxury is the indefinite and comprehensive term of reproach with which the vulgar, in all ages and all classes, brand whatever is beyond their own tastes and habits. What is luxury to some is but refinement and civilization to others. In nothing are men more intolerant than as to the amusements and less serious pursuits of others. The higher orders mingle up with their disgust at the boorish and noisy pastimes of the lower a kind of latent feeling of their immorality; the lower revenge themselves by considering as things absolutely sinful the more splendid entertainments and elegant festivities of their superiors in wealth and refinement. All think they have a right to demand from the clergy an

\* Ranke does not seem to be acquainted with the poem of Ludovisi, the *Triumph of Carlo Magno*—to which, on the authority of Daru, he ascribes a passage of pure materialism. The passage is genuine—and indeed the general tone of Ludovisi's poem is strange enough; but if Ranke had read it to the end (a severe trial we must admit, even to German perseverance), he would have found a most *orthodox* conclusion—a fervent address to the Virgin! This is another remarkable illustration of the conflict between the spirit of antiquity with the Christianity of the day.

exact conformity to their own prejudices with regard to their less severe and even their intellectual occupations; and the priesthood, which is, as a body, far in advance of the national standard in refinement and in elegance of manners and in taste, has already lost its hold on the general feeling. Hence Leo X. and his court, even if its morals had been less questionable—its philosophy more in unison with the doctrines of Christianity—and if sacred subjects had been constantly treated with the most reverential decency—would have stood in such direct opposition to the tastes, habits, and manners of the rest of Europe, as scarcely to have escaped the suspicion of an irreligious and anti-Christian tendency. As it was, the intelligence of the mode of life practised at Rome by the cardinals, and by the Pope himself, darkening of course as it spread, reached every part of the Christian world; and thus, even if the lavish expenditure of Leo, in his gorgeous court and in his splendid designs for the embellishment of Rome, had not increased the burthen of ecclesiastical taxation throughout Christendom beyond endurance, his pontificate must greatly have loosened the hold of popery on the general veneration.

The effects of all this on the Reformation are well known; but the strong reaction which, with the other circumstances of the period, it produced in Italy and Rome itself—and the permanent influence of that strong reaction on the Papacy, have been traced with much less attention. Dr. Macrie, in his '*History of the Reformation in Italy*,' entered at some length, and with praiseworthy diligence, into part of the subject; but the controversial design of his volume, however able, was not consistent with a calm and comprehensive view of the whole bearings of this silent revolution in the character and policy of the Roman government. Christianity was too deeply rooted in the minds of men not to resist, and rally its dormant energies against the Epicurean or sceptical spirit of the age. Even during the reign of Leo an association was formed, comprehending some of the most distinguished and learned men of the times, for the purpose of re-awakening in their own minds and in those of others the fervour of Christian piety.

'In the Transtevere, in the church of S. Silvestro and Dorotea, not far from the place where the Apostle Peter, according to the general belief, had his residence, and presided over the first assemblies of the Christians, they met for the purpose of divine worship, preaching, and spiritual exercises. Their numbers were from fifty to sixty. Among them were Contarini, Sadolet, Giberto, Caraffa, afterwards, or at the same time, Cardinals; Gaetano da Thiene, who was canonized; Lippomano, a religious writer of great reputation and influence, and some other men of note. Julian Bathi, the pastor of the church, was their bond of union.'

Some of these remarkable men met, some years later, in the Venetian

Venetian territory, at that critical period the only secure retreat for letters and for religion. Rome had been plundered, Florence conquered—Milan was the constant scene of military operations. In some of the beautiful villas of the Venetian mainland, belonging to the nobles or wealthy ecclesiastics of the republic, several of these Roman aristocratical *methodists* encountered exiles from Florence, on whom the preaching of Savonarola had produced deep and serious impressions, and Reginald Pole, then a fugitive from the jealousy of his kinsman, Henry VIII. The general tendency of these vigorous and well-instructed minds was no doubt Protestant. On the doctrine of justification by faith their sentiments were in close unison with those of the Reformers. If these men, the religious party of the Roman Catholic world, had not been terrified back into stern opponents of all change, by the excesses of the Protestants, and by the open contempt of their first and vital principle, the unity of the church; if these men, Italians by birth, and respectable even in Italy for their learning, had obtained the guidance of the Papal policy; if they could have disentangled it from the intricacies of Italian, if not of European politics, and steadily pursued the religious interests of the Pontificate, a liberal and comprehensive system of Christian union might still perhaps have been framed. But the circumstances of the times frustrated all these splendid schemes. As the reforming party became more strong, the Roman Catholic drew back in uncompromising hostility. Of these great and good men who now occupied the high ground of a powerful mediatorial party, some retreated with hasty but firm step within the pale, and lent all the vigour of their minds and the authority of their religious character to the reconstruction of the Papal power on its new and, if narrower, still majestic basis; others went onward with the stream: if they escaped beyond the Alps, they became, like Peter Martyr, distinguished supporters of Protestantism,—if they unhappily remained, they became victims of their free opinions, and fed the fires of the Inquisition; some, finally, like the Socini, went sounding on in the perilous depths, which the plummet of human reason vainly strives to fathom, till they arrived at opinions repudiated with equal abhorrence by both the conflicting parties in Christendom.

The transition from the brilliant court, the affable manners, the Italian vivacity, the noble *representation* of Leo X., to the cold, grave, and repulsive homeliness of a foreigner and a Dutchman, was too violent to be allayed by the mild virtues and conscientious spirit of conciliation displayed by Adrian of Utrecht. Clement VII. succeeded, the most unfortunate—(so Mr. Ranke observes, using, no doubt accidentally, the same expression as Robertson)—as Leo was the most fortunate of pontiffs. A Medici could not but involve himself fatally and inextricably in Italian politics.

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With a dignified propriety of character, moderation in his expenditure, yet no want of regard for the majesty of the see ; with great acquirements, both theological and, as far at least as regards the principles of mechanics and architecture, scientific ; with no disinclination to patronise learning and the fine arts ; with habits of business, and extraordinary address and penetration—Clement VII., in serener times, might have administered the Papal power with high reputation and enviable prosperity. But with all his profound insight into the political affairs of Europe, Clement does not seem to have comprehended the altered position of the Pope in relation to the great conflicting powers of Christendom. Continental Europe had, in effect, become divided into two great monarchies ; and the Papal hand was not now strong enough to hold the balance between the vast empire of Charles V. and the more compact and vigorous kingdom of France. Instead of holding them asunder, and maintaining one as a check upon the other, he was crushed in the collision. Instead of preserving the independence of Italy by counteracting the predominance of the Spanish interest by the French, or at least by securing the liberties of the independent states, his temporizing policy could only cause the devastation of Italy by the successive armies of each potentate, the subjugation of all the free governments, and at length the plunder of Rome, and his own captivity. Clement was in like manner in perpetual embarrassment between the conflicting temporal and religious interests of the Papacy ; he was constantly obliged to sacrifice one to the other, and thus as constantly weakened both. The extraordinary difficulty of this Pope's position, and the no less extraordinary versatility of his character, are exemplified by two events in his reign. By means of the army which had ravaged Rome, and insulted his own sacred person, he destroyed the liberties of his native Florence ; and in the negotiations at Marseilles there is decisive evidence that he agreed with Francis to league with the Protestants of the north of Germany against his late intimate ally the Emperor. Clement VII. died, leaving the Vatican shorn of the allegiance of the northern kingdoms, of England, of considerable part of Germany, and some cantons of Switzerland ;—he died of mortification and anguish of mind, at beholding his nephews involved in a deadly quarrel for the sovereignty of Florence, obtained at the price of so much treachery and violence, and therefore so much debasement of the religious influence of the Papal see.

But the Roman Catholic religion possessed within itself an inherent vitality, which all the false politics of the popes could not counteract. It may, we think, be asserted, that there is something more congenial to the southern nations of Europe in the imaginative creed and the splendid ceremonial of Popery, than in the severer

verer and more reasoning system of Protestantism. It is an inveterate and almost immemorial habit of mind. A vast mass of the population of the Roman empire passed from paganism into a half paganised Christianity; they retained, as has often been shown—never better than by Mr. Blunt—the forms of the ancient superstition, but kindled into reviving energy by the spirit of the new faith. The northern nations, even if we leave constitutional temperament out of the question, had received the faith of the Gospel at a much later period, they had retained less of their old religious practices, and though converted to the barbarous Christianity of the middle ages, they had been converted by simple, poor, and holy missionaries. Though no doubt the Catholic ceremonial was celebrated with much pomp in cities like Cologne and Mentz, yet among a poorer people it must in general have been less imposing—at all events it had not been so completely ingrained into the habits and feelings as in Italy and other parts of the south by centuries of undisturbed usage.

However this may be, and the subject requires a more detailed and careful investigation, the convocation and the acts of the Council of Trent were at once a manifestation and a confirmation of the yet unshaken authority of the Roman see. If this famous council precluded, by its stern and irrevocable decrees, any conciliatory union with the Protestants—if it erected an impassable barrier between the two conflicting parties in Christendom—it consolidated *Roman Catholic Europe* by an indissoluble bond of union; it drew an impregnable wall around the more limited, but still extensive, dominion; it fixed a definite creed, which, still more perhaps than the indefinite authority of the Pope, united the confederacy of the Catholic powers; it established in fact a solemn recognition of certain clear and acknowledged points of doctrine, a kind of oath of allegiance to the unity of the church and to the supremacy of Rome.

But the active and operative principle of Roman Catholic regeneration was that of association in the Religious Orders. Loyola, after all, was the most formidable antagonist of Luther. These orders have been called the standing militia of the see of Rome; nor was ever standing army more completely alienated from all civil interests, or more exclusively devoted to the service of the sovereign. That which in one sense was the weakness, the celibacy of all these orders, was in another the strength of Catholicism. Every thing that was great, whether for good or for evil, was achieved by them,—the foreign missions, the education of the people, the Inquisition. Men could not have been found, who, for a long continuance, would have executed the mandates of that fearful tribunal, unless they had been previously estranged from the common sympathies, the domestic ties, the tender humanities of our nature.

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nature. Loyola is sketched with great skill and judgment by M. Ranke. It is remarkable that a man calculated to give so powerful an impulse to the human mind should have arisen on that side exactly at this period, though in fact great exigencies almost invariably call forth great faculties : it is still more remarkable that from a mind so wild and disorganized should eventually have arisen the most rigidly disciplined society that was ever united by religious bonds. From the most illiterate of men,—for Loyola's reading in his earlier years was confined to the romances of chivalry, during the later to books of mystical devotion,—sprung rapidly up one of the most learned of communities,—one which had the sagacity to perceive that the only means to govern the awakening mind of Europe was to make itself master of the whole system of education. The foundation of the Jesuit order was no doubt the great antagonist power called into action by the Reformation ; and if ambition and success had not intoxicated the Jesuits, like all other great conquerors ; if they had known how to recede as well as how to advance ; if they had abstained or withdrawn, when the jealousy both of sovereigns and of people was awakened, from direct and ostentatious interference in the politics of the world, their empire would have been of longer duration ; they would not have fallen without the pity of one party, as well as the triumphant exultation of the other. Ganganelli acted in the best spirit of Christianity when he cut off his offending right hand, but with his right hand he mutilated the Papacy of its main strength.

This reorganization of Catholicism, though rapid, was gradual. The popes but slowly and reluctantly abandoned their ambitious schemes of nepotism, and their fatal interference in the politics of Italy. The moral decency, the dignity of irreproachable lives, the solemn propriety of religious observances, which, in general, may be said to have from this time prevailed in the Papal court, grew up by degrees—and by degrees won back the respect which had been forfeited by the enormities of Alexander, by the martial violence of Julius II., and the Epicurean luxuries of Leo. The union of the new Catholic empire was not effected without fearful and perilous conflicts. To which section of Europe France was to belong was a question only decided after a long and bloody strife. The Papacy clung with convulsive tenacity to those parts of its dominions, which it was finally compelled to abandon ; and did not complete the re-subjugation of the provinces which it retained without violent internal contests. Though the habits of the people, the activity of the monastic orders, and the rekindled zeal of all classes obtained at length the mastery—everywhere, even in Spain and Italy, there was much latent Protestantism to be exterminated.

The character of the successive pontiffs could not but exercise an important influence at this crisis in the religious affairs of the world. Paul III., of the house of Farnese, succeeded the unfortunate Clement. The Roman blood of Paul III. displayed itself in easy, frank, yet dignified manners. No pope was ever more popular in Rome. He was superior to the narrow policy of filling the college of cardinals with his own relatives and dependants; he nominated distinguished men without their knowledge; and when pressed by the emperor to appoint two of his grandchildren to the cardinalate, Paul replied with Roman dignity, that 'the emperor must first show precedents that children in their cradles had ever been promoted to that high function.' In his intercourse with the college he gave an unprecedented example of courteous condescension to their advice; though he formed his own opinion, he listened with respectful attention to theirs. His situation required a temporizing policy, and that policy he pursued with consummate address, disconcerting the schemes and baffling the penetration of the most practised and subtle diplomatists. He had indeed affairs upon his hands which required dexterity and caution. He had to mediate peace between France and Spain; to subdue the Protestants, to league Europe against the Turks, to reform the church. But Paul III. had likewise a son, for whom he was determined, like his ambitious predecessors, to form a principality; he had grandchildren, whom he hoped to ally with the royal families of Charles and of Francis. It was far from a wise compliance with the critical aspect of the times, when the Pope alienated a city of Romagna to endow the son of his own bastard offspring on his marriage with the bastard daughter of the emperor, the widow of Alessandro de' Medici; and when he sought the hand of the Duke of Vendôme for his granddaughter, he betrayed at once his double and dissembling policy. That mediation, which in the head of the religious world might have looked dignified and imposing, sunk into a shifting and subtle scheme for the aggrandizement of his own family. With these irreconcilable and conflicting objects it was impossible for the Pope to maintain an honest and straightforward policy. The head of the catholic world, the Italian potentate, the father of Pier Luigi Farnese, could not but have conflicting and opposite interests; and Paul could not consent to sacrifice the lower and less important to the one great and worthy object of pontifical ambition.

The convocation of the Council of Trent was a wise and bold measure, though it might in some degree endanger the unlimited authority of the popes. As a scheme for the voluntary reunion of the Christian world, it could afford but little hope to the most sanguine; but, we have before observed, as a consolidation of the strength

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strength of catholicism, as an ultimate and definite declaration of a common principle by the powers represented in the Council, it was of incalculable importance to the interests of the Papacy. The Council was opened—and at the same time Charles V. entered with the zeal of a common interest upon the war against the Protestants of Germany. The object of this important alliance was the reduction of the league of Smalcald to the civil and religious obedience claimed by the emperor, and by the Council as the representative assembly of Christendom. The Pope supplied money and troops.

‘The war was successful beyond expectation. Charles at first gave himself over for lost, but in the most perilous situation he stood firm: at the close of the year 1546 he beheld the whole of Upper Germany in his power; the cities and the princes of the empire surrendered with emulous alacrity: the moment seemed to have arrived in which the protestant party was totally subdued, and the whole nation might again become catholic. . . . At that moment what was the conduct of the pope? He recalled his troops from the imperial army; he prorogued the Council, which at that instant should have been accomplishing its object, and should have commenced with activity its work of pacification, from Trent, where it had been convoked at the request of the Germans, ostensibly because an epidemic malady had broken out there, to the second city of his own dominions, Bologna.’

His motives could not be doubted: yet once again the political were in opposition and strife with the ecclesiastical interests of the papacy. The Pope had never wished to see the whole of Germany conquered, and in real subjection to the emperor. Far different had been his calculations. He had hoped that Charles V. might obtain some success which might turn to the advantage of the church; but he also hoped to see him so deeply plunged in difficulties, so entangled in the intricacies of his situation, that he would himself have full freedom to follow out his own schemes. Fortune laughed to scorn all his policy. He dreaded the reaction of this overweening power of *the emperor* in Italy; *the Council* had become refractory; points had been mooted which menaced the unlimited supremacy of *the pope*.

‘It sounds strange,’ proceeds Ranke, ‘but nothing is more true: at the moment when the whole of Northern Germany trembled at the approaching re-establishment of the papal authority, the pope felt himself as an ally of the protestants. Paul betrayed his delight at the advantages obtained by the Elector John Frederick over Prince Maurice; Paul wished for nothing more earnestly than that the Elector might make head against the emperor; Paul expressly urged Francis I., who was now seeking to unite the whole world in a new league against Charles V., to support those who resisted him. He again thought it probable that the emperor would be seriously em-

barrassed with these obstacles, and the war protracted.\* "He thinks this will be the case (writes the French minister), because he wishes it." Nor did this policy escape the sagacity of Charles V.: "The object of his holiness, from the beginning, (he writes to his ambassador,) has been to entangle us in this enterprise and then to desert us."

The parental feelings of Paul, wounded in the most cruel manner, finally determined his vacillating policy. Visions of the dukedom of Milan for his son, or for his grandson, had at one time floated before his dazzled sight. He had succeeded, by a long train of dexterous manœuvres, after unavailing resistance in his own college of cardinals, in obtaining the investiture of Parma and Piacenza for Pier Luigi. M. Ranke draws a veil over the atrocity of this man's character. Botta, in his continuation of Guicciardini, has been less scrupulous, and relates at full length, though with as much decency as the subject would bear, one crime, which, especially in the son of a pope, struck the whole of Italy with horror, and was propagated with shuddering triumph among the protestants of Germany.

Paul III., a scholar and a learned theologian, was nevertheless, according to the spirit of the age, a firm believer in astrology. 'No important sitting of the Consistory was appointed, no journey undertaken, without choosing a fortunate day, without having observed the constellations. A treaty with France was broken off because there was no conformity between the nativities of the pope and of the king.' But 'one day the pope, who thought that he was then placed beneath the most fortunate stars, and that he could conjure down all the tempests which threatened him, appeared unusually cheerful at the audience; he recounted the fortunate passages of his life, and compared himself in that respect with the emperor Tiberius: on this very day, his son, the possessor of all his acquisitions, the heir of his fortunes, was fallen upon by conspirators, in Piacenza, and murdered!'

Ferdinand Gonzaga, the imperial governor of Milan, was more than suspected of some concern in this murder. The imperial troops instantly occupied Piacenza. M. Ranke, writing with the dispatches of Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador at Rome, before him, states, that no conception can be formed of the bitterness of feeling which now existed. Gonzaga gave out that two Corsican braves had been seized, hired by the pope to revenge upon his person the murder of Farnese. A general massacre of the

\* We must quote the authority on which this singular transaction rests: 'S.S. a entendu que le Duc le Saxe se trouve fort, dont elle a tel contentement comme celui qui estime le commun ennemy estre par ces moyens retenu d'executer ses entreprises, et connoist on bien qu'il serait utile sous main d'entretenir ceux qui lui résistent, disant, que vous ne sauriez faire dépense plus utile.'—*Du Mortier au Roi (de France)*—Ribier, i. 637.

Spaniards in Rome was apprehended. The pope urged the King of France to make peace with the protestant King of England, Edward VI., and to unite their forces against a worse enemy of the faith. Charles, in his turn, protested against the acts of the Council of Bologna, and published the Interim. The end of all was, that the pope, thwarted, betrayed, almost sold to the emperor by those very Farneses, his own family, for whom he had sacrificed so much of the true interests of the popedom, and incurred so much obloquy, died of a broken heart!

Julius III., who ascended the pontifical throne with great expectations from his talents and character, dreamed away five important years in luxurious indolence. His nepotism was of a more modest and safer cast. The great offence, almost indeed the great event of his life, was the appointment of a young favourite of seventeen to the cardinalate.

The election of the Cardinal Cervini, his assumption of the name of Marcellus, the hopes entertained from his mild and truly Christian disposition, with his earnest intention of urging a real reformation in the whole conduct of papal affairs, could not but call to the mind of a classical age the famous line of Virgil—

‘Tu Marcellus eris.’

On his death the Cardinal Caraffa was invested with the tiara. Caraffa was seventy-nine years old, but the fire of youth still gleamed in his deep-set eyes. Caraffa was one of that religious community which had retired in austere seclusion from the unspiritual elegancies of the court of Leo. He had founded the order of the Theatines, a society of the strictest discipline and the most ardent devotion. The Inquisition had been established by his zeal—he had greatly contributed to the establishment of the high papal doctrines in the Council of Trent. Hitherto, the one absorbing exclusive passion of Caraffa’s life had been the promotion of the catholic religion, according to his own notions, in all its purity, in all its severity. He had now reached the station in which he could carry into effect all those reforms which he had urged with such sincere vehemence; he might conduct the contest against the rebellious spirit of protestantism with singleness of purpose, with the weight of consistent, irreproachable, and austere religious character. It might have seemed that a new Gregory IX. had arisen to combat with all the pertinacity of conscientious old age the spirit of religious freedom, as heretofore the plenitude of imperial power. At the age of eighty, Gregory had conducted a more than ten years’ war against the enemies of the church; and the death of Frederick II. had given him the victory.\* Paul IV. ascribed his election to the papacy, not to the

\* See our article on Von Raumer’s History of the House of Hohenstauffen, Quart. Rev., vol. li. p. 323, &c.

will of the cardinals, but to the direct interposition of God ; and God, who had reserved him unto this time in the unbroken vigour of health, might prolong his valuable life till the final achievement of his great design. Botta has sarcastically observed, that the first act of the humble founder of the Theatines, when he was asked in what manner the festival on his inauguration should be conducted, was to reply, ' Like that of a great prince.' His coronation was celebrated with the utmost pomp and sumptuousness. But the zeal as well as the pride of Hildebrand or Innocent revived in Paul IV. He instituted severe inquiries into every branch of the administration ; he appeared determined to remodel the whole papal government somewhat in the spirit in which he would have renewed a monastic order, yet with a stern and serious resolution to extirpate all the abuses which had crept into the administration both of the civil and religious affairs of the see—to pluck up with a strong hand the thistles and noxious weeds which had grown over the threshold of St. Peter's throne.

At length, there seemed to have arisen a Pope who would concentrate all the undivided energies of a vigorous mind to assert the religious supremacy of Rome ; to recover those advantages which it had lost by its long condescension to the baser interests of worldly politics ; to withdraw altogether into its own sphere, and to conduct the negotiations with the great powers, which were now become absolutely necessary, with the sole object of re-establishing the Catholic dominion, or at least of preventing the further encroachments of Protestantism. But there was another passion in the breast of the aged Caraffa, secondary only to his zeal for the Catholic faith, or rather mingling up with it, and appearing to his distorted sight only a modification of the one great obligation imposed upon him by his office, and embraced with fanatic willingness. Paul loved the church with all the devout ardour of a life consecrated to its service ; he hated the Spaniards with the hatred of a Neapolitan. There was little difficulty in permitting this passion to assume the disguise of a high religious motive. Caraffa was wont to speak of the Spaniards as an heretical race, a mongrel brood of Jews and Moors, the very dregs of the earth. The Caraffas had always belonged to the French party in Naples ; and Paul looked back to those better times when Italy might be compared to an instrument of four strings. These four strings were Milan, Venice, the Church, and Naples. The accursed quarrel of Alfonso and Ludovico the Moor had marred the harmony. He remembered, no doubt, that it was a Spanish army, an army at least under Spanish command, though chiefly composed of Imperialist Lutherans, which had given the fatal blow to the Papal majesty, plundered Rome, and incarcerated the successor of St. Peter. The whole policy of Charles V. might well excite the

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the jealousy and resentment of one who considered the first duty of princes to be the extirpation of heresy, and the advancement of the Papal supremacy. The emperor's religious had been too often subordinate to his secular purposes; he had made concessions, when the exigencies of the time demanded it, to the Reformers. When he acted against them with vigour, it was rather against refractory subjects of the empire, than rebels against the supremacy of the Pope, by whom indeed his measures had, as we have seen, been thwarted and crippled. The religious peace concluded by the Emperor and his brother Ferdinand for the pacification of Germany was the crowning act of treason and apostacy from the supreme dominion of the church. Paul plunged headlong into the turmoil of European politics. Everywhere he allied himself with the French interest; he seized the first opportunity of rupture with arrogant alacrity. He proclaimed himself the liberator of Italy, and, recalling the ancient feuds between the empire and the church, boasted that he would tread the dragon and the lion beneath his feet.

Even the nepotism of Paul IV. was coloured and justified to his severe mind by these dominant passions. Caraffa had opposed with indignant earnestness the elevation of the Farneses; he went on a pilgrimage to the seven churches at the time of the appointment of Pier Luigi to the principality of Parma, whether that he might not sanction by his presence this unworthy proceeding, or that he might deprecate the wrath of heaven on account of this unhallowed spoliation of the Papal See. The conclave heard with mingled astonishment and terror the nomination of his nephew Carlo Caraffa, a lawless and ferocious condottiere, a man, by his own description, steeped to the elbows in blood, to the cardinalate. His nephew had found the weak side of the zealous Pope. He had contrived to be surprised kneeling before a crucifix in an agony of remorse. But, as M. Ranke observes, the real bond of union was the common hatred of Spain. Carlo had served under the emperor; his services had been ill repaid, or at least not according to his own estimate of his military character. Charles had deprived him of a prisoner from whom he expected a large ransom, and prevented his obtaining a valuable office. In the impending war so experienced a soldier might be of great use, and Paul at once received his nephew into the most unlimited confidence, admitted him into the conduct of the most important temporal and even spiritual affairs. The influence of the cardinal reconciled him to his two other nephews, men of equally violent and unpopular characters. He determined to seize the castles of the Colonnas, which during the approaching war could not be left in the hands of those traitors to the Papal interests, and



and to place them in the safer custody of these men. One was created Duke of Palliano, the other Marquis of Montebello.

War was inevitable, but how extraordinary, observes M. Ranke, was this war! The sternest bigot for Catholicism commanded the Spanish troops. The Duke of Alva, whom remorse and mercy never touched, advanced with awe-struck and reluctant steps against the successor of St. Peter. Many towns of the Papal state surrendered, and Alva might have made himself master of Rome by one rapid march; but he thought of the fate of the Constable Bourbon; he saw himself committed in strife against the majesty of heaven. For once his movements were slow and irresolute; his conduct timid and indecisive. But who were the defenders of the sanctity of the Roman see? the guard of the most bigoted pontiff who had filled the throne of the Vatican? Caraffa had at first been popular in Rome. The inhabitants crowded to his standard; they mustered in splendid array, horse and foot; they received the Papal benediction, and Caraffa thought himself secure in their attachment and valour. At the first vague rumour of the advance of the enemy, the whole array melted away like a snowball, and the consecrated banners waved over the vacant place of arms. The effective strength of the Papal force was a body of 3500 Germans, Lutherans almost to a man, who, instead of disguising their faith, took every opportunity of breaking the fasts, insulting the ceremonies, and showing their utter contempt for the Catholic religion. The stern Pope's enemies were his best allies, his worst foes his own army. Charles Caraffa was in friendly correspondence with the Protestant leader, Albert of Brandenburg! Paul himself with Solyman the Turkish Emperor—'he invoked the succour of the infidels against the Catholic king!'

The war, protracted in Italy without any important success on either side, was decided in another quarter. The battle of St. Quentin broke the power of France, and the Pope stood alone, deprived of all support from his one great ally. Yet the terms of the peace corresponded with the singular character of the war. Every possible concession was made by the Spaniards. Alva visited Rome as a reverential pilgrim, rather than as a conqueror; and he who had never feared the face of man, trembled at the countenance of the aged Pope. The bitter disappointment at the failure of his magnificent schemes for the humiliation of Spain, and the restoration of the Papacy to its ancient predominance in the affairs of Europe, did not extinguish or subdue the energies of the hoary pontiff. He returned to his wiser plans for the reform of the church. But to this end new and humiliating sacrifices were required—admissions of weakness and of error were to be made; and through this severe trial Caraffa passed with resolution and

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and self-command bordering on magnanimity. Peace was restored, and the vocation of the ferocious soldiers, his nephews, was over. The eyes of Paul were gradually opened to the licentiousness and enormity of their lives. In the open consistory, while he was reiterating with indignant vehemence the word Reform! Reform! a bold voice replied, 'The reform must begin at home.' The Pope endured the rebuke, and only ordered a stricter investigation into the lives of his nephews. The whole development of this affair is curious and interesting—we have only space for the result. No sooner was Paul convinced of the fatal, the horrible truth, than he submitted to the painful humiliation of solemnly protesting his ignorance of their guilt, their abuse of his weak and unsuspecting blindness. He tore at once all the kindly feelings of relationship from his heart, and in the stern sense of duty trampled his nepotism under his feet. His nephews were condemned to the loss of all their offices, and to banishment to different places; the mother, at seventy years old, bowed with sickness, threw herself in his way to plead for a mitigation of the sentence—the Pope passed by, reproving her in words of bitterness. The young Duchess of Montebello, on her return from Naples, fallen under the proscription which forbade every citizen of Rome from receiving any one of the family under his roof, in a wild and rainy night with difficulty found a lodging in a mean tavern in the suburbs. After all this severe struggle men looked to see the countenance of Paul depressed with sorrow; they watched the effects of wounded pride and embittered feeling in his outward demeanour. No alteration was to be discerned. In his calm and unbroken spirit the pontiff pursued the ordinary routine of business; the ambassadors could not discover that any event had taken place to unsettle the mind, or to disturb the serenity of the Pope.

The short remainder of his life was rigidly devoted to the reformation of the church. The ceremonial was conducted with the utmost splendour; all the observances of religion maintained with solemn dignity. The severest discipline was reinforced on the monastic orders; unworthy members were cut off and chastised with unrelenting hand. The same attention was paid to the improvement of the secular clergy; the churches were provided with competent ministers, and Paul contemplated the restoration of much of that power which had been gradually usurped and engrossed by the see of Rome, to the episcopal order. The Inquisition, however, was that institution to which he looked with the most ardent hope for the restoration of catholicism in all its ancient authority; his chief study was to enlarge and confirm the powers of that awful tribunal; he assisted at its deliberations—he was  
present

present at its auto-da-fés; this was the grand countervailing element which was to work out the rebellious spirit of Protestantism, at length to restore the unity of the dismembered church, or at least to preserve inviolate that part of the edifice which yet remained unbroken.

The measures of Paul IV. might command the awe of the Protestant, the respect of the Catholic world; but in Rome he had become most unpopular. He died commending the Inquisition to the assembled cardinals. Instantly that he was dead, the populace rose, and after every insult to his memory, proceeded to force the prisons of the Inquisition, to plunder and set fire to the building, to misuse the familiars of the tribunal. The statue of the Pope was thrown down—its head, encircled with the triple crown, dragged through the streets. Mr. Ranke has omitted a comic incident, mentioned, we believe, by Pallavicini. So odious was the name of the late Pope to the popular ear, that the venders of common glass ware were obliged to give up their usual cry, 'Bicchiere, caraffe!' and to cry instead, 'Bicchiere, ampolle!'

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted than the birth and character of the new Pope, Pius IV., with that of his predecessor:—  
'Paul IV., a high-born Neapolitan of the anti-Austrian faction, a zealot, a monk, and an inquisitor—Pius IV., a Milanese adventurer, through his brother (the famous conqueror of Cremona, the Marquis of Marignano), and through some other German relations, closely connected with the house of Austria, a civilian, of a free and worldly disposition. Paul IV. had held himself at an unapproachable distance; in the commonest business he would display his state and dignity. Pius was all good-humour and condescension. Every day he was seen in the streets on horseback or on foot, almost without attendants; he conversed freely with every one.'

His intercourse with the foreign ambassadors (Mr. Ranke quotes the Venetian correspondence) was easy, open, and almost familiar; he liked the straightforward and business-like manner of the Venetians, and, notwithstanding his Austrian prepossessions, he was annoyed by the unbending and dictatorial demeanour of the Spanish ambassador Vasques. After attending, during the whole day, with great assiduity, to the business of the see,

'he would retire at sunset to his country-house with a gay countenance and cheerful eye; conversation, the table, and convivial diversion, were his chief pleasures; recovered from a sickness which had been considered dangerous, he mounted his horse immediately, rode to a house where he had lived when cardinal, tripped lightly up the steps,—and "No, no," said he, "we are not going to die yet."'

Yet the work of the reconstruction of the Papal power proceeded during the reign of this more genial pontiff without interruption.

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One of his first acts was the reconvoation of the Council of Trent, and the final establishment of the decrees of that great Catholic senate. The milder Pius in his heart disapproved of the severities exercised by the Inquisition; he refused to attend on their deliberations, on the singular plea 'that he was no theologian,' but he either scrupled or feared to oppose their proceedings; they were allowed free course in the extermination of heresy, and during the reign of Pius many illustrious victims perished at the stake, and the sanguinary persecutions of the Vaudois were carried on with unmitigated violence.

With the Caraffas ceased the race of sovereign princes elevated on account of their relationship to the popes. In the bloody execution of the guilty nephews of Paul, the reigning pontiff only satisfied the demands of public justice. The Cardinal Caraffa had considered himself safe in his purple. One morning he was summoned from his bed,—his own confessor was not permitted to approach him. His conference with the priest who was allowed him was long, for in truth he had much to disburthen from his conscience. He was rudely interrupted by his executioner,—'Despatch, Monsignor,' said he, 'I have a great deal of business on my hands.' From this time nepotism held a lower flight; a large estate with a splendid palace in Rome is all that from henceforth perpetuates the family names of those who have filled the Papacy. Pius IV., freed from the charge of ambition, at the close of his life was accused of avarice in favour of his descendants. But the nepotism of Pius, from the rare merit of those whom he distinguished with his favour, was highly beneficial to the interests of Catholicism. The promotion of Charles Borromeo, and of Serbelloni, a man of similar character, to the Cardinalate, could not but command the general approbation. Few who have received the honours of canonization have lived so long in the grateful recollection of their flock as St. Charles. By him the Catholicism of Lombardy was confirmed in the hearts of the people through the mild virtues, the charitable activity and munificence, and the splendour of a life devoted to the religious improvement of his diocese and to the general happiness. Protestantism was repelled and extirpated by the more lawful weapons of genuine Catholic piety and beneficence. The influence of Carlo Borromeo upon the religion of Lombardy is probably not yet extinct.

With Pius V. the Inquisition ascended the Papal throne. Michael Ghislieri, Cardinal of Alessandria, had been the head of that fearful tribunal in Rome,

The total revolution in the state of Europe had now relieved the Pope from some of the difficulties of his temporal position. His political station, as the head of the Catholic confederacy, was at once designated, and established by his ecclesiastical interests.

The

The balance of Europe was now no longer disturbed by the conflict of the two preponderating Catholic powers, France and Spain. The interests which divided the world were the Catholic and Protestant; with Spain at the head of one, and England, under Elizabeth, of the other. The prize of the contest was France: the preponderance of the Calvinists or of the League, seemed likely to decide the fate of Europe. Philip II. was the natural ally of the Pope, and from that alliance Pius never swerved in the least degree. As, therefore, nothing now interfered to distract the mind of the Pontiff from the two exclusive objects of proper Papal ambition,—the restoration of Catholicism in its pure religious vigour, and the repression of heretical opinions—Pius V. commenced the work with the utmost singleness of purpose, and pressed it on with unbroken energy. Already, on his election, the partisans of the severer faction rejoiced at beholding the spirit of Paul IV. revived. But Pius had all the zeal, the severity, the piety of Paul, without his pride. He practised himself the lessons of humility, as well as those of asceticism, which he taught. ‘The people were enraptured when they beheld him in the processions, barefooted, with his head uncovered, with the full expression of undissembled piety in his countenance, with his long snow-white beard; they thought that heaven had never vouchsafed so religious a Pope; they reported, that the very sight of him had converted Protestants.’ With all his austerity the manners of Pius were affable and popular. His expenses were moderate; his mode of living rigid and monkish; his attendants were chiefly a few old and attached servants. Under the example and under the influence of such a Pontiff, religion began to wear a more serious and devout aspect throughout Italy. He was seconded by the exertions of Carlo Borromeo at Milan, and of Giberti, the excellent Bishop of Verona. Venice, Florence, even Naples became animated with an earnest zeal, not merely for the doctrines, but for the spirit of Catholic Christianity. The parochial cures were throughout placed on a more effective footing, and subjected to more rigid control. The monastic orders submitted to severer discipline. Spain followed the example of Italy; and throughout the two peninsulas the whole framework of the religious establishment was repaired with the utmost care—the authority of the Pope acknowledged and felt to their farthest bounds.

As the head of the great Catholic confederacy Pius V. had the honour of arresting the formidable progress of the infidels, and repelling almost the last dangerous aggressions of the Turk upon Christendom. The Pope formed and consolidated that league between Spain, Venice, and other powers, which inflicted the fatal blow on the naval superiority of the Ottomans at Lepanto.

To southern Europe a wise and useful head, to the Catholic world

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world a charitable—(he paid great attention to the temporal wants of the poor in Rome)—and a Christian prelate;—to Protestants of every class and degree, Pius V. was a Dominican and an Inquisitor. He extorted from the gratitude of Cosmo, Grand Duke of Florence, from the respect even of Venice, men of the highest rank and attainments to suffer the extreme penalties of heresy. Carnesecchi, notwithstanding his lofty station and character, was surrendered to the officers of the Inquisition, and perished in the flames. The Venetians, rigid as they had ever been, and as they still were, in the maintenance of religious independence, yielded up Guido Zanetti of Fano, to the same tribunal and the same end. The fate of Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, the first ecclesiastic in Spain, is well known. Though a zealous advocate of Catholicism, an active supporter of all the religious reforms in the church, sixteen latent clauses were detected in his works, which appeared to favour the Protestant doctrines,—he was saved, indeed, by being sent to Rome, from the persecutions of his personal enemies, but he only changed the scene of his tragic destiny. The purification of Spain, by a constant succession of auto-da-fés, received the full sanction, the highest approbation of the Pope. The bull which he thundered out against our Elizabeth on her accession displayed his strong abhorrence of heresy, at the sacrifice perhaps of real policy. But it cannot be supposed that he entertained the least doubt of his power to absolve subjects from their allegiance to an heretical sovereign, one especially of such doubtful descent according to the canon-law and the decrees of Rome. In the wars of the League, Pius is said to have reproved the remissness of those who did not slay their heretical enemies outright; and the honour of the consecrated hat and sword, bestowed on the Duke of Alva, shows how little remorse he felt for the barbarities perpetrated in the Low Countries.

‘How strange an union of singleness of purpose, magnanimity, austerity, and profound religious feeling, with sour bigotry, bitter hatred, and bloody persecution! In this spirit lived and died Paul V. When he felt the approach of death, he once more visited the seven churches, to bid farewell, as he said, to those sacred places; three times he kissed the lowest steps of the Scala Santa. He had at one time promised not only to expend the whole treasures of the church, not excepting the chalices and crucifixes, on an expedition against England, but even to appear in person at the head of the army. On his way some of the banished Catholics of England presented themselves before him; he said, “he wished that he could pour forth his blood for them.” He spoke of the League as an affair of the highest moment; he had left everything in preparation which could ensure its success; the last money that he issued was appointed for this purpose. The phantoms of these enterprises haunted him at his last moments.

ments. He had no doubt of their eventual success. "God," he said, "will of the stones raise up the man necessary for this great end."

Mr. Ranke has interposed between the death of Pius V. and the accession of Gregory XIII., a chapter of remarkable interest, relating to the internal state and government of the Papal territory and the finances of the Roman See. As the foreign resources of the Vatican began to fail, one-half of Europe to refuse all tribute to the Papacy, and even the Catholic kingdoms to furnish more scanty and hard-wrung contributions, the territory of the See, which by constantly involving the Pope in the local dissensions of Italy, had formerly been a burthen rather than an advantage, now became an important source of independence and strength. The affairs of Italy gradually settled down into a regular political system; the boundaries of the different states were fixed by treaties; the ambition of the Popes—as long as the power of Spain, of Venice, and of the newly-created Grand Dukedom of Florence, maintained the existing order of things—could scarcely look forward to an enlargement of territory. The Papal dominions, in point of productiveness, prosperity, and the valour and independence of the population, were looked upon with wonder and envy by the ambassadors of Venice. Romagna exported corn to Naples and to Florence. The cities of Romagna long maintained their old municipal freedoms; they were governed by their own communes, under their priors or other native dignitaries; they levied their own troops, fought under their own banners, and administered justice on their own authority. The country was occupied by the barons in their castles, who, however lawless marauders on the estates of an enemy, lived in a kind of patriarchal relationship with their own peasants—they protected without oppressing them. In some districts were races of free peasants, the proprietors and cultivators of the soil. But in all these classes, in city, castle, and free land, the fatal evil of the times, party feud and hostility, endangered peace and independence. In every town there was a Guelph and a Ghibelline faction. The barons hated each other with all the treasured animosity of hereditary feud; even the free peasants were disturbed by the same disorganizing passions. These peasants were descended from the same stock, lords paramount in their villages, all armed, dexterous in the use of the harquebuss. Of these wild communities, 'the Cavina, the Scarbocci, the Solacoli, were Ghibellines; the Manbelli, the Cerroni, and the Serra, which comprehended the two races of the Rinaldi and Navagli, Guelphs.' These factions enabled the government to introduce, particularly into the cities, first a powerful influence, at length an arbitrary authority. In the cities the artisans and trades pursued their callings with industrious and undiverted assiduity. The municipal

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municipal offices were in the hands of the *nobili*, who had nothing to do but to quarrel, and were much more jealous of increasing the power of the hostile faction, than that of the Papal resident. The Pope thus at length found the opportunity of extinguishing altogether the liberties of many of the most important cities.

But, after all, the great secret of the prosperity of the Roman state was its immunity from direct taxation. While all the other provinces of Italy were burdened with the most vexatious exactions, the Roman city and the Roman peasant left it to Catholic Europe to maintain the dignity of the Roman See. The revenue of the Papacy was the direct and indirect tribute of Christendom. The unpopularity of the foreigner, Adrian of Utrecht, was greatly increased by the necessity under which he found himself, from the prodigality of Leo, of imposing a small hearth-tax on his Roman subjects. It is singular that to the Papal plan of finance Europe owes the advantage of the whole system of exchanges, and the more questionable invention of public debts. Only a small part of the tribute of the world found its way into the Papal coffers, but it constituted a perpetual fund upon which money could be raised to an enormous amount.

The sale of offices was the principal immediate source of the Pope's revenue. This singular mode of anticipating income by loans upon future receipts was of early date, and carried to an enormous extent by the more prodigal Popes.

According to a trustworthy register, belonging to the Chigi palace, in the year 1471, there were about six hundred and fifty purchaseable offices, the income of which was estimated at near 100,000 scudi. They are almost all procurators, registrars, abbreviators, correctors, notaries, writers, even messengers and doorkeepers, the growing number of which constantly augmented the expense of a bull or of a brief.

Sixtus IV. created whole colleges, the offices in which were sold for 200 scudi a piece. These colleges had sometimes strange names, *e. g.*, a college of one hundred *janissaries*, which were named for the sum of 100,000 scudi, and their pensions were assigned from the produce of the bulls and annates. Sixtus IV. sold everything. Innocent VIII., who was reduced to pawn the Papal tiara, founded another college of twenty-six secretaries for 60,000 sc. Alexander VI. named eighty writers of briefs, each of whom paid 750 scudi for his place. Julius II. added a hundred writers of the archives at the same price. Julius created other offices with pensions on the customs and treasury. The flourishing state of agriculture enabled him to borrow in the same manner upon the excess of produce. He founded a college of one hundred and forty-one presidents of the market—*annona*. Leo, who was said to have spent the income of three papacies—viz, that

that of Julius II., who left a considerable treasure, his own, and that of his successor—went on in the same course, but with increased recklessness. He created twelve hundred new places; even the nomination of cardinals was not unproductive. The whole number of taxable posts in his time was two thousand one hundred and fifty: their yearly income was calculated at 320,000 sc., a heavy burden to church and state. These offices, however, expired with the life of the holders.

Clement VII. in his pressing distress first created a permanent debt—a *monte non vacabile*—which was charged at ten per cent. interest on the customs. The *montisti*, or holders of these securities, formed a college. But from the time of Adrian's first hearth-tax, the golden days of freedom from taxation began to disappear to the subjects of the Roman state. As Europe withheld or diminished its tribute, no alternative remained for the Pontiff but direct taxation on his own territory. As the head of catholicism in southern Europe, the Pope found his foreign income more and more precarious, while his expenses grew larger. In the internecine war with Protestantism prodigality seemed a virtue; liberal assistance was rendered in Ireland and in other countries where the Catholics endeavoured to regain their lost ground from the Protestant governments. Thus Romagna gradually lost the few remains of its independence, and by degrees every article of life became subject to direct impost. This small territory had, in fact, to support almost entirely one of the most expensive monarchies of Europe—one which, by its very character, involved a constant correspondence with every court in Christendom, which required secret service-money to an unlimited extent, and in the Catholics exiled from Protestant countries had objects of charity whose claims could not with the severest economy be altogether eluded. The Papal state, from the richest and most productive part of Italy, sunk in consequence, though by slow degrees, to what it now is, an ill-cultivated, unwholesome, and comparatively desert tract.

Gregory XIII. (*Buoncompagno*), had his lot been cast in an earlier period of the pontificate, might perhaps have shown by his life his right to his family name. Before he entered into orders he had had a natural son; and was considered rather inclined to the gayer manners of his Milanese patron Pius IV., than to those of his more rigid immediate predecessor. But the religious feeling predominant in Rome overawed the natural disposition of Gregory: instead of relaxing, he rivalled the austerities of the late Pope; he was irreproachable in his life; scrupulous in bestowing his preferment. Though he advanced his son to a high rank, he allowed him no improper influence; to the rest

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of his relations he was beneficent, but moderate in his grants. Financial embarrassments, incident to his lavish expenditure in the support of the Catholic cause, involved him in inextricable difficulties, and threw the whole of Romagna into a state of predatory insurrection. Money was absolutely necessary, but the Pope would not purchase it at the price of spiritual concessions or indulgences; new offices could not be created, new imposts would not be borne. The expedient which occurred was the resumption of the fiefs held of the See, on account of some informality in the grant, or neglect in the performance of the stipulated service. Every paper was searched, every record investigated, and by some flaw or other, the nobles saw themselves ejected from their castles, and deprived of property which their families had possessed for centuries. Gradually a spirit of resistance sprung up; the old factions began to revive with greater fury in all the towns; the expelled proprietors turned captains of banditti. The whole province was a scene of anarchy, robbery, and bloodshed. Not a subsidy could be obtained, not a tax levied. The Pope sent his son Giacomo with an armed force to quell the insurrection, but without success. At length the most daring and powerful of these bandit chieftains, Piccolomini, bearded Gregory in Rome itself. He presented a petition for absolution, the Pope shuddered at the long catalogue of murders recorded in the paper. But there was only this alternative—his son must be slain by, or must slay Piccolomini, or the pardon must be granted. The absolution was sealed and delivered. ‘Weary at length with life, and in a state of the utmost weakness, the aged Pope looked to heaven, and said—“Lord, thou wilt arise and have mercy upon Sion.”’

Never was a strong arm more imperiously required to wield the sceptre of the Papacy. The wild days of the darker ages seemed about to return, when a lawless and bandit populace drove the Pope from his capital, or insulted and slew him in its streets. Acts of violence were perpetrated in open day in Rome itself; four cardinals’ houses were plundered. The son of a swineherd, who himself as a boy had followed the lowly occupation of his father, was raised to the pontifical throne, and order was almost instantaneously restored; the Papal government assumed a regularity and vigour which it had not displayed in its most powerful days. The low origin and the early life of Sixtus V. are well known; and the arts by which he obtained the summit of his ambition have been minutely described, but with more cleverness than veracity. We know nothing in the range of Italian comic writing more spirited and amusing than Gregorio Leti’s description of the Cardinal Montalto for fifteen years playing the infirm old man, tottering along the streets upon his crutch, with a deep and hollow cough,

a failing voice, and every symptom of a broken constitution and premature decrepitude. The scene in the conclave, when, on the instant of his election, he dashed his crutch to the ground, sprung up at once to his natural height, and thundered out (*entonnava*) the *Te Deum*, to the astonishment and dismay of the assembled cardinals;—his reply to the Cardinal de' Medici, who expressed his surprise at this sudden change in his look, which had been down-cast, and was now erect and lofty:—‘While I was cardinal, my eyes were fixed upon the earth, that I might find the keys of heaven; now I have found them, I look to heaven, for I have nothing more to seek on earth’—all the minute circumstantialness of his manner, speech, and gesture, is like one of Scott's happiest historical descriptions, but we fear of no better historical authority than the fictions of our great novelist. Ranke says, that there is not *much truth* in these stories: we could have wished that he had given us his opinion, as to *how much*; we should be glad to know whether there is *any* confirmation in the contemporary documents which he has searched, for the account of the proceedings in the conclave, which Leti has drawn with such unscrupulous boldness. It is clear that powerful foreign influence was employed in favour of the Cardinal Montalto; we were before aware (if we remember right, from Galluzzi's work) that Tuscany contributed powerfully to his elevation. It is probable, that in the exigencies of the times the vigour of his age—(he was sixty-four at the time of his election)—rather than simulated infirmity and premature old age, recommended him to the cardinals, who must have been almost trembling for their personal safety.

If they expected a vigorous administration from Sixtus V. they were not mistaken in their choice. The new Pope proclaimed and displayed at once the inexorable rigour of his justice. On the day of his coronation four bodies of offenders against his police-regulations were seen on a gallows on the Castle of Angelo. He disbanded most of the soldiers raised by Gregory; he reduced the number of *sbirri*. But he made each baron and each *commune* responsible for every act of violence committed in their district. He made the *commune*, or the relatives of the bandit, pay the price which had been laid upon the head of each chieftain, instead of defraying this charge from the treasury. He sowed dissension among the bands, by offering a free pardon to any accomplice who should bring in the body or the head of his comrade. He is even said to have gone so far as to destroy a whole troop, by throwing in their way a caravan of poisoned provisions,—an event which gave the Pope great satisfaction! He made no distinction of ranks; the noble bandit with difficulty obtained the privilege of being strangled in prison instead of being hanged *coram populo*. In less than a

year

year the roads were safer in the Papal territory than in any other part of Europe. Sixtus, by trivial concessions, conciliated the good will of his powerful neighbours, who had been alienated by the captious and unwise policy of Gregory. They had hitherto harboured the robbers of the Papal states. Tuscany, Venice, Spain, now vied with each other in surrendering them to the Pope's relentless justice. The King of Spain gave orders that the decrees of the Pope should be as much respected in Milan as in Rome. Sixtus laboured with as much zeal and success in the restoration of prosperity as of peace. The privileges of the towns were enlarged. Ancona, of which the commerce had been almost ruined by impolitic regulations, was especially favoured; agriculture and manufactures were fostered with the utmost care. Sixtus has enjoyed the credit of putting an end to the fatal effects of nepotism, by interdicting the alienation of ecclesiastical estates. This, however, was the act of Pius V. On his own nephews Sixtus bestowed,—on one the purple, on the other a marquise; but he allowed no influence to any living being. He was the sole originator, depositary, and executor of his own counsels.

In the Chigi palace there is an account-book belonging to Sixtus V., containing memoranda of all his personal property and expense while a monk. It contains a list of his books, whether in single volumes or bound together; in short, his whole household expenses. It relates how his brother-in-law bought twenty sheep, which young Peretti paid for by instalments; and how at length, from his rigid savings, to his astonishment he found himself master of two hundred florins. Sixtus the pope practised the same severe economy. His first ambition was to leave a treasure, which was only to be employed in times of the utmost emergency, and on objects of the highest spiritual importance: these objects he himself accurately defined. 'The temple of the Lord,' he said, 'was never without such treasure.' Mr. Ranke has, however, destroyed much of the blind admiration which, looking only to these outward circumstances, has considered the administration of Sixtus a model of financial wisdom. This treasure was collected by the old, ignorant, and extravagant expedients for raising money—the sale of offices, the creation of new *monti* or debts, the most minute and vexatious taxation on all the necessities of life. Our author conceives that the amount of the treasure left by Sixtus V. was not more than equivalent to the produce of these new and oppressive burthens. It is intelligible, 'that an overplus of revenue should be collected and treasured up: it is the common course that loans should be made, to supply immediate exigencies; but that loans should be made and burthens imposed to shut up a treasure in a castle for future wants, this is indeed extraordinary.

But it is precisely this which the world has admired so much in Sixtus V. The fact is, that the possession of a treasure was so rare among the exhausted and impoverished kingdoms of Europe, that he who possessed one became an object of envy and wonder, without any inquiry at what cost it had been acquired.

The concluding chapters of the present volume trace, with equal truth and ingenuity, the effects of this catholic religious revival on the poetry, the arts, and the manners of the Roman court. Tasso was the poet—the Bolognese school, the Caracci, with their *Pietàs* and *Ecce Homos*; Guido with his *Virgins*, Domenichino with his *Saints*, Guercino with his exquisite forms, (but at times his too minutely and horribly real martyrdoms—were the painters of the age. Palestrina was the musician, in whose hands church-music became again full of deep feeling and religious passion. The study of the antique gave way to this new religious tone. Sixtus, in his magnificent embellishments of the city, looked on the monuments of heathen Rome with the soul of a Franciscan; he relentlessly destroyed whatever stood in his way, or offered valuable materials. All that remained he Christianized. The Trajan and Antonine pillars were surmounted with statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. At the same time the college of cardinals became a body of men no less distinguished by their irreproachable lives than by their skill and dexterity in worldly business. Men like Philipppo Neri, with the simplicity of children, the kindness of real Christians, the sanctity of angels, gave the tone to religious feeling. Vast learning, but all deeply impressed with this ecclesiastical spirit, was acquired and displayed. The works of Bellarmine and Baronius show at once the labour and the tendency of the times. The court itself assumed its singular character of pomp and piety, intrigue and austerity; the centre of profound Catholic religious feeling became the theatre of insatiable spiritual ambition. When the son of a swineherd was Pope, who might not rise to any eminence? When that swineherd's son filled the Papal see with so much vigour and dignity, how easily might pride mistake its aspirations for those of zeal for the church! Every one, therefore, was on the look out for advancement; from all parts of Europe flowed in candidates for ecclesiastical distinction—and learning, and morals, and religion itself, became the means and the end of universal emulation. Thus concludes Professor Ranke—

‘The newly-awakened spirit of Catholicism gave a new impulse to all the organs of literature and art, even to life itself. The Curia is equally devout and restless, spiritual and warlike—on one side full of dignity, pomp, and ceremony—on the other, unequalled for calculating prudence and unwearied ambition. Its piety and its ambitious spirit of enterprise, both resting on the notion of an exclusive faith, conspired

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spired together to the same end. Thus Catholicism made another attempt to subjugate the world.'

We shall watch with anxious expectation for the appearance of Mr. Ranke's successive volumes, fully convinced that nothing can proceed from his pen which will not deserve the attention of the European public. From his age (he is, we believe, still a young man) we may look for large accessions to our historical knowledge, and the style of the present volume is a safe pledge that his future works will be as agreeable in manner as valuable in matter.

ART. II.—*Chronique de Cinquante Jours—du 20 Juin au 10 Août 1792, rédigée sur Pièces authentiques.* Par P. L. Rœderer. Paris, 1832.

THIS work has been three years in print, but is not yet, we believe, published. The copy before us was presented by the author to one of his friends, and we have not been able to procure another from the booksellers. The very name of Rœderer excites a painful interest. In his long and useless life, there was *one remarkable hour* which confers upon him an eternal—and, if we are to believe himself, not dishonourable—celebrity. Pierre Louis Rœderer, born about 1756, was, before the Revolution, a member of the Parliament of Metz, and elected in 1789 to the Constituent Assembly, where he became a violent Revolutionist. Being by the self-denying decree of *non-election* excluded from the second assembly, he—like Pétion, Robespierre, and other *disinterested* Constituants—took refuge in a good office, and became *Procureur Syndic* (legal adviser and leading member) of the Council General of the Department of Paris. It was in this character that, being stationed at the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792, for the defence of the king's person and residence, he advised and almost forced the royal family to abandon the palace and to take refuge in the National Assembly; a step which, however expedient it might appear to M. Rœderer at the moment, did ultimately lead the royal victims to the jail and the scaffold. It is therefore not surprising that he—almost the sole-surviving witness of these scenes and the individual most deeply responsible for the particular transaction—should be desirous of clearing away the doubts which have hitherto hung over his motives, and of showing that, whatever were the consequences of his advice, the advice itself was, under the circumstances, honest in its motive, and prudent in its object.

M. Rœderer proposes to answer two contradictory charges which have been made against him—the one by the Mountain, of  
being



being a royalist, and having *saved* the King; the other, by the royalists, of having *betrayed* him, and he seems to think that the mere accusation of having betrayed *both* sides is a sufficient proof that he did neither. Now, so far from getting rid of these apparently contradictory charges, M. Rœderer has the ill-luck to persuade us of the *truth of both*. He was a royalist in the sense in which the Mountain employed the term—that is, he had no objection to a constitutional king, but would have preferred *Egalité* to Louis XVI.; and in either case desired that his party should be '*viceroys over him*.' The Girondins (to whom Rœderer, in some degree, attached himself) had the baseness, as we had lately occasion to show, to *adopt the whole 10th of August*—though it is notorious (and M. Rœderer himself admits) that the results were widely different from their intentions or objects—their design being originally no more than to frighten the King into the recall of the Girondin ministers. The Mountain was therefore right in calling M. Rœderer a royalist—which he was *just as much* as his friend Vergniaud—who was a staunch monarchist at daybreak of the 10th of August—an equally staunch republican before midnight—a royalist one day—a *regicide* the next—and a renegade throughout!

But it is not the charge of being a *royalist*, that most seriously offends his Excellency, Count Rœderer—Peer of France—Councillor of State—Great Cross of the Legion of Honour—Ex-Minister of Finance to the King of Naples—Ex-Administrator of the Grand Duchy of Berg—Ex-Governor of Strasburg—Ex-Commissary at Lyons, and lately—(for he is a practical professor of the *bathos*—or *art of sinking in public life*)—author of a pamphlet against revolutionary agitation, and in support of the *legitimate* monarchy of King Louis Philippe;—it is not, we say, against the charge of *royalism*, that *his* complaints are most seriously directed—no, his great effort is to refute the allegation that he betrayed Louis XVI. The shaft that rankles deepest and sorest in his heart is a sarcasm of forty years' standing—which, assuredly, nothing but conscience could have kept festering all this time:—

'*A miserable mountebank*,' says his Excellency Count Rœderer, 'of the name of Richer Serizy, with his partner *Pelletier* [Peltier], another *hireling pamphleteer* of the civil list—thought it very pleasant to burlesque me [in the character of *Judas*], by putting into my mouth the words—"Ego sum qui tradidi eum." [I am he who betrayed him.]'—p. 414.

These *liberals* are terribly *illiberal* in their attacks on others. Richer Serizy was no more a miserable mountebank than Rœderer himself. M. Peltier was, in all circumstances, as respectable as Rœderer could pretend to be, with a great deal more honesty and infinitely more talents; and it certainly little becomes M. Rœderer

to

to call any man a *hireling*—he who was a notorious hireling of Buonaparte—or to reproach a writer with being a *pamphleteer*—he who only the other day burst out from his long obscurity in a *pamphlet* in defence of the arbitrary measures of the new Court of the Tuileries. Nor do we understand why he should have waited till these days when no one is thinking about him, to make a defence which he did not attempt under the Directory—the Consulate—the Empire—the Restoration—when the charges against him were repeated, bitterly and forcibly, in fifty publications. Was he endeavouring to outlive contradiction?

But passing over these personal contests, in which M. Rœderer would certainly not have the best of it, we shall observe on the main question that the charge against Rœderer of having *betrayed* the King rests on two grounds: first, on the admitted *facts* of his own conduct during the 9th and 10th August; and secondly, on the *statement* which he published in a pamphlet, and re-published in the 'Moniteur' of the 24th August, 1792—in which, seeing 'the sudden and unexpected turn' which things had taken, he endeavours to exculpate himself from any share in the *resistance* to the mob, and especially from having ordered the Swiss guards to repel force by force. Unluckily, this defence contains, besides several confessedly *false* charges against the Swiss, many insinuations against the King, and particularly an avowal that Rœderer's object was to '*secure the King as an HOSTAGE*,' which were calculated to excite at the time an opinion that Rœderer was rather an *accomplice* than an opponent of the attack on the palace, which he was bound to defend. In the present work he endeavours to explain away some of these unfortunate phrases—others he excuses on the score of the '*general error*' of the moment, as to the treachery of the Swiss, and he labours to give a colour of probability to an impudent fable which we shall notice more particularly by-and-by, that there was a design on the part of the court to attack the National Assembly. As to the unlucky phrase about '*securing the King as an hostage*,'—which is really the gist of the whole case—his defence is a strange one—he can neither deny the words nor explain them away,—what then? he *pleads* that they were a *falsehood*—a mere *invention* and *after-thought*, which he uttered only to conciliate '*ce tribunal d'égorgeurs*'—the revolutionary tribunal! Upon this we must observe, first, that M. Rœderer seems to suppose that terror would be a sufficient excuse for any baseness—which is not *our* opinion; but, secondly—if it were—the terror of the revolutionary tribunal was not yet fully developed—it was still a young unblooded tiger, and had not tried a single person at the time when Rœderer wrote his letter. Its *first* victim was condemned, we believe, the very day that letter was published, and the tribunal, afterwards so vigorous and rapid,

was,

was, *at this time*, so moderate as to have executed but three persons—and those after some semblance of a trial—in the first month. But admitting, as we are ready to do, that Rœderer was terribly frightened, what can we think of such a defence as this—that, in his own *prospective* terror of the tribunal, he published a *falsehood* which could not fail to be injurious to other parties whose fate was *actually* in issue? But we really do not believe M. Rœderer to have been altogether so bad as he represents himself. His use of the word '*hostage*' was rather an *ambiguity* than a *falsehood*. He undoubtedly was *desirous of saving the King's life*,—partly, we hope, from humanity, and partly, we believe, for the purpose of making him an instrument in the hands of his party.

On the main point, as to his having really betrayed the King, our difficulty is as to the precise sense in which the word '*betray*' may be employed. We do not believe that M. Rœderer was guilty of anything which can be called personal *treachery*—he had no private ties to the King—he enjoyed no special confidence—he did not appear at the palace as the *King's friend*—he had been placed by his *party* in a prominent office, and he was probably disposed as much by personal conviction as by political connexion to forward the secret intentions of that party. But, on the other hand, we cannot acquit him of having—from whatever motive—given the king false impressions and insidious advice, and of having notoriously *betrayed his ostensible public trust*. It was his duty to keep the peace, to vindicate the law, to maintain the King's authority, as well as to defend his palace and his person—it was his duty not merely to repel force by force, but to anticipate and arrest, while yet scattered and at a distance, the hostile movement: and when at last the insurgents came within reach, and their intentions admitted of no doubt, he ought to have attacked and dispersed them. This duty he assuredly betrayed. He paralyzed the resistance which *but for him* would certainly have been made, and would probably have been successful; and, what is worse, we believe he went to and remained at the palace for the sole purpose of *paralyzing that resistance*.

After this general view of the question, we proceed to M. Rœderer's explanation, which is more meagre and inconclusive, and possesses much less of novelty than we expected. Two-thirds of the volume are extracts from the *Moniteur* and *Journal des Débats* of speeches and reports, already familiar to every one who has looked into any of the details of the French Revolution; nor do we discover one new *fact*, and hardly a new *view* in the whole of his '*Chronicle*'; but we must add that his extracts are made with tolerable impartiality, and his narrative produces, very clearly and intelligibly, the series of events which led from the  
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indecisive outrages of the 20th of June on to the crowning atrocities of the 10th of August.

It is not our intention to follow M. Rœderer through the details of his work which, as we have said, afford little novelty—and of which he is certainly not the best evidence; but we shall extract, or rather *translate in extenso*, the whole chapter which contains that information which is nowhere else to be found, and which constitutes the chief value, such as it is, of the book—we mean his own personal narrative of what passed during his stay at the Tuileries, from the night of the 9th to the morning of the 10th August. We shall introduce this chapter by a few words on the antecedent state of affairs, and also intersperse such observations as may the better enable our readers to judge how far M. Rœderer's *facts* corroborate his defence.

Our readers recollect that on the 20th June the Palace of the Tuileries (always at this period called *Le Château*) was invaded and forcibly entered by an armed mob, which committed the most indecent and disgusting violences against the royal family. The precise object of that insurrection is still a question. We believe it to have been—as it was subsequently on the 10th of August—twofold. The Jacobins hoped that, in the scuffle, the king might be murdered—the Girondins intended only to intimidate him into the recall of Roland and the Girondin Ministry. The attempt on the king's life was prevented by a combination of accidents; and the general horror which the brutalities of the mob excited throughout France, and, above all, in the armies, defeated the Girondin object: so that the 20th of June turned out to be no more than a *rehearsal* for the 10th of August,—when we shall see the same actors playing over again the same parts on the same stage, but with, unhappily, a different result.

In this June affair the greatest share of blame was imputed to Pétion, the mayor, who, though he eventually suffered death as a Girondin, was at this time so popular with the Jacobins that it seems even to this hour hard to determine whether, on the 20th of June, he acted in concert with the party that intended murder, or the party that meant only intimidation. His conduct, however, was blamed by all honest men. The Council General of the Department of which Rœderer was, by his office, a leading member suspended Pétion from his functions; and a violent struggle began, in which the whole Jacobin party—Mountain and Gironde—united in defence of Pétion against Lafayette, the Department, and the Constitutionals. In this contest Rœderer abandoned the Constitutionals and took the part of Pétion, and, while he admits the atrocity of the insurrection, endeavours to exculpate the mayor from the charge of not having done his duty in suppressing it. Amongst other things, he says,—

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'What was the obvious mode of restraining the mob? To guard all the avenues of the palace—to shut the gates of the courts and gardens, and even the doors of the buildings—to place at all the entrances brave men, determined to show a bold front and to support each other—to make a barrier of their bodies—to present an immoveable resistance, and to cover themselves by their bayonets. I once saw at Metz 600 brave men resist for ten hours a mob of 6000, who wanted to destroy a warehouse, and I am convinced that *a firm resistance will always be effective for the preservation of persons and property*. Now, I ask, *whose duty was it to make these preparations on that 20th June?* The military *commandant-general's*, beyond all doubt. The municipality had nothing to do with it. The mayor had given a general order to the commandant-general to double the force at the Tuileries, and to take all other measures for ensuring the public tranquillity, and therefore the mayor had done all he could or ought to do.'—p. 125-7.

We do not quote this as presenting the real state of the case as to Pétion—and to refute it we should need but to quote M. Rœderer's preceding account of the whole of Pétion's conduct;—we shall content ourselves with one out of a hundred passages:—towards the conclusion of the affair, Pétion, says M. Rœderer, harangued the mob and concluded with these words:—

'*The people has done its duty—yes, you have acted with the elevation and dignity of freemen—but you have done enough. Let all now withdraw.*'—p. 57.

—It is not therefore as regards Pétion that we have quoted the former passage, but we beg our readers, when they shall arrive at the statement of the measures of defence taken on the 10th of August, to bear in mind M. Rœderer's recorded opinions of the mode by which such an assault *could* and *ought* to be resisted.

At this time Rœderer did not anticipate that he should so soon have an opportunity of putting his plan into practice. He wrote to the King on the 7th July,—

'Sire,—The events of the 20th of June will not be repeated—the causes which produced them no longer exist.'—p. 172.

This prophecy appears to us to place M. Rœderer in an awkward dilemma—either he knew nothing of the state of the capital, or he was acting with insincerity and fraud towards the King. Now, unluckily every page of his work shows that he knew perfectly the state of the public mind, and he must have been deaf and blind not to have known it. But another circumstance which occurred about this time throws additional doubts over Rœderer's sincerity in favour of the constitutional monarchy.

His colleagues in the council general of the Department—all eminent *constitutionalists*—La Rochefoucault—Talleyrand, &c.—finding that they could not repress the illegal usurpations of Pétion

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Pétion and the municipality, resigned in the week between the 18th and 23rd July—Rœderer, hitherto their cordial colleague and co-operator, alone kept his place. Without taking upon ourselves to answer the question which he puts—‘Was I wrong? Were *they* right?’—(p. 276.)—we may at least say that Rœderer must be understood to have separated himself, by this act, from the constitutional principles of his former colleagues, and to have adopted those of their Jacobin successors.

He tells us that his particular attachment (*liaison particulière*) was to Vergniaud (p. 27)—the eloquent leader of the Gironde, and to Gaudet and Duclos, two of its most remarkable members. We suspect that there is here some little equivocation. We do not believe that Rœderer had any *liaison particulière* with Vergniaud. Rœderer’s representative life ended before that of Vergniaud began. One came from the north-east, the other from the south-west corner of France, nor have we ever found, except in this assertion, any trace of such a *liaison*. It is very remarkable, that when, on the morning of the 20th June, Rœderer made, at the bar of the Convention, a very judicious and spirited remonstrance against the assembling armed mobs under the pretence of petitioning, and against the countenance given to such disorders by the Assembly itself, his propositions were opposed *only* by Vergniaud and Gaudet. This proves beyond doubt either that there was an infamous *juggle* between them, or—as we confidently believe—that there was, *at this time*, no *liaison particulière* between Rœderer and these two men. We therefore conclude that Rœderer’s adhesion to the Girondins must have taken place when he broke with his old *constitutional* friends on the subject of Pétion’s suspension.

M. Rœderer—a courtier of the son of *Egalité*—will not *now* be offended at our saying that we have always considered him as of the Orleans party, to which Brissot and others of the Gironde originally belonged, and we suspect that any acquaintance he may have had with Vergniaud arose from this connexion. But Vergniaud has become a popular name, and Rœderer is not sorry to ally himself to it, though he does not tell us any point of his conduct that was influenced by that *liaison*. If the truth were told, we believe it would appear that Rœderer knew a great deal more of *Robespierre* than he did of *Vergniaud*. We, however, so far concur in M. Rœderer’s statements, as to admit that, on the 10th August, he was acting—probably in concert—certainly in accordance with the Girondins—up to this period only a section of the Jacobins, but who about this time began to place themselves, as they hoped, in a *juste milieu* between the real Constitutionalists—the friends of Louis XVI.—and the Mountain; and for this purpose condescended to associate themselves to the intriguers who  
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were preparing the *Tenth of August*, in the hope of being able to

‘ Ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm.’

Indeed Rœderer himself gives this—or rather a still more odious—view of the policy of the Gironde at this period :—

‘ Things were going faster and farther than the Girondins wished ; they were terrified at the rapidity of the popular movement. Their situation was, indeed, become perilous between the Court and M. Lafayette on the one side, and the Jacobins on the other. Their policy now was to temporise—to gain time—to work upon the fears of the Court and on its gratitude, and, by at once protecting and menacing it, to reduce it to the alternative of being crushed by the Jacobins, or of *throwing itself into the hands of the Girondins*. In pursuance of this system a threatening address to the King was resolved upon. Its menacing and insulting language was to be such as should maintain the wavering popularity of the Girondins with the Jacobins, without, however, *delivering them up their prey*. Gaudet, the most eloquent of the Gironde party, next to, but long behind Vergniaud, drew up and moved the address.’—p. 229.

These are candid and valuable avowals. They tell us nothing indeed that we had not before inferred from the acts and speeches of the Gironde, but it is good to have them thus put beyond all question by the voluntary confession of one of the party. Rœderer adds another trait, which, though but a corollary, deserves separate notice. The address attributes the existing tumults to the dismissal of the former Girondin ministers, and Rœderer, in approbation of this suggestion, says,—

‘ This allusion is the mark (*cachet*) of the Deputies of the Gironde—they wished for a constitution and a King—but they wished that the King should be *constitutional*, and that his *ministry* should be such as would be a *guarantee of his intentions*.’—p. 300.

That is, they wished for *Egalité* as king and themselves as ministers. With these glimpses of the secret policy of the Gironde, and these indications that Rœderer was anxious to carry it into effect, we now proceed to the account of his own share in the closing scene of these memorable transactions.

‘ The 9th August, at a quarter past ten at night, the minister of justice came to the Department, and told me that the king would send for me if necessary.

‘ At three-quarters past ten I was summoned to the palace. I arrived at eleven. The drums were beating to arms in all the neighbourhood—in the apartments were several persons, but no crowd. I entered the council-room, or the King’s closet—he was there with the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and his ministers—I gave his Majesty the last accounts which had reached me—nothing remarkable had hitherto taken place, but there was a great agitation. I wrote a note to desire the mayor  
(Pétion)



(Pétion) to come to the palace—as I was sealing it he came. He gave the King an account of the state of Paris—he then came to me—we chatted upon indifferent subjects, till Mandat, the commandant-general of the national guard,\* and Boubé, the secretary-general of the staff, joined us. Mandat complained to the mayor that the *Administrators of the municipality had refused him powder*—the mayor replied, “*You had not taken the preliminary steps to entitle you to have it*”—a debate arose on this point—the mayor asked Mandat whether he had not some powder remaining from former deliveries—Mandat said, that “*None of his men had more than nine cartridges, and many none at all, and that they naturally complained of this.*” This conversation ended here. The mayor then said—“*It is dreadfully hot here—I shall go down and take a little fresh air.*” I, however, expected news from the Department, which had promised to let me hear from them from hour to hour, and I sat down in a corner.”—p. 394.

This looks as if Pétion, having thus by an insidious question, ascertained the want of the means of defence, hastened away to apprise his fellow-conspirators.

‘About half-past eleven came a letter from the Department—nothing positive known—the hour for ringing the tocsin was not come—I then went down stairs alone *to take the air*, and I went into the court—I was stopped by several national guards—I then turned into the garden—there again I met sentinels—I was walking down the centre alley, when I met a group composed of Pétion, some municipal officers, and members of the commune, and about fifteen or twenty young national guards, who were singing and dancing about the mayor—they stopped me, and Pétion proposed to me to take a turn—“*With pleasure!*”—we walked to the end of the terrace on the river side, till hearing the drums beat *to arms* at the palace, we went back.’

Let it be here observed, that the two magistrates charged with the defence of the palace reject the application of the military commandant for the ammunition necessary to that defence; and while every quarter of the city confided to their care was in a state of the most alarming excitement, they stroll about the garden for a little fresh air.

‘During our walk, I could not but express to the mayor my grief at the general agitation, and my fears for the consequences—the mayor however was more at his ease—“*I hope it will end in nothing—commissioners have been sent to the places of meeting—Thomas tells me there will be nothing—Thomas must know.*” I knew nothing about this Thomas.’—p. 396.

*Je ne sais qui est ce Thomas*—yet with this reference to a name he never heard before the Procureur-Syndic is satisfied.—Perhaps, we may help M. Ræderer to some knowledge of ‘*this Thomas*,’

\* After the resignation of Lafayette the chief command of the National Guards was taken in rotation by the colonels of the six legions which composed the whole body. M. Mandat was colonel of the third legion, and unhappily for him in rotation of command in the month of August, 1792.

upon whose opinions, it seems, the destinies of the world turned. Was he not a certain *Jean Jacques Thomas*—an active member of the Jacobin Club—assessor to the *Jugé de Paris*, and first elector of the section *des Lombards*—residing No. 204, Rue St. Denis—and a busy and influential man in that populous district?

‘After some conversation with some other gentlemen of the group on indifferent subjects, [*on indifferent subjects*, though the drums were beating to arms!] we reached the palace, and were at the foot of the great stairs when they came to tell Pétion that the Assembly had sent for him—He went, and I ascended to the royal apartments—I passed through the rooms without stopping, and went at once to the king’s closet; my place could neither be in the first nor second anteroom. [Equality, with a vengeance!] It was then half an hour past midnight—I had soon after another letter of intelligence from the Department—great agitation in the faubourg St. Antoine, but as yet no assemblage. I acquainted the ministers with this, and the King, Queen, and Madame Elizabeth successively read my letter.

‘Soon after the King received a verbal report, agreeing with my letter—I know not from whom, for whenever any news arrived, or that the King made a movement, twenty people pressed around him, while I remained where I was.

‘At three-quarters past twelve the *tocsin* was heard on all sides—the windows were open—every one went to them to listen—and some would affect to recognise the bell of this church or of that. Another letter from the Department announces that the Faubourg St. Antoine is in motion—that there are, however, not above fifteen hundred or two thousand men assembled—but that the gunners are all ready with their cannon, and that the citizens are all standing at their own doors, armed, and ready to join the march. I read this to the ministers, and, I think, to the King and Queen. One of the ministers, I do not remember which, now asked me “if there was not now a case to proclaim martial law?” I replied, “that since the law of the 3d August, 1791, martial law could only be proclaimed *when the public tranquillity should be habitually disturbed*; but here,” said I, “is a very different state of things from a simple disturbance of the public tranquillity—this is a revolt, which is stronger than martial law, or than the power which should proclaim it. It is quite idle to think of such a thing for our present circumstances—moreover, it belongs not to the Department to proclaim martial law even if it were proper, but to the municipality.” The minister replies, “We think the Department has the right.” I insisted on the negative, and after consulting the text of the law, continued of the same opinion.’

Here M. Rœderer thinks it necessary to add a note, which, in his general abstinence from revealing anything like the real motive of his words or actions, becomes an important explanation of the foregoing passage:—

‘If even I had had the legal right to direct the municipality to proclaim martial law, if I had a force stronger than the revolt, and if the national

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national guard were unanimous—could I have reasonably hoped that the municipality would have obeyed,—they who had the day before formally petitioned the Assembly for the *déchéance* of the king?—It would have been foolish to expect that they would have displayed the red flag against any one but the king and his party. This brings us back to the undoubted fact, that the Procureur-General Syndic had no force to oppose to the Parisian insurrection.’—p. 397.

This seems to us a clear confession that Rœderer was afraid to do his duty; and he justifies that fear by the insufficiency of his force; but we must observe in reply, that this alleged insufficiency is grounded on the supposition that the troops, the Swiss, and even the national guard, would not have done their duty, which we exceedingly doubt; and M. Rœderer’s shuffling excuses—first as to the *law*, and then as to his *means*—only satisfy us that his mission at the palace was to prevent their doing it. He proceeds—

‘I went and sat down on a stool near the door of the bed-chamber—for *etiquette* was banished;’—

so it seems—by *him* at least, who, by his magisterial functions, was bound to have given a good example, even if others had forgotten themselves.

‘A moment after, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and one or two *other women*—one tall and thin—came and sat on the other stools (*tabourets*) in the same line. I then rose—the Queen asked me *when the Marseillais intended to go home*. I answered, that that very morning the mayor had proposed to the Department to authorise the advance of 20,000 livres to enable them to return, and that the Department had approved the proposition—but that it was not reduced to writing, because we did not like to give as a reason our desire to hasten their departure. The mayor (who was accompanied by M. Osselin) said, that the Marseillais were impatient to be gone—that they were even dissatisfied with the Parisians, and that they only asked the 20,000 livres as a loan.’

The very name of Pétion’s coadjutor on this occasion is a test of Pétion’s real designs. This Osselin was a furious demagogue, and one of the leaders of this very insurrection—in reward for which he became one of the *Septembriseur*-representatives of Paris. He voted for the death of the king, but was himself sent to the scaffold by Robespierre. He was guillotined on the 26th June, 1794, already half dead from an incomplete attempt at suicide by a rusty nail extracted from his prison wall, and which remained sticking in his side. His mistress, a divorced woman, was respited on account of pregnancy, but she was executed on the birth of her child. We return to Rœderer.

‘About half-past two in the morning I received accounts *rather tranquillising*. They told me that the assemblages were forming very slowly—that the artisans of the faubourgs were getting tired, and that probably they would not move forward. A tall man in a grey coat

coat made a similar verbal report to the King, and the by-standers repeated one expression of his which seemed to give satisfaction, "*Le tocsin ne rend pas.*"—(The tocsin does not bring them out.) The Department in their letter asked me for a reinforcement to protect it. I went down to the commandant-general, who gave orders accordingly.—p. 358.

It is remarkable that the intelligence which *rather tranquillized* Røederer should have had no such effect on his colleagues, the Department; and it seems hardly reconcileable with common sense and good faith that M. Røederer should detach *from* the palace—which is the avowed object of the intended attack,—part of his force—already too weak—to defend the Department, who he well knew could be in no kind of danger.

'Soon after this accounts were brought that M. Manuel, the procureur of the *Commune*, had given orders for the removal of the cannon which had been placed on the Pont Neuf, by order of the commandant-general, for the special purpose of preventing the junction of the two faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marcel:—"but, on the contrary," said M. Manuel, "these two faubourgs have to-day to do *a great piece of business in hand which requires their union.*" The ministers discussed the propriety of ordering the cannon to be replaced in spite of the orders of M. Manuel.

'We were told at the same time that a deputation of the *Commune* had just informed the Convention, that the mayor was detained in the palace as a prisoner, and to demand that he be restored to the *Commune*—that the mayor, however, who had remained at the garden-gate of the Assembly, had denied that any violence had been employed to detain him in the palace, but that he would go to the *Commune*—which he did on foot, and about four o'clock in the morning, his carriage, which had been standing in the great court of the Tuilleries, went home empty.'—p. 359.

Yet this *LIE* about the arrest of the mayor was not only propagated all that night and the next day, but an inscription was painted, and remained *for months*, on the front of the palace, to commemorate the virtuous Pétion's escape from the violence of the Court.

'In these circumstances I wrote to invite the Council of the Department to join me at the palace, stating that the mayor had gone to the *Commune*; that we were deliberating whether to annul the orders of the Procureur de la *Commune* (Manuel); that we did not know whether he had issued these orders of his own head or in concert with the Municipality or the Department; that to take measures against the Municipality or Department was not a question of mere police, and that I could not take on myself to decide alone the course to be followed on this emergency. The Department, instead of joining me in a body, sent a deputation of two members, MM. Leveillard and De Faucompret.

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They, I, and the six ministers then retired to a small room looking towards the garden and next the King's bed-chamber.

'I do not recollect what passed at this consultation; MM. Leveillard and De Faucompret perhaps may supply the deficiency; I only remember that I persisted in desiring that the whole Department should come to the palace, and that when it was observed that it could not change its official station without an order from the King, I went to request the King to give the order: the King said, 'My minister is not here; when he comes, I will give the order.' It was not yet day.

'It was about this time that the mayor's carriage drove away. Some one opened a blind of the King's closet to see what the noise of the carriage was. Day was beginning to dawn. Madame Elizabeth went to the window,—she looked at the sky, which was very red, and called to the Queen, who was sitting at the back of the room, "*Come, sister, and see the rising of the dawn.*" The Queen went;—*that day she saw the sun for the last time!*

'The King, who had retired into his bed-chamber, now returned to the closet,—he probably had lain down on the bed, for the powder and curis had been shaken out on one side of his head, which made a strange contrast with the other side, which was full powdered and curled. Just then, too, the blinds were opened all through the apartments. M. Mandat came to tell me that the Commune had summoned him a second time to attend them. *He thought he ought not to go.* M. de Joly (the minister of the interior) thought his presence at the palace indispensable. I thought that the commandant general was essentially at the orders of the mayor,—that it was possible that the mayor might have resolved to proceed to meet' [or prevent—*aller au devant*—the expression seems studiously ambiguous] 'the assemblages of the people, and might need for that purpose the presence of the commandant of the public force. *On my advice Mandat went—though with great reluctance.* I grounded my opinion, also, on the necessity of clearing up the pretended counter-order given by Manuel about the commune on the Pont Neuf, and of his (Mandat's) stating to the commune his views of what was necessary to insure the public tranquillity. *Mandat had rendered himself odious to a great proportion of the [national] guard, by his fanatic devotion to the court.* He was always ready "to pledge his life for the good intention of the King." He was always "sure that the court had no ill design." I was ignorant of this prejudice against him;—he ought to have taken precautions when going to the commune—it seems he took none;—I was sorry to hear (*j'eus le chagrin d'apprendre*) that he had been killed by the way. (*tué en chemin*)."—p. 361.

This is a most important point of the case, and one on which, we regret to say, M. Rœderer's own account excites a much stronger suspicion against him than we had before entertained. We are far from accusing him of a participation in the murder of Mandat; but we now see that it was HE who over-persuaded the reluctant victim to leave the post he had been ordered to defend,

and the troops who *under him* would have defended it, to attend for no intelligible object at the Hotel de Ville, where he was made prisoner, and murdered, and the mayor's order for defending the palace taken out of his pocket; and the inconsistency, and the utter futility of the discordant reasons which Rœderer has just assigned for his conduct do look—it must be admitted—exceedingly suspicious. But, after all, we abide by our original opinion, that he was not privy to the intended *murder*, but only wished to have Mandat *kept out of the way* in order to insure non-resistance: for if he had not been removed the issue of the day would probably have been altogether different. Mandat had been an officer in the regular army—he possessed courage and ability, and was devoted to the constitutional monarchy.

\* About four o'clock I was called, I no longer remember by whom or how, into a room which was, I believe, that of Thierry, the King's valet-de-chambre, where I found the Queen sitting near the chimney, with her back to the window. The King was not present. I think I recollect to have entered that room by the door of the small apartment in which we had held our conference, and I suppose it was when the Queen had been informed, by one of the ministers, of the results of that conference, that she sent for me. The precise moment, and some details of the localities, may escape me, but the substance of my statements is exact. The Queen asked me what was to be done in these circumstances? I answered that it seemed to me necessary that the King and the royal family should proceed to the National Assembly. M. Dubouchage said—"Why, you propose to deliver the King to his avowed enemies!" "Not so much his enemies as you think," replied I; "for recollect they voted four hundred to two hundred in favour of M. la Fayette. Moreover, I only propose it as the less danger of the two." The Queen then said to me, in a very firm tone, "Sir, we have a force here; it is time to know, at length, who is to be master,—the King and Constitution, or a faction." "Madame," I answered, "in that case let us see what dispositions have been made for resistance;" and I proposed to call in the officer who commanded in the absence of Mandat, M. de la Chesney.\*

This really is too impudent: M. Rœderer has been many hours in the palace—he has concurred in the refusal of ammunition to its defenders—he has taken no step whatsoever to impede the assailants—he has detached some of the force which he says was already too small—he has just sent away the unfortunate commander-in-chief, and then, at four in the morning, he says to the Queen, '*Let us see what dispositions have been made for resistance!*'

\* M. de la Chenaye (Rœderer misspells his name) was Colonel of the 6th legion, and next in rotation to Mandat, but he seems to have been, unfortunately, a man of very different principles and character.

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'I asked M. de la Chesney some questions on the detail of his arrangements, and whether he had taken measures to prevent the unopposed march of the assemblages of the people to the palace. He said, "Yes; that the Carousel was guarded"—*et cetera*—[in so critical a place, this *et cetera* is very suspicious]—but then, addressing the Queen with a good deal of ill-humour, he said, "Madame, I ought not to conceal from you that the apartments are full of all kinds of people who very much *impede our duty* (*gênent le service*) and *prevent free access to the King*, which very much disgusts the national guards." "They have no cause to be disgusted," said the Queen, "on this account. I will be answerable for the conduct of every one that is here—they will march in the front—in the rear—amongst you—how you will; they will obey all orders, and do whatever may be thought necessary; they are men to be depended on."

This ill-timed, impudent, and absurd complaint of La Chesnaye, whose business was to defend the *approaches* of the palace, and not to regulate the king's household, was probably another attempt to insure *non-resistance*. The King's private friends and servants were to be separated from him, in order that he might not be assisted by their counsels or their courage, and when the Queen rejected this monstrous proposition, mark how Rœderer attempts to misrepresent and envenom so natural a decision:—

'These expressions of the Queen made me believe that a strong resolution had been taken to resist, and that there were some who flattered the Queen with the hope of a victory. I half saw (*entrevis*) that this victory was desirable, at least for the purpose of awing (*imposer*) the National Assembly. These circumstances created in me a confused apprehension of a resistance at once useless and bloody, and of an attack on the National Assembly, after the retreat or defeat of the mob; and these apprehensions added an insupportable weight to my responsibility.'—p. 362.

We can only say, that if, in all this scene of humiliation and spondence of the royal family, M. Rœderer could fancy that he saw any symptoms of so vigorous, so audacious a determination as that of attacking the Assembly—fear must have already made him mad; but that, at the end of forty years, he should repeat such stuff shows that he was not mad; and he must feel that his conduct was strangely inexcusable when he has recourse to such miserable and flagrant falsehoods.

'I insisted that at least the King should write to the National Assembly for assistance. M. Dubouchage offered some objection. "If that should be inadvisable, at least let two of the ministers proceed to the Assembly to represent the state of affairs, and request them to send a deputation of their members." This was adopted, and MM. de Joly and Campion departed to go to the Assembly.

'We were still discussing the state of affairs in the Queen's presence, when we heard shouts, groans, and hootings in the garden. The mi-



nisters looked out of the window. M. Dubouchage, much affected, exclaimed,—“ Good God !—’tis the King they are hooting ! What the devil was he doing down there ?—let us fly to rescue him ! ” He and M. de Sainte Croix hastened down to the garden. The Queen then burst into tears without speaking a word, and frequently wiped her eyes.’—p. 362.

Here M. Rœderer interrupts his narrative to make some observations on the personal conduct of the Queen, which we think should not be omitted.

‘ I know not on what authority almost all historians have attributed to the Queen, on the night preceding the 10th of August, expressions and designs of supernatural heroism—such as saying that she would be nailed to the walls of the palace rather than leave it ; and having given the King pistols with an exhortation to employ them against his own existence. I know not when or to whom she could have said or done such things.’—*Ib.*

On this passage we must observe, that it seems to authorize some doubts of M. Rœderer’s strict veracity. It suits his case to endeavour to show that there was no reluctance on the part of the Royal Family to adopt his advice of abandoning the Tuileries, and his evidence should, therefore, at best, be received with some allowance ; but we think we can show, *aliundè*, that the foregoing statement is a *prepense* misrepresentation. We never heard or read that the Queen had presented a pistol to the King, ‘ to be employed against his own existence.’ On the contrary, every historian that we happen to have at hand, who mentions the incident of the *pistols* at all—Mignet—Papon—Alison, &c., state distinctly, that the Queen armed her husband, with an exhortation, *not* to attempt his own life, but—to put himself at the head of his guards, and resist the attack. ‘ *Come, Sir,*’ she is stated to have said, ‘ *this is the moment to show yourself.*’ M. Rœderer does not, he tells us, know on what authority the assertions relating to the Queen’s spirited conduct can have been made. We can tell him : the anecdote of the pistols was, we believe, first given in the ‘ *Recueil des Pièces trouvées aux Tuileries,*’ which was published by ‘ the virtuous Roland.’ The paper in which it is told is evidently an imposition ; and we may doubt the fact itself ; but whether the fact be true or false, the *motive* that Rœderer, for his own miserable object, assigns to it—namely, that it was a suggestion, on the part of the Queen, that her husband should *commit suicide*—is a calumny equally malignant and absurd. As to the phrase expressive of her great reluctance to quit the palace, which M. Rœderer particularly quotes, that ‘ *she would rather be nailed to its walls,*’ and of which also he says that he knows not to whom it could have been spoken—we again can inform him that it never was pretended that it was said to him, nor even in his presence.

sence. M. Peltier (the first, the best informed, and the most accurate of all the historians of the 10th of August) is the first who could mention it, and he expressly states that the Queen used the expression *in private—in confidence*—to two attendant friends, as soon as she heard that a proposition for quitting the palace was likely to be made—(*Peltier*, vol. i. p. 129.) So that M. Rœderer's not having heard it is no proof that it was not said. Nor does M. Rœderer attempt to deny the unanimous assertion of all the writers on the subject, that she showed the greatest reluctance to adopt his advice. Our author then proceeds:—

‘For my part I saw nothing of the kind; and what I did see and hear is irreconcilable with these strange stories. The Queen, during this fatal night, exhibited nothing *masculine*—nothing *heroic*—nothing affected or romantic. I saw neither fury, nor despair, nor revenge; she was a woman, a mother, a wife, in a situation of imminent peril: she feared—she hoped—she desponded and revived; but she was also a queen and the daughter of Maria Theresa. When tears escaped her, it was without a moan, or a sigh, or even a word of complaint. Her anxiety and her grief were compressed or concealed by her sense of her station—her dignity—her name. When, after having burst into tears in Thierry's room, she re-appeared in the audience-room, the traces of the tears had already vanished from her eyes and cheeks; her air was grave, yet calm, and even at ease. The courtiers whispered each other—“What serenity! what courage!” and, in truth, her calmness evinced great fortitude; but there was no affectation of bravery, as has been said, nor even of exaltation, nor anger, nor despair!’

All this we believe to be substantially true—but our readers will observe, that after endeavouring to depreciate her Majesty's conduct, and denying it to have been *heroic*, he is at last forced to describe it as a ‘*dignified calmness*,’ a ‘*serene and unaffected fortitude*.’ If this was not *heroic*, what can deserve that epithet? It is a remarkable peculiarity which seems to have escaped Rœderer, that the tears which have occasioned this digression—

‘———— the last—the first—

The only tears that ever burst

From “that indignant” soul,

were shed on witnessing an *insult* to the sacred person of her husband, and heroically concealed, lest her sensibility should seem to aggravate the insult. We must now pursue the sad and busy story.

‘The Queen now went into the King's bed-chamber to await his return. I followed her; her eyes and cheeks were still red with weeping. Soon after this the two ministers brought back the King, who returned very hot and out of breath from the exertion he had made. He appeared but little disturbed at what had passed.’

Here we must observe that the King, like the Queen, exerted,  
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—though with certainly less tact and grace—a similar kind of royal restraint on his feelings; for, although he appeared to M. Rœderer to be on this occasion ‘little disturbed,’ it is well known that even much slighter marks of disapprobation from his people (from whom he justly thought he deserved other treatment) gave him the liveliest affliction.

‘The ministers and I now returned into the same little room in which we had held our former conference. The council of the department had at last come, to the number, as I recollect, of nine; they confirmed the accounts of the municipality having given five thousand ball-cartridges to the Marseillais.’

It cannot be too often observed, that Pétion, the head of this municipality (the Procureur-Syndic not objecting), had in the course of the night refused to supply the legal commandant of the legal force with the necessary ammunition for the *defence* of the palace, upon some formal quibble; but to the illegal insurrectionary force which was to head the *attack*, five thousand ball-cartridges were at once issued.

‘It was now about six o’clock when a citizen, I believe a justice of the peace, with two municipal officers, MM. Borie and Leroux, came into the room where the ministers and we of the Department were assembled, to tell us that the Commune had been disorganized, and that the sections had elected new representatives to the Commune—that the mayor was watched in his own house—that Mandat was arrested or killed—that all Paris was up in arms—that the faubourgs were assembled and ready to march—that the Marseillais and the battalion of the Cordeliers were certainly already on the march. I again pressed the ministers to conduct the King and his family to the National Assembly. M. Dubouchage, deeply affected by the danger to which he believed that the King had been lately exposed in the garden, said to me, “No; he must not go to the Assembly; he cannot do it in safety; he must stay here.”’

‘In these circumstances, and seeing that it was determined to abide in the palace the approaching events, I proposed to the Department that we should go to the Assembly to report the last accounts we had received, and to refer to its prudence for the measures to be adopted. They agreed with me, and we set out on our way to the Assembly.’  
—p. 364.

This is almost an admission that the resolution to defend the palace was a virtual termination of Rœderer’s mission, and that so far from having come to assist in the defence, he felt that as soon as defence was determined on it was high time for him to go away. We shall see how his retreat was cut off, and how he then took still more effectual measures to force the King to the Assembly.

\* This blank is in the original. Rœderer does not think it right to repeat the whole of what M. Dubouchage said.

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‘When we had reached the coffee-house on the terrace of the Tuileries, we met the two ministers who had been before sent to the Assembly returning. They asked us *whither we were going*. “*To the Assembly.*” “*What for?*” “*To ask it either to send a deputation to assist us at the palace, or to call the King and his family within its own purlieus.*” “*’Tis quite useless—we have been just making the same request in vain—the Assembly would hardly grant us a hearing—indeed, there are not members enough to make a house for business, being not more than sixty or eighty.*” These observations suspended our progress. We saw, too, several armed men running along the terrace of the castle to meet us at the entrance of the Assembly, and some of our members feared that our return might be cut off. We, in consequence, turned about and proceeded back to the palace. The ministers went upstairs into the royal apartments. My colleagues and I were stopped at the door by some gunners, who were posted with their guns at the garden entrance. One of the gunners asked me with a sorrowful air, “*Gentlemen, shall we be obliged to fire on our brethren?*” I answered, “*You are placed here to keep this gate—to hinder the crowd from entering. You are not to fire unless you are fired upon—if they fire upon you, they are not your brethren.*” This satisfied the man. Then my colleagues observed to me, that I ought to proceed into the courtyard to give the same explanation to the National Guard, who were at that side, and who were very uneasy at the idea that they might be ordered to *attack*. As I also was very uneasy at this idea, I willingly acceded to their suggestion.’—p. 365.

This idea, on which Mr. Rœderer lays such stress for his own justification—this idea of the intention of the *Court* to *attack* the people, is a mere vision, and one which we regret to say he cannot be sincere in thus bringing forward so very prominently. How could the Court, shut up as it and its defenders were within the precincts of the palace, attack the people, unless the people had come to attack them? Even if it could be established that the defenders of the palace had struck the first blow—and no such fact can, we boldly assert, be established—still those who, it is admitted by all, had broken in the gates of the courts and even of the palace, and were forcing their way up stairs into the apartments—and who put to death the Swiss sentinels who endeavoured to maintain their posts, those, we say, were, in every sense of the word, the aggressors. The obstinacy with which M. Rœderer insists upon this idle suspicion (which, in the end, however, he is *obliged by the force of facts to abandon*) gives us a worse impression as to his real motives than any other portion of his narrative, except his fatal advice to the unfortunate Mandat.

‘We crossed the vestibule for this purpose, and entered the front court. On this, as on the garden side, there were four or five pieces of cannon. On the right from the palace to the wall, which separated the court-yard from the Carousel, was drawn up a battalion of National Guards—grenadiers I believe. On the left, drawn up in the same

same manner, was a battalion of Swiss guards at an equal distance; and in the interval, between the two lines, the palace and the Carrousel, four or five pieces of cannon pointed towards the Carrousel. The gate between the court and the Carrousel—called *La Porte Royale*—was shut. We, that is, the members of the Department and I, went to the battalion of National Guards. I addressed them in the words which I afterwards stated to the Assembly, and which are repeated with tolerable accuracy in the "*Journal des Débats*" of the 10th August. As the line was long, and as I had addressed them about one-third of the way down, I was requested to repeat what I said at the other end of the line, which I did. I then went to the gunners in the centre of the court, and addressed to them the same things in nearly the same words—"No attack, but a bold face, and a stout defence." One gunner, of a fine countenance and a lofty stature, said, "*But if they fire upon us, will you be here?*" "Yes," I replied; "*and not behind your guns, but before them—to die one of the first, if there is to be any death to-day.*" "*We shall all be here,*" exclaimed my colleagues. At these words the gunner, without making any reply, unloaded the gun, threw the charge on the ground, and with his foot extinguished the lighted match. I had observed, that as I had approached the guns the greater number of the men had gone away to avoid hearing me, so that there remained only about half a dozen.—p. 366.

The reader will not have failed to observe the sudden turn taken by the cannoniers, under the influence of M. Rœderer's eloquence, which, professing to encourage them, seems to have had the very contrary effect. Now it is distinctly stated in several publications—one of which, printed in the time of Buonaparte, when Rœderer was a Councillor of State, is now before us—that Rœderer himself had suggested this act of disaffection and mutiny to the cannoniers. These statements have been between thirty and forty years before the public *uncontradicted*. Shall we be thought unreasonable if we say that the kind of defence made in the foregoing passage is imperfect in its evidence, as well as tardy in its appearance?

'At this moment the Marsellais and the battalion of the Cordeliers appeared on the *Place du Carrousel*—a deputy\* was addressing the guards on the behalf of the people, to persuade them, as I was told, not to fire on the patriots. The municipal officers, who were standing near the Swiss, must have heard what this deputy said. I saw one of them, M. Borie, who had two papers in his hands—he gave one to the Swiss and another to the gunners—he told me since that they were his *requisitions* to the military force to act if necessary.

'The mob now began to knock at the *Porte Royale*—I and my colleagues, and the two municipal officers, went thither. Then a citizen in a grey great coat, with a gun, said, "*But, gentlemen, we cannot fire*

\* It does not appear whether this means a member of the Assembly or a deputy from the insurgents. We suspect he was both.

on our brethren."—"Nor do we ask you," said I, "to attack them; we only desire that they should not attack you." "You should go and say so to them on the other side." "So I will," was my answer, and my intention; but when I got to the gate, I found they had let in a pale thin young man, an officer of the artillery of the national guard—he said the crowd intended to go to the National Assembly, and not to retire till it should have voted the forfeiture (*déchéance*) of the King; he added, that they had twelve pieces of cannon on the Carousel. M. Borie, the municipal officer, summoned him in the name of the law to retire and to persuade his followers to do the same. I observed to him, that the way to the Assembly was not through the palace, and that, moreover, it was illegal to approach the Assembly in an armed body. "We have no intention," replied the young man, "of doing it any harm—we only come to protect the Assembly." "But that is to invade its freedom."—"That is not our intention; we wish it to be free, and delivered from the intimidation of the Court." "But," I rejoined, "we are magistrates, who can only act according to the law—the law forbids armed assemblages. If you will send a deputation of twenty persons into the palace, we shall admit them—we can do no more." He replied to me with feeling, "Assuredly we mean no harm to you—we are all fellow-citizens—and you, M. Rœderer, we know you are a good citizen."—"Well, then, in the name of God, be prudent and orderly, and retire." He seemed to acquiesce, and I urged him to influence his companions to retreat. "I cannot decide alone," said he; "come and speak with those without."—p. 367.

Is it possible that M. Rœderer does not see that this ridiculous colloquy with his pale thin unknown was a mere farce, and that this great, this enormous movement, which had been, as he himself proves, nearly two months in preparation, and which had been gradually, and by an extensive conspiracy, carried to the height at which it then stood ready to precipitate itself on the monarchy, was not to be diverted, much less repelled, by such *pourparlers* as these. M. Rœderer may possibly have thought that he had not sufficient means of resistance, but at least he need not insult the understanding of his readers by representing his desultory promenades about the garden and courts, and his petty speeches and conversations, as the kind of measures which a magistrate, charged with the defence of the palace, and with it of the Monarch and the Monarchy, should have taken. Every word he writes adds to our conviction, that, from the first moment to the last, the main object of M. Rœderer was to force the King into the Assembly, that is, into the hands of the Girondins—at this moment the majority and influencing power of the Assembly.

'While all this was going on they continued to knock with redoubled violence at the *Porte Royale*; and it became clear that if we had gone out we could not have got back again. M. Borie then addressed the young man. "Well then, if you alone cannot decide, go and bring back some of your colleagues with you."—"I will bring you my leaders —there

—there are six of them—you will then settle the matter between you." He went out; but immediately the gate is violently shaken by redoubled blows—twenty people were sitting astride on the wall, and were conveying, from within to without, conversations and communications which appeared to be very cordial and confidential; and they seemed well inclined to open the gates, which were guarded by only three or four sentinels."—p. 368.

Why was this communication over the wall allowed if M. Rœderer was in earnest? He had at least force enough to have prevented *that* intercourse, which, as he is forced to admit, exhibited the boldness of the assailants, and the weakness or treachery of those within, in a way that was decisive of the whole affair.

"There is no longer room for hesitation," said I to my colleagues, "while you remain here to receive the negotiators—if indeed you mean to send us away—I will, if you agree, go up to the apartments and show him the absolute necessity of taking refuge with his family in the National Assembly." They replied, "We will go all together." I hastened to the palace—they follow me; we ascend the great stairs, and traverse the apartments, which seem fuller than they had been in the night. When I reached the room where the King was, I cried very loud, "Gentlemen, room for the Department, which has business with the King!" The crowd opens; I enter with my colleagues. The King was seated near a table close to the entrance to his closet; his hands were resting on his knees; the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the ministers were standing between the King and the window—probably Madame de Lamballe and Madame Tourzelle were also there, as they afterwards accompanied us to the Assembly. "Sire," said I, "the Department wishes to speak to your Majesty with no other witnesses than your family." The King made them a sign to withdraw, which they did. M. de Joly said, "The ministers must remain with the King." "If the King desires it, I have no objection.—Sire," I continued in an urgent manner, "you have not five minutes to spare; there is no safety for you but in the National Assembly. The opinion of the Department is that you should proceed thither without delay. You have not a number of men sufficient for the defence of the palace, and the disposition of those you have is not good. The gunners, on the mere suggestion of a defensive resistance, drew the charges of their guns." "But," said the King, "I do not see any great crowd in the Carousel." "Sire, there are twelve pieces of cannon, and prodigious crowds are pouring down from the faubourgs."

"M. Gerdret, administrator of the Department, a zealous patriot, who was anxious for the King's safety, (he was laceman to the Queen,) interposed to support what I said. "Hold your tongue, M. Gerdret," said the Queen; "it does not become you to raise your voice here; allow the Procureur-Syndic to speak."—p. 369.

This little impatience of the Queen at hearing her laceman—a person for whose political experience and statesmanlike judgment

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ment she could have no great respect—venturing to interfere in so grave a discussion, is very characteristic.

“But, Sir,” the Queen continued, turning to me, “*we have a considerable force.*” “Madam, all Paris is against you;”—and then returning warmly to what I was saying to the King, “Sire, time presses: it is no longer a request we make—no longer advice that we take the liberty of offering—we have no option left—we must drag you—you must allow us to *drag you*”—(*vous entraîner*). The King lifted his head—looked steadily at me for a few seconds, then turning to the Queen, said—“*Let us go;*” and rose up. Madame Elizabeth passed behind him, and raising her head over the *console*, addressed me—“*Will you answer, M. Rœderer, for the King’s life?*”—“*Yes, Madam, with my own.*” The King gave me a look of confidence. “Sire, I request your Majesty not to permit any of your court to accompany you—to have no other suite than the members of the Department, who will surround the royal family, and two lines of national guards, between which you will proceed to the National Assembly.” “*Very well;*” said the King, “*give orders accordingly.*” M. de Joly exclaimed, “*M. Rœderer, the ministers will follow.*” “*Yes, Sir, they have their proper seats in the Assembly.*” The Queen—“*And Madame de Tourzel, my son’s governess?*” “*Yes, Madam.*”

I then went out of the King’s room, and, opening the door quite wide, I cried with a very loud voice to the persons that pressed round—“*The King and his family are about to proceed to the National Assembly without any other suite than the Department, the ministers, and a guard—be so good as to clear the way.*” I then ask,—“*Is the officer who commands the guard here?*” An officer comes up—“*You will order two ranks of national guards to march at each side of the King—his Majesty so orders.*” The officer replied—“*It shall be done!*” The King and his family, and the department, then came into his outer room, where he had to wait a few minutes for the guard. He moved round the circle formed by about forty or fifty of the court. I did not observe that he spoke to any one in particular—I only heard him say—“*I am going to the National Assembly.*” Two ranks of guards now arrived, and we set out in the order before-mentioned. We passed through all the apartments.

‘The king, as we were passing through the ante-room called the *œil-de-bœuf*, took the hat of the national guardsman who was marching on his right hand, and put his own hat, with a white feather, on the guard’s head—the man was surprised, took the King’s hat off his head, and placed it under the same arm which carried his musket.’—p. 370.

As M. Rœderer notices that the King’s hat had a white feather, and says nothing about the *tricolor cockade*, we presume it had not one. It was probably, remembering the mortification of the *bonnet rouge* on the 20th of June, that, in order to save himself from any affront as to the cockade, he took the hat of the national guard:—

‘When we were at the bottom of the great stairs, the King said to me

me—I being immediately before him—"What is to become of all the persons whom we have left above?" "Sire, they are, I believe, all in coloured clothes—those who have swords have only to take them off—follow you and get away by the garden." "That's true," said the King. A little farther on in the vestibule, the King again said—"But after all there seems to be no crowd in the Caroussel." "Sire, the faubourgs are on the point of arriving—all the sections are in arms—they are of one mind with the municipality—and, moreover, we have neither numbers nor disposition to resist even the assemblage already in the Caroussel. They have twelve pieces of cannon."—p. 370.

In all this there was a great deal of exaggeration—the popular force was not yet so formidable, and we shall see by-and-by that—an hour later—neither these 'cannon,' nor the reinforcements, which kept pouring in, could prevent the Swiss from clearing the Caroussel.

'When we had reached the garden of the Tuileries and the trees opposite the Café des Feuillans, we walked upon the leaves which had fallen thick in the night, and the gardeners had swept up in heaps on the very line which our march took; we were knee deep in them. "What a quantity of leaves!" said the King—"they fall early this year!"' This was in allusion to a phrase recently published by Manuel, in one of the journals, that the King would not last beyond the fall of the leaf.'—p. 371.

This little incident is worthy of notice, because it shows a *sensibility* in the King which Rœderer, who did not understand his manner, seems inclined on other occasions to deny him.

'One of my colleagues observed to me that the little prince amused himself with kicking the heaps of leaves between the legs of those who walked before him.'—p. 371.

We wonder that when M. Rœderer thinks it worth while to record such an *observation* as this, he did not mention that in this short *trajet* to the Assembly the Queen's pocket was picked of her watch and her purse, which obliged her to borrow a few louis from one of her waiting-women,\* and that this loan to her fallen mistress was the cause of the poor woman's tragical death a short time after. At all events, we may be satisfied by M. Rœderer's recording such trifles as this about the Dauphin's little pranks, that if the conduct of the whole royal family in this extreme trial had not been full of decency and dignity, he is not the man who would have concealed or palliated any unfavourable circumstance.

'I suggested to the King, that as the Queen and royal family had no stated places in the National Assembly, it would be proper to apprise it of the circumstances which were bringing them thither, and I proposed that the President of the Department should precede us, and ex-

\* Madame Auguié, the sister of Madame Campan.

plain the matter at the bar. I also observed, that the King's guard could not ascend the *terrace des Feuillans*, because it was within the purlieus of the Assembly (whence all armed force was excluded by law), and I sent on to desire the head of the column to stop at the foot of the steps which led to the *passage des Feuillans*. As our progress was very slow, a deputation from the Assembly had time to meet the King in the garden, about twenty-five paces from the terrace—the President addressed him in nearly these words:—"Sire, the National Assembly, anxious to contribute to your safety, offers you and your family an asylum within its own body." From this time I ceased to walk before the King—the deputation surrounded him, and I and the Department fell into the rear of the group composed of the royal family and the ministers. When we had come within a few paces of the terrace, the steps were crowded with men and women in a great state of agitation. One of these men carried a pole eight or ten feet long. He was very violent against the King, and there was near him another man still more violent—"No," they cried, "they shall not enter the National Assembly; they are the cause of all our misfortunes—there must be an end on't—down, down with them!" The most alarming gestures accompanied these exclamations. I advanced, and standing on the fourth step of the stairs, I said, "Citizens, in the name of the law, I demand silence!"—they were silent—I proceeded—"Citizens, you appear disposed to prevent the entrance of the King and his family into the National Assembly. The King has his proper place there in virtue of the constitution, and his family have been just authorized, by a special decree, to come there. There is the deputation of the Assembly sent to invite the King, who will confirm what I say." "We attest it," said a deputy. On this the general opposition seemed to give way; but the fellow with the long pole still brandished it, crying, "Down with them—down with them!" I went upon the terrace, seized the pole from the man, and threw it down into the garden—he was astonished and silenced, and slunk away into the crowd.—p. 372.

Here we see, that, for *his own object*—to convey the King to the Assembly—M. Rœderer could exert a spirit—very different from the pusillanimity and despondence which he exhibited at the Tuileries. The same spirit which disarmed the man with the pole would, if exerted on a larger scale, have—we are satisfied, deterred, and, if persisted in, defeated the attack of the Tuileries; but Rœderer's mission was to bring about the captivity of the King, and not his destruction.

'We had now to pass across the terrace, and through the dense crowd that filled it, while the special guard of the Assembly only commenced at the passage leading into the Assembly; I therefore asked the consent of the deputies, that the King's guard should advance as far as the passage. They consented, and the guards formed two lines across the terrace, through which the royal family passed without impediment. At the entrance of the passage were several men of the guard of the Assembly, and amongst them a native of *Provence*, who walking

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on the King's left, said to him with his strong country accent—"Sire, don't be afraid—we are good people; but we won't submit to be betrayed any longer. Be a good citizen, Sire, and don't forget to expel the Calotins [clergy] from the palace. Don't forget." It was a fit time, forsooth, to make a memorandum to that effect. The King, however, replied with good humour.

He now entered the Assembly—he first—I next; there was a crowd in the corridor which prevented the Queen and her son, from whom she would not be separated, from following the King. I entered the hall [*la salle*, the place of sitting of the Assembly], and asked permission to introduce, for a moment, the national guards, (the greatest part of whom were, in fact, the guards of the Assembly,) who stopped up the passage, and were prevented by the crowd from retreating, so as to make way. At this proposal, a strong expression of displeasure burst from that part of the Assembly called the *Mountain*. I understood that they supposed that there was a conspiracy against the Assembly, and that it was with some criminal design that I proposed to introduce the King's guard. I observed that M. Thuriot and M. Cambon were among the most violent. They talked of impeaching me. M. Cambon exclaimed, addressing me personally, that "*he held me responsible for any attempt which should be made against the national representatives.*" Instead of answering, I made half a dozen national guards, without arms, advance to clear the passage, and at that moment a grenadier, with the prince royal in his arms, entered the hall, and placed the child on the table of the secretaries, which produced applause; the Queen, and the rest of the family, advanced to the table; the King, the royal family, and the ministers, now placed themselves in the seats reserved for the ministry.

"The King addressed the Assembly:—"I am come hither to prevent (*éviter*) a great crime; and I think I can be nowhere more secure than, gentlemen, in the midst of you." The President replied, "You may reckon, Sir, on the firmness of the National Assembly; the members have sworn to die in defence of the rights of the people and the constituted authorities."—p. 374.

The frequent oaths of *fidelity to the constitution and constituted authorities* had received a striking and general confirmation so recently as the 3rd July, when the Assembly, in a burst of unanimous enthusiasm, took an oath of *abjuration and execration against a REPUBLIC*. Within five weeks that same Assembly swore, with like magnanimity and enthusiasm, *eternal fidelity to the republic!* Such are popular assemblies!

The King now took his seat next the President. A member observes that the constitution forbids deliberation in the presence of the King. The box of the logographes [reporters] is suggested as a situation for the royal family, and they are placed there.

I then appeared at the bar, where my colleagues of the department had remained ever since the King's arrival, and I made to the Assembly,

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sembly, in their name, the following report,—if, indeed, words uttered in such agitation and fatigue as I was suffering under can be called a report.—p. 374.

Here follows a long and interesting report of the preceding transactions, but as it is to be found *in extenso* in the *Moniteur*, and all the publications of the time, we do not lengthen our article by repeating it here. We shall only state, that it affords a clear and irresistible train of evidence, to show that the movement was not a mere attack on the *palace*, but on the constitution,—that it was encouraged by the principal authorities,—and that on the part of the King, his family, or his friends, it was *utterly unprovoked*. M. Røederer proceeds to state, that, at the conclusion of his report, 'the President replied—"The National Assembly has heard with the greatest interest the narrative you have given. *It will take into consideration the petition you have presented*, and invites you to the honours of the sitting."—p. 378.

Our readers will have observed that there was *no* '*petition*' on this occasion; but these were words of course which the regulations had provided to be used by the President on all occasions—not foreseeing any address from the bar but a *petition*. A former President, having taken upon himself on some occasion, a few days before, to vary the form into something more appropriate to the circumstances, had been severely censured, which no doubt occasioned the adherence to the ceremonial in this unsuitable case. M. Røederer does not notice this incongruity, yet it is characteristic of the disorder, inconsistency, and cowardice of *all* the constituted authorities of the time, and of the miserable attention which was paid to *forms*, when everything substantial was disregarded, or—if it offered any impediment to the revolutionists—overthrown.

'My colleagues and I now crossed the hall to the benches reserved for those invited to the sittings; but supposing that I should be seen there with an evil eye by those members who had talked of impeaching me, I was proceeding to the door of exit, when several voices from the Mountain recalled me, and insisted that I should remain during sitting. I then ascended the benches and sat down.

'At this moment a municipal officer and an adjutant of the National Guard appeared at the bar; they announced that the assemblage in the Caroussel had made their way into the court of the palace, and planted and pointed their cannon against the building, and seemed disposed to take it by force.

'The Assembly immediately deputed twenty members to harangue the crowd, and to employ all modes of persuasion to restore order and to insure the safety of persons and properties. Twelve other members were also sent to the Commune to confer with it upon the means of maintaining order. Up to that moment every thing was indicative in the Assembly of the most constitutional dispositions, and these would certainly

certainly have continued but for the events which suddenly and unexpectedly occurred.'—p. 378.

This seems to us, like most of M. Rœderer's '*obiter dicta*,' entirely erroneous, and founded only on his own narrow views and partialities. He and his friends *might* think it constitutional to intimidate the king to re-accepting a Girondine ministry; but it seems a strange moment to insist on the *constitutional* spirit of the Assembly, when it had just decided to oppose a mob avowedly in arms to overthrow the constitution, by *harangues* and *persuasion* only, and when it—the supreme legislature—sent a *deputation* to the *rebel Commune* of Paris, which had, during the night, expelled the lawful magistrates, and not only usurped their power, but turned it to the vehement support of the insurrection. M. Rœderer may have been in a *fool's paradise*, dreaming about the *constitution*; but from the moment that he had dragged the King from his palace, to be shut up in the reporters' box at the Assembly, it was either idiotcy or irony to talk of the '*constitution*.'

'Cannon were now heard. The twenty deputies returned, declaring that the people would not allow them to proceed to the palace, for fear, they said, of exposing them to the fire of the assassins. The sound of the cannon now redoubled—fearful cries filled the gardens of the Tuileries. An officer of the National Guard ran in, exclaiming, "We are overpowered." The galleries, which saw by the windows into the garden, cried, "There are the Swiss." Some firing of musketry was now heard along the Terrace des Feuillans. Petitioners now crowded to the bar, asserting that the Swiss had fired on the citizens, after having inveigled them to approach. They demanded the *déchéance* of the king—his *trial*—his *DEATH*. Their fury was extreme.—"We demand the *déchéance*," said one body of petitioners—"that is, we confine ourselves to requiring the *déchéance*—but have the courage to swear that you will save the state." "We swear it," cried the Assembly, and from that moment was neither free itself, nor master of the fate of the king.

'Here ended the fifty days—the chronicle of which I had undertaken to write.'—p. 379.

We have given the foregoing chapter of M. Rœderer's '*Chronicle*,' at full length, and we have given no more, because it relates to the only portion of the events of the *fifty* days in which he was individually implicated, and of which he is now probably the sole surviving witness. Those of our readers who have the history of the revolution present to their memories will have seen that M. Rœderer adds nothing to our previous knowledge of the general features of the *Tenth of August*. It might naturally be expected, that the unjust prepossessions with which he originally entered the palace—the insincerity, or at least the inconsistency, of the part he had to play—and his subsequent connexion with, and obligations

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obligations to the victorious party—would have biassed his mind and his pen against the royal family; but such was their admirable and irreproachable conduct, and such, we willingly add, is the candour of M. Rœderer, that there are very few expressions of which even a royalist would complain, and scarcely a statement, except as to his own conduct, which requires correction. On other points M. Rœderer's offences are not of commission, but of omission—he is erroneous, not in fact, but in feeling—he tells, perhaps, nothing but the truth, but he does not tell all the truth—he states minutely enough whatever he thinks favourable to his own case, but he takes little notice of a variety of other persons and circumstances which influenced, though not in so great a degree as M. Rœderer, the events of that night; and the way in which his anti-royalist bias most strongly shows itself is in the dry, cool, and almost sneering spirit in which he saw and records scenes of such pathetic heroism as would have touched the heart and softened the style of any one but a *doctrinaire*.

It is, however, fair to recollect, that M. Rœderer professes to write only a *chronicle*, and a chronicle, moreover, limited to *his own share* of the transactions, and with a view to the defence of *his own individual* character. This in strictness may be a sufficient excuse, but it is a dry hard line, to which no man of *feeling* would have adhered—and we will even say, that his own conduct cannot be fairly estimated, without a fuller exhibition of the emotions and sentiments—the fears—the hopes—the courage—the weakness—by which he was surrounded, and which ought to have had their respective influences on his conduct. The truth we are convinced is, that he takes little notice of such circumstances, because he knew that they had nothing to do with his determination. *That* had been already taken in the councils of the Palais Royal or the Gironde, and Rœderer's mission was, we have no doubt, 'to *drag the King to the Assembly*'—by advice—by persuasion—by intimidation—*any how*. Without taking upon ourselves to censure too decidedly this policy, which had at least the *momentary* merit of removing the King from the scene of the conflict, we may be allowed to express our distaste of the mean and fraudulent spirit in which it was conceived and executed.

As to the prudence of a different course and the probabilities of the success of resistance, they can now be but matters of argument and opinion; but as we live in times in which similar questions have been and may again be brought to practical experiment, it may not be useless shortly to consider the subject. It suited M. Rœderer's policy to think, on the 10th August, that all resistance was impossible. We have seen, however, that on the 20th June, when he was a more impartial judge, he was of a



quite contrary opinion, and alleged his own experience in the case of Metz, where 600 men, without the shelter and advantage which the Tuileries would have afforded its defenders, repelled 6000 assailants. In the next place, it is admitted on all hands that the very project of the insurrection was founded upon, and its execution confided to, the battalion of *Marseillais*, who did not exceed 800. It is certain, too, that, whether from pusillanimity or from better feelings, the Parisians could not have been brought to assault, except in the train of the *Marseillais*. Equally certain it is, that when, after the retreat of the King, the *Marseillais* and their followers had advanced into the courts,—possessed themselves of the guns,—occupied the very vestibule of the palace,—and had there murdered five of the Swiss on the staircase—when, we say, under all these disadvantages, the Swiss were driven, in the extremities of self-defence, to retort hostilities and to attack the assailants, the *Marseillais and their supporters were utterly defeated*. This is undeniable—and M. Rœderer not only admits but corroborates it by the evidence of an eye-witness, whose authority on such a point as this is equally unquestionable and interesting—

‘ Napoleon told me in the month of December, 1813, that he was present at the affair. “As an officer of artillery, Sire?” I asked. “No,” said he; “as an amateur. The Swiss [who had in their first sally retaken the guns] served the artillery vigorously. In ten minutes the *Marseillais* were driven back as far as the Rue de l’Echelle, [that is, not only out of the courts of the palace, but out of the Caroussel.] and only came back after the Swiss had retreated by the King’s order!”’—p. 405.

This is decisive as to the facts as they were; but how much more effective would the resistance of the Swiss have been if it had been made under the eyes of the King—by order of the magistrates—at the command of their proper officers, and supported and aided by the National Guards, of whom two or three battalions were staunch to the last, and the greater part of whom would probably have been so if they had been encouraged by the constituted authorities?

But, on the other hand, we do not deny to M. Rœderer that there was an enormous risk—and that few men would have ventured to incur the fearful responsibility of exposing not merely the Royal Family but a great palace—full, not of soldiers, but of women and old men, servants, and other non-combatants—to the chances of an assault. Besides M. Rœderer was not in any way responsible for the King’s conduct—his Majesty’s ministers were all present, and should not have allowed Rœderer to interfere in what was really the business of his constitutional advisers. And after all it must be confessed that it would have required an infinitely

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finitely more powerful mind than Rœderer possessed, either to have inspired the King himself with an energy adequate to the emergency, or to have assumed the burden of saving his Majesty in spite of himself. Passive courage, personal fortitude, the King possessed in the highest degree, but the danger of his wife and family unnerved him, as it might have done more energetic men; and he had, above all, a fixed determination—laudable in feeling, but fatal in practice—to suffer anything rather than have recourse to bloodshed. On the 4th August one of his old ministers, M. de Montmorin, showed him the approaching danger, and urged him, as the only means of avoiding an actual conflict, to leave Paris under the escort of the Swiss and of his still numerous friends—the King, after some consideration, replied—

‘No; I am less afraid of the *personal danger with which I am threatened than of a civil war.*’—Peltier, ii. 293.

That amiable but erroneous feeling produced all the misery—and in an aggravated extreme—that it desired to avoid; and, whatever may have been the political motives of M. Rœderer’s conduct, it is, we think, impossible to deny that, *considering the personal character of the King* and the posture of affairs at the moment, the retreat to the Assembly was—after the murder of Mandat—the most prudent course which could be adopted. But we have no approbation to express of M. Rœderer’s share in the events which produced this crisis, and we cannot but deplore that, when he quitted the palace with his appointed prey, he did not, agreeably to the King’s humane suggestion, take some measures to prevent a collision between the hostile parties,—to ensure the safe retreat of the faithful Swiss, and to protect the lives of the crowd of non-combatants who were left behind in the palace. He might not have been successful in such an effort—but he ought to have made it—or at least when he was writing an apology for his share in the 10th of August, he ought to have explained by what overpowering control he was prevented from making even the slightest exertion to save the palace and its defenceless inhabitants from plunder and massacre.

NOTE.—Since the foregoing pages were printed, we have learned that Count Rœderer died at Paris in the night of the 18th December, suddenly, after having attended the evening before a sitting of the *procès monstre*; in which, as in every other *monstrosity* of the successive usurpations he has lived under, he was a ready and subservient instrument. Our readers will have seen that our article was written in the idea that we were examining a witness who was capable of answering us. Could we have foreseen that this was not to be the case, the *style* of our article would of course have been somewhat different—though there is nothing to change in the *substance*.

- ART. III.—1. *Provincial Glossary*. By Francis Grose, Esq. London. 1811.
2. *Supplement to the Provincial Glossary of Francis Grose, Esq.* By Samuel Pegge, Esq. London. 1814.
3. *An Attempt at a Glossary of some Words used in Cheshire*. By Roger Wilbraham, Esq. London. 1826.
4. *Observations on some of the Dialects in the West of England*. By James Jennings. London. 1825.
5. *The Hallamshire Glossary*. By the Rev. Joseph Hunter. London. 1829.
6. *The Dialect of Craven. With a copious Glossary*. By a Native of Craven. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1828.
7. *The Vocabulary of East Anglia*. By the late Rev. Robert Forby. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1830.
8. *A Glossary of North Country Words*. By John Trotter Brockett, F.S.A. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1829.
9. *An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*. By John Jamieson, D.D. 2 vols. 4to. Edinburgh. 1808.
10. *Supplement to ditto*. 2 vols. 4to. 1825.
11. *Glossary of Archaic and Provincial Words*. By the late Rev. Jonathan Boucher. 4to. Parts I. and II. London. 1832, 1833.

IT is justly observed by Johnson—whose theoretical ideas of philology were, like those of many teachers and preachers, much better than his practical performances—that the language of our northern counties, though obsolete, (i. e., discontinued in written compositions,) is not barbarous. On another occasion the Doctor told Boswell, that his meditated dictionary of *Scottish* words would be a very useful contribution towards the history of the English language. For our part, we never refer to that extraordinary work, Cotgrave's French Dictionary—the value of which is perhaps now better known in France than in England—without a feeling of regret that its author did not employ the same industry and research in collecting the obsolete and dialectical words of his native tongue. Not a few works, both in verse and prose, current in his time, and containing, doubtless, valuable materials for the illustration of the literature of the Elizabethan period, are irretrievably lost; and since then many genuine Saxon words have gradually disappeared from the language of common life, especially in the southern and midland counties, which, if carefully preserved, would have freed the present race of antiquaries and critics from a great deal of uncertainty and error. However, it avails nothing to lament the archaisms which have sunk in the ocean of oblivion, together with Wade and his boat Guingelot. We cannot, perhaps,

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repair the injury we have sustained in this way, but we may check its increase by making a diligent collection of those which still survive. The books named at the head of the present article show that various attempts of this sort have been made, and in various quarters. They possess, as might be expected, different degrees of literary merit; but all furnish materials of some value to the philologist and the critic, and will doubtless be thankfully received by those who are aware of the importance of the subject.

We consider it superfluous to discuss the causes of dialect in the abstract, or to attempt to establish a clear and positive distinction between the vaguely employed terms *dialect* and *language*. The apparently simple question,—Is Gaelic a tongue *per se*, or a mere dialectical variety of Irish? is not without its intricacies—nay, not without its perils—to a peaceably disposed man. Within the English pale the matter is sufficiently clear; all agree in calling our standard form of speech the English language, and all provincial deviations from it—at least all that assume a distinct specific character—dialects. How and when those different forms originated has never yet been fully explained: there is, however, no doubt that some of them existed at a very early period. Bede observes, that *Ceawlin* was the West Saxon form of *Cælin*; and a nice observer may detect diversities of grammatical and orthographical forms in our Anglo-Saxon MSS., according to the province of the transcriber.\* The remarks of Higden on the subject, though neither very profound, nor, as we think, quite correct, are by no means devoid of interest:—

‘Although the English, as being descended from three German tribes, at first had among them three different dialects; namely, southern, midland, and northern: yet, being mixed in the first instance with Danes, and afterwards with Normans, they have in many respects corrupted their own tongue, and now affect a sort of outlandish gabble—(*peregrinos captant boatus et garritus*). In the above threefold Saxon tongue, which has barely survived among a few country people,† the men of the east agree more in speech with those of the west—as being situated under the same quarter of the heavens—than the northern men with the southern. Hence it is that the Mercians or Midland English—partaking, as it were, the nature of the extremes—understand the adjoining dialects, the northern and the southern—better than those last understand each other. The whole speech of the Northumbrians, especially in Yorkshire, is so harsh and rude, that we southern men can hardly understand it.’‡

\* The late Mr. Price promised a work on the Anglo-Saxon dialects: we do not know whether his collections on the subject are still in existence.

† This, literally interpreted, would denote that the Anglo-Saxon language was not yet quite extinct.

‡ Polychronicon R. Higdeni, ap. Gale, pp. 210, 211.

We see here that Higden (writing about A. D. 1350) was only aware of the existence of three different forms, which he regards as analogous to the dialects spoken by the Jutes, Old Saxons, and Angles, by whom the island was colonized. It is, however, certain that there were in his time, and probably long before, five distinctly marked forms, which may be classed as follows:—1. Southern or standard English, which in the fourteenth century was perhaps best spoken in Kent and Surrey by the body of the inhabitants. 2. Western English, of which traces may be found from Hampshire to Devonshire, and northward as far as the Avon. 3. Mercian, vestiges of which appear in Shropshire, Staffordshire, and South and West Derbyshire, becoming distinctly marked in Cheshire, and still more so in South Lancashire. 4. Anglian, of which there are three subdivisions—the East Anglian of Norfolk and Suffolk; the Middle Anglian of Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and East Derbyshire; and the North Anglian of the West Riding of Yorkshire—spoken most purely in the central part of the mountainous district of Craven. 5. Northumbrian; of which we shall treat more fully in the sequel. This sketch is only to be considered as an approximation to a geographical arrangement; for in this, as in all other countries, dialects are apt to get out of bounds, or to mix with their neighbours. For example—the pronunciation in the parishes of Halifax and Huddersfield is decidedly Mercian; while that of North Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland exhibits many Anglian peculiarities, which may have been occasioned in some degree by the colonies \* from the south planted in that district by William Rufus.

We refrain from entering at present into the obscure and difficult subject of the origin and early history of the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Anglian dialects; especially as valuable materials for its illustration will shortly be laid before the public. When we are in possession of Layamon and the semi-Saxon gospels, illustrated, as we doubt not they will be, by the care and skill of Sir Frederick Madden and Mr. Kemble, we trust they will clear up many points connected with the early history of our language that are now involved in a good deal of uncertainty. We have not space to point out the distinctive peculiarities of our provincial dialects, consisting chiefly in minutiae of grammar and pronunciation, which it is sometimes difficult to render intelligible. Those of the West of England are

\* Saxon Chronicle, A. D. 1092. A comparison of Anderson's ballads with Burns's songs will show how like Cumbrian is to Scottish, but how different. We believe that Weber is right in referring the romance of Sir Amadas to this district. The mixture of the Anglian forms, *gwo, gwon, bwons, boyd-word*, (in pure Northumbrian, *gae, gane, banes, bod-worde*,) with the northern terms *tynt, kent, bathe, mare*, and many others of the same class, could hardly have occurred in any other part of England.

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exhibited by Mr. Jennings, and those of East Anglia by Mr. Forby, in the introductions to their respective Glossaries. Some information respecting the Halifax dialect will be found in Watson's history of that town; or in the Appendix to Mr. Hunter's 'Hallamshire Glossary.' It may not be unacceptable to some of our readers to know that Robert of Gloucester's language is decidedly West Saxon;\* that the peculiarities of 'Pier's Ploughman's Vision' belong to the Mercian dialect; and that Manning's version of Langtoft's 'Chronicle' is written in the English of his age, with a pretty copious sprinkling of Middle Anglian. We know of no production of the middle ages in the Yorkshire Anglian or the Lancashire Mercian. Of the latter there is not even a decent vocabulary, though it is highly important to the philologist, on account of its peculiar grammatical structure and its many genuine Saxon terms. However, a tolerably correct idea of it may be formed from Collier's justly celebrated 'Dialogue between Tummus and Meary;' which is not only a faithful exhibition of the dialect, but perhaps the truest picture of the modes of thought and habits of the class of people described in it, in their native breadth and coarseness, that has hitherto appeared. The mixture of population consequent upon the spread of the cotton manufacture has greatly deteriorated the purity of the Lancashire speech; but our worthy friend the Laird of Monkbaron might still have found the genuine Saxon guttural in the mouths of old people. A single word still remains generally current, as a memorial of its former prevalence—namely Leigh, a town near Wigan; pronounced nearly like the German *leich*, both by gentle and simple.

The most important of our provincial dialects is undoubtedly the Northumbrian—both on account of the extent of the district where it prevails, and its numerous and interesting written monuments. It is the speech of the peasantry throughout Northumberland, Durham, the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, nearly the whole of the extensive Wapontake of Claro in the West Riding, and the district called the Ainsty or liberties of the city of York. What is spoken in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire to the north of the Ribble, is substantially the same dialect, but with many verbal varieties, and a less pure pronunciation. It is, as might be expected, more like English to the south of the Tees, and more like Scotch as we approach the Tweed, but its essential peculiarities are everywhere preserved. It is unquestionably—pace Ranulphi Higdeni dixerimus—the

\* It is worth observing that the language of Layamon—just one step removed from Anglo-Saxon—bears an unequivocal analogy to the present West of England dialect; a pretty strong proof that the distinguishing peculiarities of the latter are not modern corruptions.

most pleasing of our provincial forms of speech, especially as spoken in the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire. The Durham pronunciation, though soft, is monotonous and drawling; and that of Northumberland is disfigured by the burr and an exaggerated Scotch accent.

The resemblance between this dialect and the lowland Scotch will strike every one who compares Mr. Brockett's glossary with Dr. Jamieson's dictionary, or Minot's poems with Barbour's Bruce. In fact, it is still a matter of debate among our literary antiquaries, whether some of our metrical romances—'Sir Tristrem,' for example—were written to the north or the south of the Tweed. In our opinion, both may be practically considered as forming one and the same dialect. The vocabularies, it is true, are not perfectly identical, many words being used in Scotland which are unknown in England, and *vice versâ*; but the verbal forms, the grammatical constructions, and all other distinguishing characteristics are the same in both countries. And now questions arise on which much Christian ink has been shed, and no small acrimony displayed: Where was this dialect first manufactured, and out of what materials?—Was it imported into Scotland from England, or into England from Scotland, or did it grow up in both countries simultaneously?

We thought, on concluding many years back an examination of the points of history and geography involved in the above questions, that they had all been set at rest long ago by Usher and Lloyd; and notwithstanding the arguments adduced by Dr. Jamieson—the present champion of the Pinkertonian hypothesis—we think so still. On one side we have the positive testimony of contemporary authors—on the other, the dreams of Pinkerton, and the assertions of Dempster and Hector Boethius: men who thought it the duty of an historian—like that of an ambassador—to tell lies for the good of his country. We could easily show that the cardinal argument for the Scandinavian origin of the Picts—the very corner-stone of Dr. Jamieson's theory—is a three-fold begging of the question; but we consider it superfluous to discuss a point, which, after all, we do not feel concerned to prove or disprove.\* Whatever might be the race or language of the Picts, it is difficult to deduce the origin of the Scoto-Northumbrian dialect from them—for this weighty reason, that two of the three millions who speak it inhabit districts where

\* We the more willingly waive this subject at present, because we know that a work in which it is largely discussed will shortly issue from the press. We allude to Mr. William Skene's Essay on the Highlanders of Scotland, which obtained the Highland Society of London's gold medal for 1835—but which the author is understood to be bringing before the public at large in a much extended form.

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that people never had a permanent settlement during any known period of their history. We first find them mentioned at the end of the third century, in conjunction with the Irish. Their precise abode is not specified, but we know that they did not occupy either Lothian or Galloway during the latter part of the fourth century. In the time of Valentinian, the ancient frontier of Antoninus was restored by the establishment of the new province of Valentia, having the Clyde and the Forth for its northern boundary. After the usurpation of Maximus, the barbarians beyond the frontier made repeated irruptions, which were successively repelled, till the final departure of the Roman forces, in the time of Honorius, left the northern part of the province at their mercy for several years. We have tolerably express testimony as to the proper territory of the Picts at this period. Gildas, speaking of their destructive invasion when the Roman forces were withdrawn, describes them as a *transmarine nation from the north*—words which Dr. Jamieson seizes upon in confirmation of his theory of their Scandinavian origin. Bede, however, who had evidently this passage of Gildas before him, will inform us in what sense his expressions are to be understood,—‘We call these people (the Scots and Picts) *transmarinè*—not because they were situated out of Britain, but because they were separated from the territory of the *Britons* by the intervention of two *arms of the sea*, of considerable length and breadth; one of which penetrates the land of Britain on the side of the eastern sea, the other of the western.’ Thus, according to the idea of Bede, who knew a great deal more about the Picts than we do—‘transmarine from the north’—means neither more nor less than from the other side of the Friths of Forth and Clyde. As Dr. Jamieson lays great stress on Bede’s account of the Scythian origin of this people, he cannot decently reject his testimony in the present instance.—‘*Testem quem quis inducit pro se—tenetur recipere contrà se.*’

As we are not writing the history of those ages, we shall content ourselves with observing that the Britons, after enduring the depredations of the barbarians for several years, at last derived courage from despair, and drove them back to their own territories. Gildas expressly states that, in his time, they were ‘seated in the extremest parts of the island, occasionally emerging from thence for purposes of plunder and devastation;’ and the whole tenor of Bede’s history plainly shows that he knew of no\* Pictish community

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\* Dr. Lingard—whose general perspicacity in questions of this sort we cheerfully acknowledge—is evidently mistaken in placing Candida Casa (or Whithorne in Galloway) in the Pictish territory, on the strength of its being the cathedral of St. Ninian, the apostle of the southern Picts. This, we think, will appear from the following considerations:—1. In the time of Ninian, who died A.D. 432, the province  
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community to the south of the friths, from the arrival of the Saxons to his own time. Any one who bestows a moderate degree of attention on the early history of the island, will perceive that the conquests of Ida and his immediate successors in Bernicia were not made over Picts, but Britons of Cymric race; and that in the time of Oswy and Ecgfrid, the Saxons had not only military possession of a considerable tract of Pictish territory to the north of the Forth, but had even made some progress in colonizing it. It is true that the battle of Drumnechtan, A. D. 685, re-established the independence of the Picts; but it is equally certain that they made no permanent conquest in the Northumbrian territory after that period. This is decisively proved by the fact, that, at the time Bede wrote his history, A. D. 731, Abercorn, in Linlithgowshire, was within the Saxon limits, being described by him as situated 'in the Anglian territory, but adjoining the frith which separates the land of the Angles from that of the Picts.' During the next 120 years, we find them engaged in a series of sanguinary conflicts with the western Britons, the Scots, and the Danes; and before A. D. 850, they ceased to exist as an independent nation. We leave our readers to judge how probable it is that the Picts should plant a language, which it has never been proved that they spoke, in a district of which they never, as far as we know, had the civil administration for ten consecutive years.

We shall now bring an argument or two on the other side of the question, and leave our readers to judge which way the evidence seems to preponderate.

Let us first consult the Highlanders, who are universally allowed to be great genealogists, and to have excellent traditional memories.

of Valentia was, at least nominally, in the possession of the Romans, or Romanized Britons. 2. In the passage of Bede referred to by Dr. Lingard, Ninian is said to have erected his church at Candida Casa of stone, 'insolito Brittonibus more.' 3. In a preceding passage (Eccl. Hist., l. i., c. 1.), Bede expressly describes the frith of Clyde as the boundary between the Britons and the Picts, 'sinus maris permaximus, qui antiquitus gentem Britonum a Pictis secernebat.' 'Antiquitus secernebat' does not mean that the Picts afterwards gained a settlement to the southward, but refers to the subsequent occupation of Argyle by the Scots. 4. The population of Strath Clyde to the north, and of Cumberland to the south, was undoubtedly British. 5. The writer of Ninian's life expressly says, that after ordaining bishops and priests among his Pictish converts, and putting all things in order, 'ad Ecclesiam suam est regressus'—i. e. to his British cathedral at Candida Casa. In another instance, Dr. Lingard goes still more widely astray (vol. i., p. 278), when he places the Badecanwyllan of the Saxon chronicle in Lothian. It is undoubtedly—as Gibson supposes—Bakewell, called Bathequell as late as the 13th century; and *Peacland*, where the chronicler places it, is not the land of the Picts, but the Peak in Derbyshire. The reference to Camden is nothing to the purpose. He had no better authority for asserting that Lothian was called Pictland, than Hector Boethius—who contrived to extract the name out of the Pentland hills—as the Portuguese find Ulysses in Lisbon.

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They were well acquainted with the Scandinavians, whom they, as well as the Irish and the Welsh, uniformly call *Lochlinneach*; and have also sundry traditions respecting the *Cruithneach* or *Picts*. But do they ever call the Lowland Scots, or their language, by either of those appellations? No such thing! they regularly apply to both the term *Sassgunach*\* or *Sassenach*—the very word which they, as well as the Irish, Manks, Armoricans, and Welsh, also constantly employ to denote *English* and *Englishmen*. If Dr. Jamieson will clearly and satisfactorily explain how a people and tongue *not Saxon* came to be so styled by their Gaelic neighbours, we will *almost* promise to believe in his Pictish etymologies.

Our next appeal shall be to the language itself. The general drift of Dr. Jamieson's reasoning is, that the *Picts* were a Scandinavian people, speaking a language identical, or nearly so, with Icelandic. If this really were the case, we say with confidence that the Lowland Scotch cannot be its lineal descendant, for this plain reason, that it is not, as to its structure and basis, a Scandinavian dialect. A tongue of Norse extraction is distinguished from a German, Belgic, or Saxon one by several broadly marked and unequivocal peculiarities. In all the latter the definite article is a distinct prepositive term:—*e. g.*, Germ., *der könig*; Ang.-Sax., *se cyning*; Eng., the king. In the Scandinavian dialects it is uniformly postpositive and coalescing with its substantive, analogous to the *status emphaticus* of the Aramean languages: *e. g.*—Icelandic, *konung*, king—*konunginn*, the king; Danish, *mand*, man—*manden*, the man. In Icelandic and its descendants there is a simple passive voice—*ek elska*, I love; *ek elskast*, I am loved: in all the German and Saxon languages the passive is formed by the perfect participle and the verb substantive, like the German *ich werde geliebet*. The above, as well as many peculiarities in the substance and form of the pronouns and numerals, are as conspicuous in Danish and Swedish, after five centuries of adulteration with Low German, as in the most ancient Icelandic monuments; and it is impossible for a person, even slightly acquainted with their structure, to read two consecutive sentences in one of those three languages, or any of their subordinate dialects, without perceiving to what family they belong. In Lowland Scotch, on the contrary, we meet with nothing of the kind. There we find not the smallest vestiges of a postpositive article or a passive voice;

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\* It may be objected they also call the Lowlanders, *Dubh Gall*—a name formerly given by the Irish to the Danes. This, however, is not a national appellation, but a term of contempt, denoting *black strangers*; also applied to Englishmen, but never to the *Picts*.

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and the pronouns, numerals, and most of the particles, plainly belong to the Saxon family.

For the proof of those assertions we refer our readers to the grammars of Grimm and Rask; reserving to ourselves the privilege of saying a few words about Scottish *particles*. We shall preface our remarks with an extract from a work well known to Dr. Jamieson, in the hope that an argument founded on the principles there laid down will have some weight with him and his disciples.

'The particles, or winged words, as they have been denominated, are preferred in proof of the affinity between Greek and Gothic,\* for several reasons. These are generally of the highest antiquity, most of them having received their established form and acceptation in ages prior to that of history. They are also more permanent than most other terms; being constantly in use, entering into the composition of many other words; constituting an essential part of every regular language, and determining the meaning of every phrase that is employed to express our thoughts. They are also least likely to be introduced into another language; because, from the various and nice shades of signification which they assume, they are far more unintelligible to foreigners than the mere names of things or of actions; and although the latter, from vicinity or occasional intercourse, are frequently adopted, this is rarely the case as to the particles; because the adoption of them would produce an important change in the very structure of a language which has been previously formed.'—*Jamieson, Hermes Scythicus*, p. 2.

All this is very excellent, and furnishes an infallible criterion for tracing the affinities of tongues. Whoever takes the trouble to compare the particles—especially the simple prepositions and conjunctions—in Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon—will find sufficient resemblance to prove that they are *kindred* tongues; and sufficient dissimilarity to show that they do not belong to the *same division* of the great *Germanic* family. Many particles in the two languages are identical, or nearly so, in sound and meaning—many are of cognate origin, but differ materially in form—and many others have nothing in common; proving clearly that the two tribes who spoke those languages must have been long and widely separated after branching off from the parent stock. The case is equally clear with respect to the derivative languages. Our English particles show a direct descent from Anglo-Saxon; while those of Denmark and Sweden are, with the exception of a few Lower Saxon terms, as unequivocally from the Icelandic. Every

\* It seems rather an extraordinary instance of *nyctalopia* to see the affinity between Greek and Gothic, and not to see that between Lowland Scotch and Anglo-Saxon.

smatterer can see that the Danish preposition *imod* (contra) is not from Anglo-Saxon *ongean*, but from Icelandic *àmoti*, or *imoti*; and that this last cannot possibly be the parent of our English word *against*. Now, if the Lowland Scottish be tried by this criterion, the result will be anything but favourable to the theory of its Scandinavian origin. The presence or absence of a few Norse particles proves nothing decisive either way. Those which are wanting may have become obsolete, and those which actually occur might be introduced by the Danish invaders. But the existence of a large mass of words of this class, which never were Icelandic, but have their undoubted counterparts in Anglo-Saxon, fixes the character of the dialect beyond all controversy. We could furnish a long list of such terms; we will at present content ourselves with a few of the most ordinary and essential particles in Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic—leaving it to our readers 'ayont the Tweed' to decide whether the Scottish equivalents are more nearly allied to the former or the latter.

| English.  | Anglo-Saxon.    | Icelandic.       |
|-----------|-----------------|------------------|
| through   | ðurh            | ì gegnum         |
| against   | ongean          | ì moti           |
| by        | bi, be          | hià (Dan. hos)   |
| among     | gemang          | á medal          |
| between*  | betveonum       | á milli          |
| about     | ymbutan, abutan | kringum          |
| than      | sonne           | enn              |
| but       | butan           | enn, helldur     |
| or        | oððe            | eda (Dan. eller) |
| neither   | nauðer          | hverki           |
| and       | and             | ok               |
| not       | na              | ecki             |
| yet       | gyt             | ennthà           |
| yesterday | gystrandag      | ì gær            |
| soon      | sona, suna      | snart            |
| when      | hvænne          | nær, er          |
| how       | hvu, hu         | hversu.          |

We do not think it necessary to give the Northumbrian forms, as they are in general mere dialectical variations from southern English; ex. gr., *about* for *about*, *among* for *among*; and generally identical, or nearly so, with the Lowland Scottish. We admit that a number of particles occur in this last-named dialect which are not found in modern English; nor can it surprise any one acquainted with the history of the British islands during the ninth and two following centuries, to find a few of Scandinavian descent,

\* The old Scottish form *atweesh* is clearly the Lower Saxon *zwischen*. *Amell* between, is found in Northumberland, but not in Scotland.

especially

especially among the adverbs. But the number of ancient and radical particles derived from this source is much smaller than might have been expected. In fact, we doubt whether Dr. Jamieson's Dictionary furnishes six simple prepositions and conjunctions unequivocally of Norse origin.

The evidence furnished by the preposition *by* is so strong that we could be content to rest our case on it alone. There is not a vestige of the word in Scandinavian,\* either as a separate particle or in composition. In Lowland Scottish it is extensively employed in both capacities, and enters intimately into the very structure of the language; often coalescing so closely with the fellow-members of a compound term as to be with difficulty distinguished. It is sufficient to allege the following vernacular terms in proof of this assertion: *aboan* (supra)—q. d., *à*, or *on-be-ufan*; *but* (sine), *be-utan*; *ben* (inner apartment), *be-innan*; *but* (outer apartment), of the same origin as *but* (without); to say nothing of *be-east*, *be-west*, *belive*, *bedene*, and a multitude of others. To sum up the matter in a small compass, we say, most confidently, that if the truly Christian sentiment 'let *by-ganes* † be *by-ganes*,' and the familiar household words *but* and *ben* are genuine Scottish phrases, Scottish is not and cannot be a Scandinavian dialect.

'But,' says Dr. Jamieson, 'it cannot be a dialect of the Anglo-Saxon, as there is no good reason for supposing that it was ever imported from the southern part of the island.' Here we plainly perceive the fallacy which pervades every part of the Doctor's Dissertation. We know that the speech of Lothian was neither imported from the Thames, the Severn, nor the Trent; but we know too that it stands in the closest affinity to that used on the banks of the Tees and the Tyne; being, in fact—like that—Northumbrian Saxon, with a strong infusion of Danish and a small portion of Norman French: the very mixture which the known history of the district would lead us to expect. A careful grammatical analysis shows, moreover, that the Saxon forms the older portion or basis of the dialect; the two other component elements being demonstrably of more recent introduction. Clear as all this seems, Dr. Jamieson makes a bold attempt to bring the 'blue bonnets over the border.' He winds up an elaborate endea-

\* To those who allege the use of *be* as a prefix in Danish and Swedish, we reply with the following passage from Molbech's excellent Danish Dictionary:—'The particle *be* is a mere borrowed word from the German; nearly all the words compounded with it are more recent than the fourteenth century, and a great part of them not older than the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth.'

† We may just observe, that the auxiliary *be* (esse) is as foreign to the Scandinavian dialects as the preposition *by*. The Icelandic verb is *vera*; Danish, *være*; Swedish, *vara*.

your to prove that the term *Yule* must have been derived from the *Scandinavian Picts*, with the following observation:—

‘The name *Yule* is, indeed, still used in England; but it is in the northern counties, which were possessed by a people originally the same with those who inhabited the Lowlands of Scotland.’

Valeat quantum! We happen to know that the term *Yule* is perfectly familiar throughout the *West Riding* of Yorkshire, south of the Wharf and Ouse, where a dialect prevails quite distinct from the Northumbrian, and where, nevertheless, every peasant burns his Yule-log and eats his Yule-cake, up to the present time. Did they learn all this from the *Picts*?—Certainly not, but from the *Danes*, who once constituted more than half the population in our eastern counties, from the Welland to the Forth; and of whom we find unequivocal traces, as well in the dialects as in the topographical appellations\* of the district. The proposition that the northern counties were possessed by a people originally the same with those who inhabited the Lowlands of Scotland, being one of those commonly called *convertible*, we beg to state it in the following form: The Scottish Lowlands were possessed by a people originally the same with those who inhabited the north of England,—i. e., in the first instance, Northumbrian *Angles*, afterwards blended with Danes; and the Dano-Saxon dialect of this mixed race has in substance simultaneously descended to the present occupants of both districts.—Q. E. D.†

We recommend to Dr. Jamieson’s consideration the following short passage from Wallingford, as, in our opinion, worth the whole of Pinkerton’s Inquiry:—

‘Sweyn, king of Denmark, and Olave, king of Norway, a short time before invaded Yorkshire, and reduced it to subjection. For there is, and long has been, a great admixture of people of Danish race in that province, and a great similarity of language.’—(*Chron. apud Gale, p. 570.*)

This concluding observation, equally applicable to Northumberland and Lothian, furnishes an easy and satisfactory solution of the entire question.

We have already observed that the works we have undertaken to review have different degrees of literary merit: some are neces-

\* A plain instance occurs in the present name of Whitby. In the time of Bede, and long after, it was called Streoneshalch; which the Danish occupants changed to Hvitby—q. d., the white town. All the *by*’s in our Anglian and Northumbrian provinces are of similar origin.

† Our readers can hardly need to be told that the Lowland Scotch poets of the Middle Age always call the language in which they composed, *Inglis*—English. For example, Dunbar in one of his controversial pieces says:

‘I have on me a pair of Lothian hips  
Sail fairer Inglis mak, and mair perfyte,  
Than thou canst blabber with thy Carrick lips.”



sarily meagre for want of materials ; others, on account of the limited opportunities enjoyed by their compilers. In perusing their lucubrations we have frequently found cause to smile at their interpretations, and still more frequently at their etymologies ; for every glossarist is, *ex officio*, an etymologist. We are not, however, disposed to scrutinize severely the defects of men who have done their best, but rather to thank them for preserving what might otherwise have been irretrievably lost. In the words of Wachter, ' Juvat hac obsoleta servari, aliquando profutura.' The spirit of scientific and rational etymology cannot fail to arise amongst us ere long, and whenever that happens these volumes will supply it with abundance of materials. Even Grose's ' Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue ' furnishes matter on which a skilful and perspicacious critic might employ himself to good purpose.

Some of the compilations before us are in all respects too slight for any extended criticism. Among the smaller ones, the most respectable in point of execution is Mr. Wilbraham's ' Cheshire Glossary.' His words are well selected, and often judiciously illustrated ; and his etymologies, though frequently defective, are seldom extravagant. The insertion of the South Lancashire words—which belong to the same dialect—would have added considerably to the value of the work. Many genuine Mercian terms might also be gleaned in Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Derbyshire : the sooner this is done the better, as every successive generation loses something of the speech of its forefathers.

The Norfolk and Craven Glossaries are on a larger scale, and both are highly creditable to the zeal and industry of the authors. They furnish the fullest view of the two principal branches of the Anglian dialect that has hitherto been given ; and ought carefully to be consulted by every one who wishes to investigate the general analogies of our tongue. We would particularly recommend the perusal of the Craven Glossary to our dramatists and novelists, who, when they introduce a Yorkshire character, generally make him speak something much more like Hampshire—occasionally even broad Somersetshire.\* They have, however, now the means of studying the purest form of the West Riding dialect, synthetically as well as analytically. The respectable author has embodied the speech of the romantic and interesting district where he resides, in a couple of dialogues, which, though not equal to Collier's in dramatic effect, are not destitute of merit. We can, at all events, vouch for the general accuracy of the dialect and idiom.

The most copious and best executed of our English vocabu-

\* The little farce of the ' Register Office ' is an exception. The Cleveland dialect is there given with perfect fidelity, and must have been copied from the life.

laries is undoubtedly Mr. Brockett's 'Glossary of North Country Words.' He had ample materials to work upon, and he has turned them to good account. His work, though the fullest of matter, exhibits by far the smallest proportion of corrupt forms; and his explanations, especially of Northumberland words, are generally correct and satisfactory. A few North Yorkshire words appear to have escaped his notice; and we have reason to believe that many provincial terms, current in Westmoreland and Cumberland, have never been collected by any glossarist. Most of these belong to the Northumbrian dialect, and ought to be embodied in Mr. Brockett's work. It is, of course, the business of the *natives* to collect and transmit them, and we hope that some of them will take the hint.

Dr. Jamieson's Dictionary has been so long before the public, and its merits are so well known, that any praise on our part would be superfluous. As we trust that another edition will be published ere long, incorporating both parts of the work in one regular series, we take the liberty of suggesting that it might be advantageously enlarged from the following sources:—1. The Scottish Acts of Parliament, published by the Record Commission; especially the first volume—if it ever appears.\* 2. The ancient northern metrical romances; many of which are still in MS. 3. Mr. Brockett's Glossary; which is, in all essential points, in the same dialect as Dr. Jamieson's Dictionary, and furnishes valuable materials for its elucidation and correction.

We shall devote more space to the last book on our list—Boucher's 'Archaic and Provincial Glossary'—on account of the comprehensiveness of its plan, and our wish that a work which has long been a desideratum in our literature should be executed in a creditable and satisfactory manner. The first part was published in 1832, accompanied with a promise that the following portions should appear at intervals of two months. It is, however, so much easier to project than to execute, that the three years which have since elapsed have barely sufficed for the production of part the second. We are without means to account for this extraordinary delay; and, to say the truth, we shall not much regret it, if it gives the conductors an opportunity of reforming the defects of their plan, and availing themselves of better sources of information than they at present seem to enjoy. We shall freely point out what we conceive to be the imperfections of

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\* We ourselves rather despair of living to see either this volume—which, considering the erudition and ability of its editor, could not fail to be of great importance—or the 'Anglo-Saxon and Welsh Laws.' Everything interesting to the philologist and the general scholar seems to be studiously kept back to the very last.

the work, and sincerely hope that our observations—which are prompted by no hostile spirit of criticism—will be taken in good part.

In the first place, we cannot but regret that it has been thought expedient to publish the materials collected by Mr. Boucher, without any attempt at selection or discrimination. Mr. Boucher was a most worthy man, and exercised laudable zeal and industry in the prosecution of his favourite object. He has collected a multitude of words from a variety of sources, among which there is much that is valuable and well worthy of preservation. It is, however, easy to perceive that he was deficient in critical acumen, and imperfectly versed in the various branches of knowledge required for the scientific execution of a work of this sort. His Introduction shows that his ideas of the origin and affiliation of languages were singularly confused and erroneous. He regards (p. 2) all the European languages as derived from Celtic, and Celtic from Hebrew. In the next page he tell us that 'the languages of Europe may be traced to two sources—Celtic and Gothic; if indeed these two are radically different.' By and by, he informs us, that the Germans, Hungarians, and Turks, are of *Sclavonian* origin; and then, that the Sclavonian language is supposed to have been formed from a mixture of Grecian, Italian (!!!), and German. He discovers that the vocabulary of Icelandic is *scanty*; and that it is so nearly allied to Celtic that a Welshman or Bas-Breton could easily make himself understood in Iceland! It is not to be expected that a man with such confused and imperfect notions should be equal to a task that requires qualifications of no ordinary description; he might be useful as a pioneer, but he could never become a wise master-builder. The business of the present editors surely was not to cram down the throats of the public everything that Mr. Boucher had committed to paper, good or bad; but to proceed on a principle of rigorous selection and compression, and to adapt the work to the present advanced state of philological knowledge. Instead of this, they have given all Mr. Boucher's crudities, along with a good many of their own, and overloaded what is really valuable with a huge mass of useless and erroneous matter. The portion that has hitherto appeared is liable to the following exceptions.

1. One principle which ought to be strictly adhered to in works of this kind, is the rigid exclusion of mere modern words. The book before us professes to be supplementary to our ordinary dictionaries, and composed of different materials; it was, therefore, equally unnecessary and improper to encumber it with such everyday words as 'abeyance, abnegation, abstract, abut, acolyte, acquittance, action, admiral, admiralty, advocate, advowson, affanced,

anced, alcove, apprentice,' and a multitude of others of the like sort. The admission of them destroys all unity of plan, and makes an useless addition to the bulk and cost of the book. The proximity with which they are treated makes the matter still worse: we have eight mortal columns about the game of *barley-break*—a word neither archaic nor provincial. It is no satisfaction to the public to be told that all this is derived from Mr. Boucher's MSS. The business of the editors of such works is to give us what we want, and not what we do not want.

2. It is of still greater importance to exhibit words in their genuine forms. Corruptions likely to create real difficulty may be briefly noticed, in order to refer them to their true source; but those which involve no difficulty whatever should be peremptorily rejected. In the unsettled orthography of the middle ages, a word is often found in half a dozen different shapes—all erroneous, but easily intelligible. The blending these and the genuine terms into one heterogeneous mass, as our editors have done, can only tend to swell the work with useless matter, and to confuse the analogies of our tongue. Surely any schoolboy could discover the meaning of *abominable*, *anough*, *anudder*, *auncian*, without the aid of an archaical glossary; and the simple observation, that our provincials frequently omit the aspirate, would have precluded all necessity for the insertion of such words as *alpurth*, *alwes*, *arm*, *ash*, *awer*, and many more of the same class. This indiscriminate heaping together of every vicious form found in an old book or MS. necessarily causes endless repetitions. After a good deal of prosing about a corrupt word, we are referred to another distortion of it, where we find nearly the same matter repeated—and sometimes a word hardly worth giving at all occurs no less than three times. What would our Greek and Latin lexicons be, if every error and corruption of the middle ages had been registered with equal fidelity?

3. In Mr. Boucher's portion of the work, a number of purely *Scottish* words occur. These, we conceive, ought to have been omitted by the present editors, since as they now stand they are positive blemishes. The book has clearly no pretensions to the character of a *complete* Scottish dictionary—which it ought to be, if meant to be of any value as a book of *reference*—and the little which is given is not to be relied upon. The following may serve as a sample of the care and skill bestowed on this department.

'BACHLE, BAUGH. To distort, reproach.'

This definition is backed by four quotations. In the first, *bachle* means to put out of shape; in the second it is a substantive, denoting an old shoe or slipper; in the third, *bauchly* is an adverb, meaning imperfectly, indifferently; and in the fourth, *baugh* is an

adjective, signifying poor, mean, inferior. Many other interpretations of Scottish words are equally defective. There was no great harm in Mr. Boucher's collecting them and interpreting them as well as he could; but there is now no excuse for giving mutilated and erroneous accounts of terms fully and correctly explained by Dr. Jamieson six-and-twenty years ago.

We mention these defects, in the hope of their being avoided in the remaining portion of the work; which, after all drawback contains much that is really of value. Two of the conductors (Mr. Hunter and Mr. Stevenson) are known as men of research, and well qualified to furnish materials from sources to which few can have access. Many of Mr. Stevenson's contributions from the MSS. in our public libraries are peculiarly important, and his Anglo-Saxon etymologies are generally correct. He does not succeed so well in his illustrations from other languages, but *non omnia possumus omnes*. If he and his fellow-labourers will collect all the *words* which deserve a place in an archaic and provincial glossary, accompanied with data for ascertaining their *meaning*, they will be entitled to the thanks of the public—whether their etymologies are right or wrong.

We think ourselves bound in fairness to give some specimens of the works which we have noticed, both for the sake of justifying our criticisms, and of pointing out some sources whence this part of our language may be illustrated, that have hitherto been used imperfectly, or not at all. We therefore warn our readers, that we are about to occupy a number of pages with dry disquisitions about words and syllables, in order that those who have no relish for such matters may proceed *per saltum* to the next article. Our quotations are from Boucher's Glossary, when not otherwise specified.

'AANDORN, ORNDORN, ORN-DINNER.'

This word appears in our glossaries in nine or ten different shapes, all equally corrupt. The true form is *undorn*, or *undern*; Goth., *undaurn*; Ang.-Sax., *undern*; German, *unter*. The word is sagaciously referred by Schmeller to the preposition *unter*, anciently denoting *between* (compare Sanscrit, *antar*;\* Lat., *inter*), q. d. the *intervening* period; which accounts for its sometimes denoting a part of the forenoon, or a meal taken at that time—and sometimes a period between noon and sunset. It occurs in the former sense in Ulphilas, *undaurnimat*, ἄριστον (Luc. xiv. 12); in the latter, in the Edda (Voluspå), where the gods are said to have divided the day into four parts—*myrgin*,

\* This is the true etymon of our *under*—not, as Tooke absurdly maintains, the Belgic *on neder*.

morning; *mithean dag*, noon; *undern*, afternoon; *aftan*, evening. The Lancashire form *oandurth* approaches most nearly to the Welsh *anterth*, forenoon; fancifully resolved, as we think, by Owen into *an tARTH* = *without vapour*. We rather suspect a connexion with the Sanscrit *antar*.

'ALDER.—A common expression in Somersetshire for cleaning the alleys in a potatoe-ground; i. e., for *ordering* them, or putting them into order.'

A most profound conjecture! We conceive the word means to *ridge*—an operation usually performed when potatoes are *hoed*. Bavarian *alden*, a furrow.—It is uncertain whether the Icelandic *allda*, a wave, is of kindred origin.

'ALLER.'

Mr. Boucher, misled by Keysler, describes the alder-tree as held in great veneration by our ancestors. Keysler's statement evidently belongs to the *elder*. The Danish peasantry believe this tree to be under the protection of a sort of goddess called Hylde-moer, who avenges every injury offered to it, and do not venture to cut an elder bough without falling on their knees and thrice asking permission. Several traditions on the subject are given in Thiele's '*Danske Folkesagen*,' pp. 132-197. The resemblance of this hyperborean deity to a Grecian Hamadryad is not a little curious.

'AME, v. a.'

We are left by Mr. Boucher to choose among eight meanings affixed to this word by Hearne, four of which are certainly wrong. It is from the German *ahmen*; Bavarian, *amen*, *hāmen*, properly to gauge a cask, also to fathom, *measure*. This is evidently the sense in his second quotation from Langtoft—

'A water in Snowden rennes, Auber is the name,

An arm of the sea men kennes, and depnes may none *ame*.'

We are not aware of its ever being used by the Germans to denote *compute*, *reckon*; as it seems to be in the passage first cited—

'Of men of armes bold, the number they *ame*.'

The connexion between the two ideas is however obvious enough. A diligent examination of our old writers would perhaps decide whether our *aim* comes immediately from this source, or more indirectly so through the medium of the French *esmer*.—Vide Ducange in *Esmerare*. An archer taking *aim*, *measures* or computes the *distance*.

'AMELCORN.—A species of *wild wheat*, no longer cultivated. There is little doubt that this word is deduced from that which follows it [*amell*, between], being so named from occupying a middle space between wheat and barley.'—Stevenson.

We doubt it greatly. It is simply the Upper German *amelkorn*—i. e., *triticum spelta*, more commonly *weisser-dinkel*, or *sommer-dinkel*.

*dinkel*. It is rightly described by Cotgrave as *starch-corn*, being used for that purpose on account of the whiteness of the flour [compare Gr. ἀμύλον; Lat., *amylum*; Fr., *amidon*, starch]. The Scandinavian preposition *amilli* is unknown in Germany, and has moreover the tonic accent on the second syllable.

‘AN; UNNE.—To give, consent, wish well to. Saxon, *annan*, *unnan*.’

Lye’s *anan*, dare, has led our etymologists grievously astray. The real infinitive is *unnan*, and the primary sense of the verb is not to give (dare), but to *favour*, *wish well* to; hence sometimes to *grant* as of favour, *concedere*. Dr. Jamieson’s interpretations—to *owe*, and to *appropriate*, are totally inadmissible. The old German form *ge-unnan* is the parent of the modern verb *gönnen*, and *gunst*, favour. This leading sense of *indulgence*, *favour*—the prominent one in all the Germanic dialects—shows the improbability of Horne Tooke’s etymology of *and*, q. d., *an ad*, add to the *heap*, in a forcible light.

‘ANCOME, a small ulcerous swelling formed unexpectedly.’

None of our editors attempt an etymology of the word—nor would one be easily found—if hunted for in the usual way, *juxta seriem literarum*. A slight tincture of Icelandic grammar would however have taught them that the *accented* particle *à* is equivalent to our *on*; and pursuing this hint, they would have readily found in Haldorson’s *Lexicon àkoma*, *vulnusculum*, *ulcusculum*, and have learnt at the same time that the genuine form is *oncome*. The Icelandic word also denotes a sudden shower, analogous to the Yorkshire and Scottish *down come*. We shall take occasion from this word to dwell a little on the importance of the *accents* of words in etymology. The Anglo-Saxon system of accentuation has been illustrated with accuracy and ability by Mr. Kemble, in a paper lately published in the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine’ (July, 1835).\* We shall therefore confine our remarks to Icelandic, to which the other ancient Germanic languages bear a general analogy.

Any one who looks into Haldorson’s *Lexicon*, or a critical edition of any Icelandic author, will perceive many accentuated words, some of which are *monosyllables*. These accents do not so much denote the rhythmical *tone* of syllables as the *quantity*; i. e., the presence of vowels long by nature, frequently convertible into diphthongs. These are radically and etymologically different from the short vowels, and must be carefully distinguished from them in tracing the origin and connexion of words. For example, *vin*, *friend*, is the Old German *wini*; but *vin*, *vinum*, is the German *wein*. In like manner, *sál* is the German *seele*, Eng. *soul*; *mór*,

\* We are happy, by the way, to see what fresh spirit and interest have recently been infused into the venerable and valuable *Miscellany* of Mr. Urban.



ericetum, Eng.; *moor stó*, locus, Ang.-Sax. *stow*; *trú*, fides, German *treue*. A few practical applications of this observation to the branch of etymology that we are now treating will show the matter in a clearer light.

'FRAY, FREV, from.'—*Craven Glossary. Cumbrian.*

Barbarous corruptions! many of our readers will say. They are nevertheless genuine descendants of the Scandinavian *frá*, still pronounced *frav\** in Iceland. As a corollary, we may add, that in the Icelandic lexicons we find *á*, (*agna, ovis femina*), a word to all appearance utterly unlike any known synonym. But when we observe the accent, and learn that it is pronounced *aw* or *av* by natives, we immediately perceive its identity with the Sanscrit *awi*; Gr., *ᾠς* (i. e., *ōfis*); Lat., *ovis*; provincial German, *auw*; and our own, *ewe*.

'LEAGH, or LEIGH, a scythe. It may be from *lea*, meadow, and *ag*, cut; or Swed., *lie*, a scythe.'—*Brockett*.

The first of these derivations, apparently borrowed from Willan, is downright naught; the second is something to the purpose. Both *leagh* and *lie* are from the Icelandic *liár*, *falx*. The terminating *gh* in the Northumbrian word, however pronounced, evidently originated in the accented vowel of *liár*.

'LOVER, LOOVER, a chimney, or rather an aperture in the roof of old houses, through which the smoke was emitted.'—*Craven Glossary*.

This word is used by Spenser and Langland. Our etymologists, not knowing what to make of it, derive it—*uno consensu*—from the French *Pouvrete*. It is plainly the Icelandic *lióri* (pronounced *liowri* or *liovri*); Norwegian, *liore*; West Gothland, *liura*; described in the statistical accounts of those countries as a sort of cupola with a trap-door, serving the two-fold purpose of a chimney and a sky-light.†

'DOVER, to slumber: Icelandic, *dofwa*, *stupere*.'—*Jamieson*.

Certainly not from *dofwa*, but from *dúra*, nearly equivalent in sound to *duvra*, and meaning exactly the same thing as *dover*; viz., *per intervalla dormire*.

It would be easy to multiply similar instances: the above will show the power of the Scandinavian accents, and the necessity of attending to them in etymological researches. It is remarkable, that the Northumbrians and Scotch have in many cases preserved the ancient Norse pronunciation more faithfully than the Swedes and Norwegians. Respecting the *tonic* accent—it is sufficient to observe that, in ancient and dialectal words, it is almost invari-

\* Compare the modern Greek pronunciation of *νῆς*, *βοῆς*—*nafs*, *bofs*, &c.

† *Lióri* is evidently derived from *liós*, light—analogue to Fr. *lucarne*.

riably placed on the *radical* syllable. This short rule will enable our readers to demolish a multitude of etymologies—old and new.

‘*APPULMOY*, a dish chiefly composed of apples.’

Mr. Stevenson’s emendation, *appulmos*, and his derivation from the Old Saxon *muos* (food), though timidly proposed, are indubitable. *Muos*, *mues*, *moos*, and their compounds, are used extensively in Germany to denote preparations of *vegetables*. Bavarian, *melker-mues*, a sort of furmity; Bremish-Saxon, *kirschmoos*, a preparation of *cherries*; and, to come more immediately to the point, Lower Saxon, *appel-moos* (ap. Richey Idiot. Hamburg, and Schütz, Holsteinisches Idiotikon); Danish, *aeblemos*, and German, *apfelmuß*, all denote a sort of apple-sauce or marmalade. It is extraordinary that a man of Mr. Stevenson’s research did not stumble on a word found in more than a dozen dictionaries and vocabularies.

‘*AREN*, *arc*. This *pleonastic* termination of the plural *are* is common in old writers.’—*Boucher*.

This final *n* or *en* is no *pleonasm*, but the regular grammatical plural, especially in the Mercian dialect. Every South Lancashire clown of genuine breed conjugates his verbs according to the following model:—

| Singular.   |          | Plural.  |
|-------------|----------|----------|
| 1st person, | please,  | pleasen, |
| 2d „        | pleases, | pleasen, |
| 3d „        | pleases. | pleasen. |

It is remarkable that this Mercian plural resembles the German form *lieben*, *liebet*, *lieben*, much more nearly than the Anglo-Saxon *lufiath*. There are many reasons for believing that the written Anglo-Saxon, though perhaps generally *understood* by our ancestors, was by no means universally *spoken*.

‘Ask, a newt or lizard.’

Mr. Boucher’s idea of a connexion between this word and the Irish and Gaelic *iasg* (fish), *easg* (eel), is entitled to some attention. An affinity with the Greek *ἀσπίς* is possible, but not easily proved. We adduce the word chiefly for the sake of pointing out a remarkable connexion between one set of words denoting sharp or thorny objects, and a second signifying fishes or reptiles, which runs through several languages. The following, *inter alia*, may serve as a specimen:—Sanskrit, *ahi*, a serpent; Greek, *ἔχιδνα*, a viper—*ἐχῖνος*, a hedgehog—*ἑγχελευς*, an eel, (compare Latin *anguis*, *anguilla*—Old German *unc*, a serpent;) Bavarian, *ayel*, a horse-fly or gadfly; German, *eget*, a leech—*igel*, a hedgehog; Icelandic, *egllir*, a snake;—Gaelic, *asc*, a serpent; *easg*, an eel;

eel; i  
hedgel  
undou  
egida,  
ἑχῖνος  
a leech  
sharp  
blance  
Sax.,  
egi + a  
that it  
word  
sharp  
plicab  
exactl  
mans  
the re  
midab  
—Vic  
Th  
ac or  
observ  
sensat  
axis, a  
Icel.,  
corner  
Eng.  
horrib  
cum p  
be of  
‘A  
not ob  
Evi  
under  
langu  
have  
cautio  
Aw  
AL  
Ash  
Ash  
Asc  
W  
\* A

cel; *iasg*, a fish: Welsh, *ball-asg*,\* a porcupine; *ball-awg*, a hedgehog. The German *igel*, hedgehog, (Ang.-Sax. *igil*;) is undoubtedly so called from its sharp thorns—(compare Teutonic *egida*, a harrow; Latin, *occa*; Ang.-Sax., *egla*, arista, carduus.) 'Εχῖνος is probably of cognate signification. \*Εχῖς, ἑχιδνα, *egel*, a leech, and *agel*, a gad-fly, seem to derive their names from the sharpness of their bite; ἑγγελος and *anguilla* from the resemblance to a snake. The ancient German *egidehsa*, a lizard; Ang. Sax., *aðexe*; modern German *eidechse*, is commonly resolved into *egi* + *dehsa*. The analogy of the preceding terms makes us think that it is rather *egida* + *ahsa*, or *chsa*. The former part of the word either includes the idea of *fear*, *disgust*, or of something sharp or prickly. In this latter case, the name, though not applicable, as far as we know, to our European lizards, would exactly suit the *lacerta stellio*. It is very possible that the Germans may have brought the name from the East, and applied it to the reptiles they found in Europe, as the Ionians named the formidable Egyptian crocodile after the lizards in their own hedges.—Vide *Herodot.*, ii. 69.

The tyro in etymology may exercise himself in tracing the root *ac* or *ag*, through the various tongues in which it occurs, and may observe how the idea of material sharpness is transferred to bodily sensations, and then to mental emotions: ex. gr.—'Ακω, ἀκανθα, *akis*, ἀχμή—*acuo*, *acus*, *acies*—Teut., *ekke* (edge), *ackes* (axe); Icel., *eggia* (acuere, hortari—Anglicè, to egg on); German, *ecke*, corner; Bavar., *igeln*, prurire, (compare Germ. *jucken*, Scott. *yeuk*, Eng. *itch*;)—*acken* (to ache), ἄχος; Ang. Sax., *ege*, fear—*egeslich*, horrible—Eng. *ugly*; Icel., *ecki*, sorrow; Germ., *ekel*, disgust,—cum plurimis aliis. It is possible that Ang. Sax. *ege*, an eye, may be of the same family. Compare the Latin phrase *acies oculorum*.

'AWDELL.—A kind of tree, impossible to state the exact species—not observed in the *cognate languages*.'—*Stevenson*.

Evidently the *abele* = poplar; found in German and its dialects under the forms *alber*, *albboom*, *abelen*, *abelke*, *albe*. The *cognate languages* occupy a very large field, of which our etymologists have only explored a few corners; they should, therefore, be cautious how they make general assertions respecting them.

|                 |   |                          |
|-----------------|---|--------------------------|
| AWK,            | } | Oblique, awry, left, &c. |
| ALOOKKE,        |   |                          |
| ASKEW,          |   |                          |
| ASLET, ASLOWTE, |   |                          |
| ASOSH,          |   |                          |

We class these words, all of which convey the same radical

\* *Asg*, a splinter; *auch*, *arg*, sharpness, keenness.—*Owen's Welsh Dictionary*.  
idea,

idea, together; chiefly as a text for a long dissertation on *right* and *left*. Respecting Tooke's etymology of the former word, (that which is *ordered* or *commanded*,) we shall briefly observe that it is at once refuted by a comparison with the Greek *ὀρθός*, our own *upright*, and the Lower Saxon *comparative* form *rechter*. Apparently, Tooke was not aware that the phrase *right hand* was introduced into the Teutonic tongues at a comparatively recent period. It occurs once or twice in the Anglo-Saxon Gospel of Nicodemus, but is totally unknown in the Old German and Scandinavian languages. The common Anglo-Saxon term is *swithe*, q. d. manus *fortior*—but there is an older form in *Cædmon, teso*, the affinities of which are worth observing: Sanscrit, *dakshina*; Gr. *δεξιός, δεξιτερός*; Lat. *dexter*; Lithuanian, *deszine*; Gothic, *taihswō*; Old German, *zesō, zeswō*; Irish and Gaelic, *deas* (whence *deasil*); Welsh, *deheu*; words all indubitably of the same origin. That *right* simply means *straight, direct*, will, we think, appear from the application of its opposite *left*, which, we venture to affirm, never means the *remaining* hand. The following synonyms from the cognate languages may serve to exercise the ingenuity of our readers, and to show how boldly Tooke could draw a sweeping conclusion from very scanty premises.

Goth. *heiduma*; Icelandic, Old German, and Ang.-Sax. *vinstri, winistar, winstar*; Swedish, *laetta*; Danish, *keit, kavel*; Belg. *luste*; German and its dialects, *äbig, äbsch, affig, awech, gäbisch, glink, letz, link, lucht, luchter, lurk, lurz, schenk, slink, sluur, schwude*; besides a multitude of minor variations. Leaving some of the above terms to the disciples of Tooke, we shall observe in general, that the numerous words denoting *left* may be classed under two leading ideas—*deficiency* and *deviation*. Of the first, we have a plain instance in the Italian *mano manca*. The second is clearly perceptible in the Greek *σκαίός*, denoting *oblique*,\* *left*, and also by an obvious metaphor, foolish, awkward, rude;—compare Lat. *scævus*, Icel. *skeifr*, oblique, Dan. *skiev*, Germ. *schief*, and our own *askew*, together with the apparently collateral forms *σκέλλω*, to warp; *σκολιός, σκαληνός*; Scot. and Yorksh. *skellered*, warped by drought; Danish *skele*, to squint (Scoticè, to *skellie*); and perhaps *aslowte* and *asleet*. The ancient gloss in Graff's *Dintiska*, *awikke, devia*, shows that the same idea is contained in the provincial German *awech*, a dialectical variety of the forms *äbig, affig*, &c. The English counterpart *awk*, anciently, as appears from the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, *left*, more generally denoted inversion or perversion; *awk*—end; *awk*—stroke, i. e. a

\* *Pasow*, vir magnus, sed qui in etymologiâ parum videbat, makes *left* the primary signification of *σκαίός*, and *oblique* the remotest, an evident hysteron-proteron.

back stroke (Ital. *un riverso*); and the adjective *awkward*. With the prefix *ge* it became *gawk*, *gawky*, left-handed, clumsy, evidently the origin of *gauche*, a word which has greatly distressed the French etymologists. The common German term *link* is apparently connected with *lenken*, to bend, turn; compare *linguo*, *obliquus*, and perhaps *λέχριος*, *λακρίφης*. The Bavarian *denk* is remarkable as an instance of the interchange of *l* with *d*, parallel with *δάκρυ*, *lacruma*; *dingua* (ap. Varro), *lingua*. The Belgic and Lower Saxon *luste*, *lucht*, *luchter*, show that their English sister *left* is not from *leave*, at least not its past participle. The true origin is in *nubibus*—if any body can *honestly* connect it with *λαίος* and *lævus*,\* or with the root of the German *link*—we have no great objection. The Old German *lurk* furnishes an etymon not only for *aloorke*, awry, but also for *lurk*, *latere*, *clam subducere se*, (compare Belg. *slink*, *left*, with our *slink away*,) for *lurch*, the lateral heave of a ship, and *lurcher*. The Bavarian form *lurz* also denotes the loss of a double game at cards, whence our term, *lose one's lurch*—*left* in the *lurch*. The Gothic *hleiduma* is in the *superlative* form (compare Lat. *dextimus*); it is apparently connected with the Gaelic and Irish *cli*, *clith*; Armoric *cley*, *left*; the old German *kleif*, oblique; and perhaps with *κλίνω*, *κλίπύς*, and *clivus*. The form *winistur*, with its kindred—by far the most prevalent in Old German, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian—has been commonly referred to *van*, *defectus*. We suspect it to be the Sanscrit and Bengali *wam*, *left*, with a comparative suffix. *Asosh* may possibly be connected with the Welsh *asw*, *aswys* = *left*, or *osg* = oblique; but however this may be, we have little doubt that *asw* is legitimately descended from the Sanscrit *sawya*. *Schwude*, a term used by the German waggoners, bears a strong resemblance to the Welsh *chwith*.

We have dwelt a little on this subject, in order to show the copiousness of the Germanic tongues, and the connexion between the different branches of the Indo-European family.

**AUMBYR, AWMYR.**—A measure of uncertain capacity, from *amphora*, *αμφορέυς*.

Though this etymon has the sanction of *Ihre*—a name never to be mentioned without respect—it is nevertheless erroneous. *Awmyr* is the German *eimer*, denoting a *bucket*—and a liquid measure varying in capacity according to the locality—anciently *einpar*, i. e., a vessel with a *single* handle; consequently, to deduce it from *αμφορέυς*—a vessel with *two* handles—is like identifying *solo* with *duet*. The real counterpart of *αμφορέυς* is *zwipar*; in modern German *zuber* or *zöber*, a large double-handled vessel containing eight *eimers*; in Lower Saxon *töver* and *tubbe*—whence

\* Compare *λαφίς*, left handed (ap. Hesychium).

our *tub*. The above etymologies were unknown, even to Adelung, before the publication of the Old High German glosses.

# BA, BOTH.

This remarkable word is made the vehicle for two very unfortunate guesses. The Latin *bis* is not a genitive absolute of the Gothic *ba*, both, but from the Sanscrit *dwis*; in Greek, dropping the labial, *dis*; in Zend and Latin, dropping the dental, *bis*; the Icelandic, more faithful to its origin, exhibits *twis*—*var*; English, *twice*. The conjecture that our *both* is compounded of *ba* + *twa*, is instantly shown to be impossible by the German form *beide*, compared with *zwei*. The real genealogy of *both* is as follows:—Sanskrit *ub'ha*, *ub'hau*, (whence, inserting the liquid, *ἄμφω*, *ambo*;) Lettish, *abbu*; Slavonic, *obo*, *oba*; Gothic, by aphæresis, *ba*, subsequently enlarged into *bajoths* (vid. Ulphilas, Matt. ix. 17, Luc. v. 38.); whence the Icelandic, *badir*; German, *beide*; Bavarian, *baid*, *bod*; English, *both*. The hypothesis of a Gothic origin of the Latin language, or any considerable portion of it, may be easily demonstrated to be a mere chimera: the languages are connected not by descent, but collaterally.

**BAWSAND.**—Streaked with white on the face, applied to horses and cattle.

Dr. Jamieson refers this word to Ital., *balzano*, *white-footed*; while Mr. Stevenson laboriously endeavours to trace it to the ἱππος φάλιος of Belisarius. The readers of their lucubrations are likely to be in the same predicament as the Breton peasants mentioned by Madame de Sévigné, who thought their curé's new clock was the *gabelle*, until they were assured that it was the *jubilee*. The matter lies on the surface. *Brock* is a badger; *bawsin*, ditto; *brock-faced* (ap. Craven Glossary, and Brockett), marked with white on the face like a badger; *bawsin'd*, ditto. This simple analogy weighs more with us than five hundred pages from the Byzantine historians.

**BLACK-CLOCK.**—The common black-beetle.—*Hallamshire Glossary*.

The word *clock*—peculiar, we believe, in this sense, to the North-Anglan district—is used as a *generic* term for all coleopterous insects: ex. gr. *brown-clock*, the cock-chaffer, *lady-clock*, the lady-bird (*coccinella septem punctata*), *bracken-clock*, a species of melolontha, *willow-clock*, and many others. This might seem a mere arbitrary designation, or local perversion of some more legitimate term. It is, however, a genuine Germanic word, and of remote antiquity, as is shown by the ancient gloss published by Gerbert—‘*chuleich*, scarabæus.’ It appears from Schmeller, that *kieleck* was the Bavarian appellation for the *scarabæus stercorarius*, late in the seventeenth century. The preservation of this term

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term in a remote English province is a good illustration of Ihre's excellent aphorism—'Non enim ut *fungi* nascuntur vocabula.'

Both Tacitus and Ptolemy describe the Angli as a tribe of *Suevi*, an account which we believe to be confirmed by the numerous coincidences between the dialects of South Germany and those of our Anglian and Northumbrian counties. Indeed, we have our reasons for thinking that the language of the *Angles* was in many respects more a *German* than a *Saxon* dialect, and that it differed from the speech of Kent, Sussex, and Wessex, both in words and grammar. We expect that the publication of the Durham and Rushworthian glosses will either confirm or disprove this conjecture.

HELDER OF ELDER, sooner (rather).—Perhaps from the word *older*.—*Halifax Glossary*, ap. *Hunter*.

Ἑτυμολογία γραφδεστέτη! The cognate languages show that *helder* is the true orthography, consequently the word has nothing to do with *old*. It might seem most obvious to refer it to the Icelandic *helldür*, *potius*, *proclivius*, with which it agrees pretty exactly both in form and meaning. But so few Scandinavian *particles* have become naturalized among us, that it is safer to have recourse to the Saxon form *ge-hældre*, absurdly derived by Lye from *hælan*, to heal. The true root is *hald*—acclivis; Icelandic *haldr*. Compare, Suabian, *halden*, a declivity, *halden*, to slope; Upper Austrian, *händler*, *häller*, rather, sooner; German, *hold*, *huld*, &c. The analogy between these words and the Latin *clivus*, *proclivis*, *proclivius*, is sufficiently evident, both in the primary sense of the terms as attributes of material objects, and their secondary application to denote operations or affections of the mind.

GAR.—To cause, make.—*Jamieson*, *Brockett*, *Craven Glossary*.

This word may be regarded as the Shibboleth of a language wholly or partially Scandinavian. The Germans and Saxons regularly employ *machen*, *macan*, which, in its turn, is unknown in pure Norse. *Garon*, to prepare, used by Otfried, has been long obsolete; a descendant, however, exists in *gerben*, to tan leather, formerly *garawen*. The root of the Icelandic verb *göra* appears to exist in the Sanscrit *kri*, facere; Persian, *kerden*; Greek, *κράινω*; Latin, *creo*; and the gipsy *gerraf*—Imper. *gerr*.—undoubtedly of Oriental extraction. Mr. Boucher, in his remarks under 'bamboozle,' confounds the gipsy language with the *flash* of our thieves and pickpockets, not knowing apparently that this remarkable race have a regularly constructed tongue, with eight cases to its nouns, and more inflections for its verbs than we ourselves can boast of. We are not going to digress into an analysis of it, but shall merely observe that the name by which they



they call themselves, *Sinte*, (i. e., people of *Sind*,) bears an odd resemblance to that of the ancient inhabitants of Lemnos, the Σιντιες αργιοφάνοι of Homer, commonly supposed to be a tribe of Pelasgi. An intrepid antiquary, capable of seeing a long way into a millstone, might patch up a fraternity between the two, by some such process as the following. The Pelasgi were an Oriental race—the Σιντιες were Pelasgians—Lemnos, the place of their abode, was the workshop of *Vulcan*—the present *Sinte*, also Oriental, have from time immemorial exercised the trade of *finkers*; ergo, &c. As Cobbet used to say—we do not *vouch* for the fact.

LATE, or LEAT.—To search or seek; Icelandic, *leyta* [*leita*].—*Brockett*.

Rectè!—This word will enable us to correct an erroneous interpretation of Sir Tristrem:—

‘Wha wad lesinges *layt*  
Tharf him ne further go’—

which *lait* Dr. Jamieson renders ‘give heed to.’ The meaning evidently is, ‘He who would *seek* after falsehoods needs not to go any further.’ The term *lait*, familiar to the inhabitants of the English northern counties, is, we believe, wholly unknown in Scotland proper; affording a presumptive argument, that the poem in which it occurs was written to the *south* of the Tweed. This we believe to have been the case with several other metrical romances usually claimed as Scottish. It is not sufficient for those who make this claim to show that they exhibit many words commonly employed in *Scotland*, unless they can also produce a number that were never used in *England*.

‘LATHE, a barn.’—*Craven Glossary*.

From the Danish *lade*. It is well known that Chaucer puts this word in the mouth of one of his north country clerks in the ‘Reeve’s Tale,’ who, as the narrator informs us, were of a town hight *Strother*. Dr. Jamieson, deceived by the Northumbrian words employed by the speakers, boldly claims them as Scots, and maintains that *Strother* is certainly *Anstruther* in Fife. We say, certainly not: but, as Dr. Whitaker long ago observed in his History of Craven, Long *Strother* in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This may be proved—*inter alia*—by the word *lathe*, common in Yorkshire and its immediate borders, but never heard in Scotland. Long *Strother*, or Longstroth\* dale, is not a *town*,

\* This appellation exhibits a curious jumble of Celtic and Teutonic. *Strother* appears to have originally been *Strath-hir*, the *long* valley. The present form is a good example of the difference between the Celtic and Teutonic idioms. By the way the oddest specimen of the jumbling of those dialects that we know of occurs in the name of the mountain at the head of the Yarrow,—viz. *Mountbenjerlaw*.—*Ben-Yair*, or *Ben-Yarrow*, was no doubt the old Celtic name, and the Romanized Provincials and the Danes successively gave the *Mont* and the *Law*, both of which superfluities are now preserved in *cumulo*.

but

but a *district*, in the north-west part of the deanery of Craven, where the Northumbrian dialect rather preponderates over the Anglian. Chaucer undoubtedly copied the language of some native; and the general accuracy with which he gives it, shows that he was an attentive observer of all that passed around him.

We subjoin an extract from the poem, in order to give our readers an opportunity of comparing southern and northern English, as they co-existed in the fifteenth century. It is from a MS. that has never been collated; but which we believe to be well worthy the attention of any future editor of the Canterbury Tales. The italics denote variations from the printed text:—

‘John highte that oon and Aleyn highte that other:

Of oo toun were thei born that highte Strother,  
Ffer in the north I can not tellen where.

This Aleyn maketh redy al his gere—

And on an hors the sak he caste anoon.

Fforth goth Aleyn the clerk and also John,

With good swerde and bokeler by his side.

John knewe the weye—hym nedes no gide;

And atte melle the sak a down he layth.

Aleyn spak first: Al heyle, Symond—in fayth—

Hœw fares thi fayre daughter and thi wyf?

Aleyn welcome—quod Symkyn—be my lyf—

And John also—how now, what do ye here?

By God, quod John—Symond, nede has *na* pere.

Hym bihoves to serve him self that has *na* swayn;

Or *ellis* he is a fool as clerkes sayn.

Oure maunciple I hope he wil be ded—

Swa *werkes* hym ay the wanges in his heed.

And therefore is I come and eek Aleyn—

To grynde oure corn, and carye it *ham* agayne.

I pray yow *spedes*\* us *hethen* that ye may.

It shal be done, quod Symkyn, by my fay!

What wol ye done while it is in hande?

By God, right by the hoper wol I stande,

Quod John, and see *how gates* the corn gas inne;

*Fit* saugh I never, by my fader kynne,

How that the hoper wagges til and fra!

Aleyn answerde—John wil *ye* swa?

Than wil I be bynethe, by my crown,

And se *how gates* the mele falles down

In til the trough—that sal be my disport.

Quod John—In faith, I is of youre sort—

I is as ille a meller as *are* ye.

\* \* \* \* \*

And when the mele is sakked and ybunde,

\* Apparently a *lapsus calami* for *spede*.

This John goth out and fynt his hors away—  
 And gan to crie, harow, and wele away!—  
 Our hors is lost—Aleyn, for Godde's banes,  
 Stepe on thi feet—come of man attanes!  
 Allas, oure wardeyn has his palfrey lorn!  
 This Aleyn al forgat bothe mele and corn—  
 Al was out of his mynde, his housbonderie.  
 What—whilke way is he goon? he gan to crie.  
 The wyf come lepyng in at a ren;  
 She saide—Allas, youre hors goth to the fen  
 With wylde mares, as faste as he may go.  
 Unthank come on his hand that *band* him so—  
 And he that *bet* sholde have knet the reyne.  
 Alas, quod John, Alayn, for Criste's peyne,  
 Lay down thi swerde, and I *wil* myn alswa;  
 I is ful *swift*—God wat—as is a ra—  
 By Goddes *herte* he sal nought scape us bathe.  
 Why ne hadde thou put the capel in the lathe?  
 Il hayl, by God, Aleyn, thou *is* fonne.'

Excepting the obsolete forms *hethen* (hence), *swa*, *lorn*, *whilke*, *alswa*, *capel*—all the above provincialisms are still, more or less, current in the north-west part of Yorkshire. *Na*, *ham(e)*, *fra*, *banes*, *attanes*, *ra*, *bathe*, are pure Northumbrian. *Wang* (cheek or temple) is seldom heard, except in the phrase *wang tooth*, *dens molaris*. *Ill*, adj., for *bad*—*lathe* (barn)—and *fond* (foolish)—are most frequently and familiarly used in the West Riding, or its immediate borders. Several of the *variæ lectiones* are preferable to the corresponding ones in the printed text, especially the line—

'I is as ill a meller as *are* ye.'

Now Tyrwhitt's reading, 'as *is* ye,' is a violation of idiom which no Yorkshireman would be guilty of. The apparently ungrammatical forms, *I is*, *thou is*, are in exact accordance with the present practice of the Danes, who inflect their verb substantive as follows:

| <i>Sing.</i>         |  | <i>Plur.</i> |
|----------------------|--|--------------|
| Jeg er,              |  | Vi ere,      |
| Du er,               |  | I ere,       |
| Han er,              |  | De ere.      |
| <i>In Yorkshire.</i> |  |              |
| <i>Sing.</i>         |  | <i>Plur.</i> |
| I is,                |  | We are,      |
| Thou is,             |  | Ye are,      |
| He is,               |  | They are.    |

It is worth observing, that the West Riding dialect exhibits, at least, as great a proportion of Scandinavian terms as the speech of the more northern districts. This we regard as a proof that Anglian and Northumbrian were distinct dialects prior to the Danish

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VOL.

Danish invasion. We subjoin a specimen of the Northumbrian dialect as it existed in the fifteenth century, extracted from a poem\* written by a monk of Fountain's Abbey—

' In the bygynnyng of the lyf of man,  
 Nine hundreth wynteres he lyfied than.  
 Bot swa gret elde may nan now bere;  
 For sithen man's life become shorter;  
 And the complexion of ilka man  
 Is sithen febler than was than.  
 Now is it alther feblest to se;  
 Tharfor man's lyf behoves short be;  
 For ay, the langer that man may lyffe,  
 The mair his lyfe now sall him greve.  
 For als soon as a man is alde,  
 His complexion waxes wayk and calde:  
 Then waxes his herte herde and hevye,  
 And his heade grows febill and dyssie:  
 His gast then waxes sek and sair,  
 And his face rouches mair and mair.

Of na thing thar they sall have nede;  
 And without any manner of drede,  
 Thai sall noght fare as men fare here,  
 Who live evermair in drede and were.  
 For here baith king and emperour  
 Have drede to tyne thair honour;  
 And ilka ryche man has drede alswa  
 His gudes and riches to forgae.  
 Bot thai that sall gain heaven's blysse,  
 Sall never drede that joy to mysse:  
 For thai sall be syker ynoghe thare,  
 That thair joy sall last ever mare.'

A comparison of these lines with the extracts from Barbour and Wytoun, in Ellis's 'Specimens,' will show the similarity of the language. The diction of the two Scottish writers is in several respects more *English* than that of the Yorkshireman.

The difference between the northern and midland dialects will most clearly appear on comparing with the above an extract from that lately recovered and highly curious piece of antiquity, 'Havelok the Dane'—

' The lond he token under fote,  
 Ne wisten he non other bote,  
 And helden ay the rithe [ ] †  
 Til he komen to Grimesby.

\* *Clavis Scientiæ*, or *Bretayne's Skyll-kay of Knowing*, by John de Wageby—our specimen is from a publication by W. Jos. Walker, A.D. 1816.

† Hiatus: Sir F. Madden conjectures '*wey*.' Perhaps '*sti*.' Comp. v. 2618, 19—

' He foren softe bi the *sti*,  
 Til he come ney at Grimesbi.'

Thanne he komen there, thanne was Grimded,  
 Of him ne haveden he no red ;  
 But hise children alle fyve  
 Alle weren yet on live ;  
 That ful fayre ayen hem neme,  
 Hwan he wisten that he keme,  
 And maden ioie swithe mikel,  
 Ne weren he nevere ayen hem fikel.  
 On knes ful fayre he hem setten,  
 And Havelok swithe fayre gretten,  
 And seyden, " Welcome, lovedr dere !  
 And welcome be thi fayre fere !  
 Blessed be that ilke thrawe,  
 That thou hire toke in Gode's lawe !  
 Wel is hus we sen the on lyve,  
 Thou mithe us bothe selle and yeve ;  
 Thou mayt us bothe yeve and selle  
 With that thou wilt here dwelle.  
 We haven, lovedr, alle gode,  
 Hors, and neth, and ship on flode,  
 Gold, and silver, and michel auchte,  
 That Grim ure fader us bitawchte.  
 Gold, and silver, and other fe,  
 Bad he us bitaken the.  
 We haven shep, we haven swin,  
 Bi leve her, lovedr, and al be thin ;  
 Tho shalt ben lovedr, thou shalt ben syre,  
 And we sholen serve the and hire ;  
 And hure sistres sholen do  
 Al that evere biddes sho ;  
 He sholen hire clothen, washen, and wringen,  
 And to hondes water bringen ;  
 He sholen bedden hire and the,  
 For levedi wile we that she be."  
 Hwan he this ioie haveden maked,  
 Sithen stikes broken and kraked,  
 And the fir brouth on brenne ;  
 Ne was ther spared gos ne henne,  
 Ne the hende, ne the drake ;  
 Mete he deden plente make,  
 Ne wantede there no god mete ;  
 Wyn and ale deden he fete,  
 And made hem glad and blithe ;  
 Wesseyl ledde he fele sithe.\*

It would lead us too far to discuss all the dialectical peculiarities of this poem, which is on many accounts one of the most remarkable productions of its class. It is easy to see that it is written in

\* Havelok, pp. 66-68, vv. 1199-1246.

a *mixed* dialect—more Mercian than Manning's Chronicle—more Anglian than Peirs Plouhiman—more northern than Gower's *Confessio Amantis*—and more strongly impregnated with Danish than any known work of the same period. This blending of different forms renders it probable that the author was a native of East Derbyshire or Leicestershire, where the Mercian and Middle Anglian meet, and where there was a powerful Danish colony during many years. The Scandinavian tincture appears, not only in individual words, but in various grammatical inflexions, and most remarkably in the dropping of the final *d* after liquids—*shel*, *hel*, *hon*, *bihel*—which exactly accords with the present pronunciation of the Danes. The confusion between aspirates and non-aspirates, generally reputed as a cockneyism—*hure* (our), *hende* (duck, Danish *aand*, Germ. *ente*), *eir*, *ether*, *is*, for *heir*, *hether*, *his*—is common to the vulgar throughout the midland counties. The mixture of dialects is sometimes exhibited in the same words; for example, *carle* (husbandman) and *kist* (chest) are Anglian forms, and the equivalents *cherle*, *chist*, Mercian.

We add a short specimen of the present vulgar dialect of Cleveland; being Margery Moorpoote's reasons for leaving Madam Shrillpipes' service:—

'Marry—because she ommost flyted an' scau'ded me oot o' my wits. She war t' arrantest scau'd 'at ever I met wi' i' my boorn days. She had sartainly sike a tongue as never war i' ony woman's heäd but her awn. It wad ring, ring, ring, like a lorum, frae morn to neet. Then she wad put hersel into sike flusters, 'at her feäce war as black as t' reckon creuke. Nēä, for 't matter o' that, I war nobbut reetly sarra'd; for I war tell'd aforehand by some vara spon-sible fowk, 'at she war a mere donnot.' \*

The resemblance to Scotch is sufficiently obvious. The following is a short sample of the Craven dialect. The interlocutors are deploring the ignorance of some grouse-shooters, who did not know what to make of Yorkshire oat-cakes:—

'Giles.—Thou sees plainly how th' girt fonlin didn't *ken* what havver cakes war.

'Bridget.—Noa, barn, he teuk 'em, as they laid o't fleäk, for round bits o' leather. I ax'd him to taste it; an *seea* taks up 't beesom start, potters *yan* down an' keps it i' my apron. He then nepp'd a lile wee nooken on't, not t' validum o' my thoum naal, an' splutterd it out ageean, gloaring *gin* he war puzzom'd, au' efter aw I could say, I cudnt counsel t' other to taste *ayther* it or some bannocks.' †

It will be perceived that the above is *North-Craven*, and slightly tinctured with Northumbrian. The proper Anglian terms for *ken*, *seea*, *yan*, *gin*, *ayther*—are *knaw*; *sōä*; *one* (pron. *wūn*); as *if*; *anther*.

\* From the farce of The Register Office.

† Craven Dialect, vol. ii. p. 300.

As a specimen of the Lancashire dialect, we give Collier's excellent apologue of the tailor and the hedgehog; just premising that the sage light of the village there pourtrayed is meant as an emblem of a reviewer.

' A tealyer i' Crummil's time, war thrung\* poo'ing turmets in his pingot, an' fund an urchon ith' had-lond rëän; he glender'd at 't lung, boh cou'd mey nowt on't. He whoav'd his whisket ow'r't, runs whōām, an' tells his neighbours he thowt in his guts 'at he'd fund a thing 'at God newer mede eawt; for it had nother hëäd nor tele, hond nor hough, midst nor eënd. Loath to believe this, hoave a dozen on 'em wou'd geaw t' see if they cou'd'n mey shift to gawm it; boh it capt 'em aw; for they newer a won on 'em e'er saigh th' like afore. Then they'dn a keawnsil, an' th' eënd on 't wur, 'at tey'dn fotch a lawm, fawse, owd felly, het an elder, 'at cou'd tell oytych thing, for they look'nt on him as th' hammel scoance, an' theawt he'r fuller o' leet than a glow-worm's tele. When they'dn tow'd him th' kese, he stroak'd his bëärd, sowghd an' order'd th' wheelbarrow wi' th' spon new trindle to be fotch't. 'Twur done, an' they beawld'n him away to th' urchon in a crack. He glōärd at 't a good while, droyd his bëärd deawn, an' wawted it ow'r wi' his crutch. "Wheel me abeawt agen o' th' tother side," said he, "for it sturs—an' by that it su'd be whick." Then he dons his spectacles, steared at 't agen, an' sowghing said, "Brether, its summot; boh feather Adam nother did nor cou'd kerson it—wheel me whoam agen." †

This resembles Anglian more than Northumbrian—but is sufficiently distinct from both. The shibboleth of the three dialects is *house*, which the Northumbrian pronounces *hoose*, the North Anglian *hāoose*—nearly like *au* in the Italian *flauto*—and the inhabitant of South Lancashire in a way *quod literis dicere non est*—but generally represented in print by *heawse*.

We know no better specimen of the genuine West of England dialect than Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle. The present Somersetshire and Devonshire are more barbarous and ungrammatical than the northern dialects—and their distinguishing peculiarities are well known.

We could extend our remarks on every branch of this copious subject to a much greater length, but the above may suffice *speciminis gratiā*. We have perhaps already given our readers cause to twit us with the *μηδὲν ἀγάν* of the Grecian sage, and to tell us that our lucubrations on the barbarisms of our provinces are about as acceptable to the public, as the Antiquary's dissertation on Quicken's-bog was to the Earl of Glenallan. However

\* Pronounced *thrunk*. In this and the preceding specimens, we have occasionally adjusted the orthography to the English or Scottish standard, where the pronunciation does not materially differ.

† View of the Lancashire Dialect, Introduction.

greatly,



greatly, therefore, we may long to prove that *dreigh* (tedious) is closely related to *δολιχός*, and that *leemers*, a north-country phrase for ripe nuts, profoundly referred by our glossarists to *les mûrs*, is more nearly akin to *leprosy*, we shall for the present be silent about these and other matters of similar importance. As Fontenelle observes, a man whose hand is full of truths, will, if he is discreet, often content himself with opening his little finger.

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ART. IV.—*Paley's Natural Theology Illustrated. Part I. A Discourse of Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence and the Advantages of the Study.* By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., and Member of the National Institute of France. 12mo. pp. 296. London. 1835.

THE importance of Natural Theology to our present happiness and our future hopes, with its intimate connexion with Divine revelation, invests it with a decided superiority to every other subject of scientific inquiry. Whence am I? Whence the system to which I belong? Am I the offspring of chance, or blind necessity? Or, am I the creature of an omnipotent and intelligent Power? If the latter alternative be true, have I been thrown into existence to be the sport of accident, neglected and forgotten by the Being who made me? Or, am I at all times under the guardianship of His parental and omniscient eye? And, when the brief period of my existence here is completed, what is then to be my future destiny? Am I to perish for ever, or is there something within me which will never die? These are questions which rouse our most eager curiosity. They interest the feelings of every human being, if exalted but a little above the animal in the common. They are questions in comparison with which all others sink into utter insignificance.

To explain the *nature* of that evidence, on which the science of Natural Theology rests, and to illustrate the advantages with which the study of it is accompanied, are the two great objects of the Discourse before us.

Lord Brougham begins with observing, that all the objects of human knowledge are usually divided into two classes; first, those which we know by external and internal sense; and, second, those which we know by a process of reasoning. This classification he endeavours to prove to be incorrect; and he contends, that it is by a process of reason only, founded on those two other sources of information, that we attain the knowledge of external objects. In order to establish the truth of this position, he adduces light, air, and caloric, as clear and incontrovertible proofs. He says that we do not

not see light, but only infer its existence by a process of reasoning; and 'to know its laws,' he observes, 'requires a still more complicated process of reasoning.' 'We know not,' he says, 'the existence of caloric, as a separate substance, but by reason and analogy; nor that of air, but by a similar process.' Thus writes the author. Now, be it observed, that it is not with the laws of light, of air, or of caloric—which it requires experience, observation, and reason, to ascertain—that we, as opposing his theory, are at present concerned; but with the simple existence of external objects. We ask, then, how does reason aid us in acquiring a knowledge of that simple existence? We shall suppose, with Lord Brougham, that our sense of sight is affected. Does reason teach us the cause? Certainly not. The cause is learned by experience; and what is experience, but the repeated testimony of sense? But, says our author, 'It is an inference of reason, that the affection of sense must have had a cause.' From what premises, we ask, does reason arrive at this conclusion? Will he reply, that it is a self-evident and incontrovertible truth, that every effect must have a cause? It is granted. But it is obvious, that the sensation must first be proved to be an effect, and then, but not before, by a necessity of relation, a cause will follow. But we shall suppose that he abandons the axiom, as carrying with it the appearance of a *petitio principii*, and that he urges, 'For every *change* there must be a cause.' How, we ask, has he learned this maxim? Can it be proved by argument? or will the author explain to us that process of reasoning by which we arrive at this position; for, be it observed, he does not speak of reason, as merely that source of knowledge which has been termed common sense, whence are derived all our primary truths, but that faculty by which, 'from things known, we arrive at the knowledge of things unknown.' Now we crave leave to repeat our question—by what process of reasoning does Lord Brougham learn, that for every change there must be a cause? The truth of the maxim we do not dispute, but we desire to know the argument or the proof. If it be of an abstract nature, we are earnestly desirous to learn it; for we candidly confess that we have no conception of its possibility. If it be an appeal to experience, does not the experience to which the appeal is made, imply a belief in the existence of external objects? Can we have any notion of *change* as proceeding from some cause external to ourselves, without the belief of anything external? It is evident that the existence of external objects must be believed—before reason, or even common sense, can judge or determine.

Possibly it may be said that our senses furnish us with a knowledge of the qualities only, but with no notion of the substance of external objects, and that the latter is acquired by a process of reasoning.

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reasoning. We ask, what is substance, as knowable by us, but an assemblage or group of qualities and properties? Abstract these, and where is the substance? Deprive matter of length, breadth, and thickness, and what is there left for us to perceive? An external object can be known to us by its qualities only; and of these our senses give us direct information. No process of reasoning is required.

His lordship subjoins a *note*, in which he proceeds still farther—advancing a doctrine truly paradoxical, and resting on nothing but a palpable fallacy. Having bravely denied that our senses are necessary to make us acquainted with an external world, he next maintains that, without their aid, we might possibly acquire a knowledge of numerical relations, and become expert arithmeticians and algebraists. He says, 'that the whole science of numbers could, by possibility, have been discovered by a person who had never in his life been out of a dark room, and whose limbs had been so confined that he had never even touched his own body, and had never heard a sound; for the primitive ideas of numbers might, by possibility, have suggested themselves to his mind, and been made the grounds of all further calculations.' He then triumphantly asks, 'What becomes *now* of all our knowledge depending on the senses?' We answer—it is just where it was before the question was put. Is an argument having no better foundation than bare possibility to be received as conclusive evidence of a fact? We shall say nothing of the author's 'primitive ideas of numbers,' though we could say much on this subject; nor of his 'further calculations,' having heard nothing of his previous calculations; but we must take the liberty to ask, *whence* is the presumed suggestion of ideas to originate? It must have some cause. Secondly, how came it to escape the author's attention that hearing, seeing, and touching are not our only senses? Have we not also taste and smell? And did it not occur to him that, in the absence of the three first, we might acquire the notion of number by the aid of either of the two last? Whenever a part shall be equal to a whole, the author's reasoning will be legitimate.

'So,' he continues, 'of the existence of mind; and although undoubtedly the process of reasoning is here *the shortest of all*, and the least liable to deception, yet so connected are all the phenomena with those of body, that it requires a process of abstraction, alien from the ordinary habits of most men, to be persuaded that we have *more undeniable evidence of its separate existence*, than we even have of the separate existence of the body.'

It is not by any process of reasoning that we become acquainted  
with

with ourselves, but by consciousness. It is thus we know that we exist, that we feel, that we perceive, that we imagine, that we remember, that we reason, that we will. To this knowledge the rational faculty contributes nothing. But Lord Brougham proceeds on the assumption that the mind is a distinct substance, and wholly dissimilar to the body. His argument, therefore, can be pertinently addressed to those only who yield their assent to his assumption;—nor will even they generally admit what he affirms, that we have ‘more undeniable evidence’ of mind than of body as distinct substances, and that we attain a knowledge of the former by a shorter process of reasoning than that of the latter. Now, if his assumption were as demonstrably true as he represents, we should acknowledge that the means by which we arrive at the fact would furnish an apposite illustration of his doctrine of classification. But a controvertist trifles with his readers when he grounds his argument on the assumption of a theory which is denied by many, and doubted by more. We must observe, also, that it is always understood that the clearer the evidence in favour of any truth, and the shorter the argument from which it is concluded, the firmer is the conviction, and the more general is the belief. If, then, we have ‘more undeniable’ evidence of mind as a distinct existence than of body, and arrive at the knowledge of the former by ‘a shorter process’ than that by which we acquire a knowledge of the latter, we desire to know how the author can account for these two facts: 1st. That metaphysicians and physiologists, incomparably his superiors in all philosophical acquirements, have been so blind as not to perceive what, according to him, is a fact *more evident* than the existence of the body? 2nd. That all believe in our corporeal existence, and, as the author himself acknowledges, are compelled to believe it, and that many have no notion of an immaterial principle in man, and deny its existence? These two unquestionable facts are directly opposed to the author’s two propositions. The truth is, he confounds the power of thinking, which we know immediately through consciousness, with the existence of mind as a separate substance, assuming that they are one and the same thing. Though we ourselves are firmly persuaded of the immateriality of the human soul, yet, knowing that this doctrine has many opponents, we should hardly venture to adduce it, on an occasion like this, even for the purpose of illustration—far less as the foundation of our argument in favour of *theism*.

That we arrive, then, as the author maintains, at the knowledge of an external world by a process of reasoning, we expressly deny; and the illustration or argument referring to the separate existence of mind will avail nothing with those who reject his assumption  
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of an immaterial substance in man. We consider, therefore, that Lord Brougham has entirely failed in his attempt to prove the incorrectness of the common classification of the objects of human knowledge.

The second section of this Discourse is entitled 'Comparison of the Physical Branch of Natural Theology with Physics.' On the extreme vagueness and obscurity of this title we shall offer no remarks. Its meaning may be collected from a perusal of the section; but it required more penetration than we can boast, to extract it from the words. He introduces it with observing, that 'the two inquiries, that into the nature and constitution of the universe, and that into the evidence of design which it displays, are not only closely allied, but, *to a considerable extent*, are identical.' We should have been glad if Lord B. had defined the extent and marked its limits; for we believe that the *whole phenomena* of nature evince the existence of an Intelligent Cause. But, be the affinity between the two inquiries what it may, and to whatever extent they may be deemed identical, we hesitate not to say, that his Lordship's observations on this part of the subject betray more doubt and uncertainty, than seem consistent with a firm persuasion of the correctness of his own views. He says (p. 28) that, 'it is a truth in physics, that the capacity of the eye to refract light, and to make it converge to a focus on the retina, together with a combination of its lenses, render it an achromatic instrument.' He then adds, 'if this is not also a truth in theology, it is a position from which, by the shortest possible process of reasoning, we arrive at a theological truth; namely, that the instrument so successfully performing a given service by means of this curious structure, must have been formed with a knowledge of the properties of light.'

Here he seems doubtful whether the position, that the eye is an achromatic instrument, be, or be not, a truth in natural theology. A few lines afterwards he pronounces it, without any hesitation or hypothetical qualification, to be a truth common both to physical and theological science. At p. 32, again, he says: 'The mechanical construction of a bird's egg is in accordance with the laws of dynamics and of motion.' 'This,' he observes, 'leads by a single step to a truth in natural theology.' Here we find the physical fact expressed without any doubt, not as a truth in theology, but as conducting us to such a truth. At p. 49, again, he says, that 'theological investigation forms a branch of physical science.' At one time he is doubtful whether the physical fact be a theological truth; at another time he affirms, without doubt or hesitation, this to be its character; and, on a third occasion, he says, that it merely *leads to* a truth in the science of theology. It is extremely

tremely difficult to apprehend an author who writes so loosely, and who, by the aid of a little ambi-dexterity, may contrive to elude one's grasp; but, if we may judge here from the general tenor of his observations, we are warranted in concluding, that he intends to affirm that the propositions in physics are propositions also in theology, and conversely. At p. 32 he explicitly refers them to one and the same class; for he expressly states, that the two positions, namely, 'that the mechanism of the eye serves the purposes of vision,' and 'that it was contrived for this purpose,' are 'strictly positions in physical science.'

If its contrivance, then, be a fact in physics, it is self-evident that there must be a contriver; and the existence of a contriver, or Deity, must be a *fact in physics*. This view of the subject we pronounce to be unphilosophical. We deny that any fact can be properly termed a physical fact, which is not a phenomenon in the physical world. We can neither admit that the existence of a contriver of the eye is a fact in physics, or the structure properly a fact in natural theology. We call man's hatred of oppression a moral feeling; that he detests a tyrant is a moral truth; and that he resists tyranny is an historical fact; but whatever name, in common parlance, may be given to his hatred of oppression, a moral feeling cannot, in a scientific view, be properly called an historical fact—though the existence of the feeling may be learned from historical evidence. We perceive a chronometer, a steam-engine, or a spinning machine; our perception may, with little impropriety, be termed a physical fact; but our reference of these instruments to the ingenuity of machinists is not a fact in physics, but in metaphysics—in the philosophy of mind.

Lord Brougham proceeds to specify several astronomical, zoological, and anatomical phenomena, as evidences of an intelligent cause; namely, the composition of a bird's egg so contrived that in every position of the egg the chick is uppermost—the web-foot of a water-fowl acting as a paddle—the mechanism of the larynx, keeping the windpipe closed by a valve, while the food passes over it—and the structure of the planetary system. After advertising to the subserviency of certain organs to certain purposes, and briefly noticing the planetary system, as evincing an arrangement productive of order and stability, he observes—

'The position, which we reach by a strict process of induction, is common to natural philosophy and natural theology, namely, that a given organ performs a given function, or a given arrangement possesses a certain stability by its adaptation to mechanical laws. We have said, that the process of reasoning is short and easy by which we arrive at the doctrine more peculiar to natural theology, namely, that some power *acquainted with, and acting under, the knowledge of*

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*mechanical laws*, fashioned the organ with the intention of having the function performed, or constructed the system so that it might endure.'  
—p. 43.

He had previously said, 'that the egg of a bird must have been formed by some hand skilful in mechanics, and acting under the knowledge of dynamics.' The conception, to which such phraseology naturally leads, is degrading to the majesty of the Divine Being. To represent Him as acting under a knowledge of his own laws is absurd; to represent Him as conforming to laws not emanating from Himself is impious. Such language is strictly applicable to a human machinist, incapable of altering the essential nature of a single particle of matter, and who must accommodate his plans and operations to laws with which he becomes acquainted, but which he cannot either change or control. It may be adopted, also, with sufficient consistency by the hyloist, who believes in the eternity of matter, and all its properties, as independent on Deity; but it seems to us highly unbecoming in any Christian theist to speak of the Deity in the same terms; as if the laws of nature were not all of His appointment, as if they had an origin independent on His will, and as if to their independent existence and operation, availing Himself of his acquired knowledge of their nature, He were constrained to conform.

Lord Brougham observes, that as it is by *induction* that we arrive at the knowledge that a certain organ performs a given function, so it is by *induction* we learn that some power, acquainted with the laws of vision, fashioned the organ for that purpose. Now, as he has undertaken to explain *the nature of the evidence* on which the science of theology rests, the reader naturally expects, and has a right to require, that the explanation shall be clear, and that the author's view of it shall be established by illustration and argument. But how is he disappointed when, instead of elucidation, he finds nothing but assertion, or perhaps a question, intended, it would seem, to be equivalent to an argument! 'Is not this last process,' says Lord Brougham, 'namely, that by which we arrive at the knowledge of a being, acting upon the knowledge of certain laws, and fashioning an organ for a certain purpose, as much one of *strict induction* as that, by which we arrive at the knowledge that a given organ performs a given function?' Has Lord B. shown that the process is by induction? He has asserted it. Has he unfolded the process? or has he specified the individual facts? We perceive nothing but dogmatical affirmation. The author rambles from facts in astronomy to facts in optics, and from facts in optics to facts in dynamics, and from facts in dynamics to facts in anatomy; but he neither explains to the common reader the process of induction, by which the knowledge



ledge of these and all general facts is acquired—nor does he detail to the philosophical reader the steps of that induction by which he says we arrive at the knowledge of a First Cause. In short, he gives a *name* to the evidence, but leaves the reader much in the dark respecting its *nature*.

But his lordship may, perhaps, contend, that in a subsequent page he has presented a plain and familiar illustration of his position. Let us see—

‘When we perceive,’ he says, ‘the adaptation of natural objects and operations to a perceived end, and from thence infer design in the maker, why do we draw this conclusion? Because we know by experience, that, if we ourselves desired to accomplish a similar purpose, we should do so by the like adaptation; we know that, if some of our works were seen by others, who were neither aware of our having made them, nor of the intention with which we made them, they would be right should they, from seeing and examining them, both infer that we had made them, and conjecture why we had made them. The same reasoning, by the help of experience, from what we know, to what we cannot know, is manifestly the foundation of the inference, that the members of the body were fashioned for certain uses, by a maker, acquainted with their operations, and willing that those should be served.’—p. 45.

This explanation of the evidence we cannot receive as comprehensive and satisfactory. A is conscious of design in himself; and from this consciousness he infers that B also acts with design, because A, in similar circumstances, acted with design. Here two questions present themselves. The first is, when A draws that conclusion, is the inference just? The next is, if the conclusion be legitimate, on what rational basis is it founded? What are the premises? Does he proceed by induction? If so, Lord Brougham ought to have shown this, by enumerating some of the individual facts, and stating the general conclusion. He must, however, have a very illogical conception of the intellectual act, if he consider that the inference is founded on *induction* simply. The *principles* on which we reason from design in ourselves to design in others, he has not attempted to elucidate. That we reason, as he states, there can be no doubt; and that our conclusion is justified, is equally clear. But it is one thing to state an argument, or to say that we infer this or that, and quite another thing to elucidate *the nature of the evidence* on which the conclusion rests.

Section the Third is entitled ‘The Psychological Branch of Natural Theology, compared with Psychology.’ This title also is vaguely expressed, and can only become intelligible by reading the section. This the author introduces with pronouncing a cen-

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sure on modern theologists, for universally, as he affirms, neglecting the phenomena of mind, as an evidence of Deity; and he writes, it would seem, under the self-flattering persuasion, that he, Lord Brougham, is the first who ever directed the attention of the theological inquirer to this evidence. We acknowledge that authors on theology have very generally insisted on those proofs of a designing cause, which are drawn from the phenomena of physical nature; nor should this fact be matter of surprise; for these phenomena are not only more open to observation, and familiar to our senses, but also far more impressive than those which the intellectual or the moral world presents to our view. They meet us every where, 'in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth.' If Ray, therefore, Derham, and Paley, chose to confine their attention to physical nature, though we may regret that they went no farther, we have no right to insinuate that Derham believed—(for our author says, that he wrote as if he believed)—that 'the heavens alone proclaimed the glory of God,' or that Paley's powers of abstraction scarcely extended to mediocrity. The Physico-Theology of the former furnishes ample proof that he did not limit his views to celestial phenomena; and though we freely admit that Paley's opinions are chargeable with some inconsistencies, we cannot concur with our author, in pronouncing him to have been a person who 'had little of scientific habits,' and only 'a moderate power of generalizing.' Nor do we deem it candid to say, that these writers 'had no firm, definite, abiding, precise idea of any other existence' (than material), 'and were never fully and intimately persuaded of the existence of mind.' We should be justified in calling upon Lord Brougham to produce a single sentiment in the works of either, which can warrant this imputation. Because Paley speaks hypothetically, and suggests, as a possible case, that the soul may be an atom, in order to animate the hope even of the materialist, is it just or candid to conclude that he himself was not an immaterialist? We might say much more on the illiberality of the author's imputation, for it is unfavourably intended, but our limits will not permit us. We shall, therefore, only remark, that the reason, which Lord Brougham assigns for their omitting the intellectual and moral evidence in favour of Deity, while it would furnish no excuse whatever for the omission, is to us a convincing proof, that he does not apprehend the real nature of that portion of the evidence. For whether the intellectual and moral powers belong to a substance totally distinct from body, or be merely faculties and susceptibilities, resulting from certain modifications and organizations of matter, the simple existence of these faculties,

faculties, their intimate connexion one with another, and their common subserviency to the attainment of knowledge and of wisdom, of virtue and of happiness, would be a conclusive proof of a designing and benevolent Cause. Indeed, by the author's own admission, this would seem to be sufficiently evident; for he allows that the instincts of animals conduct us to this conclusion. He speaks of these instincts as mental faculties, and he may perhaps, with the author of 'Ancient Metaphysics,' believe in the existence of four species of mind, all immaterial. Be that as it may, this is clear, that he must either concede to many of the inferior creation, as the bee, the otter, the beaver, and the ant, an immaterial principle, or he must allow that these instincts, though not belonging to a substance distinct from matter, furnish ample evidence of an intelligent Cause. If he adopt the former alternative, which we much doubt, he will agree with himself; but, if he prefer the latter, it is evident that he is inconsistent with himself, when he asserts, that the existence of an immaterial principle in man is essential to the validity of the argument, and yet, that these instincts, though unconnected with this principle, prove the existence of Deity.

We return to Lord Brougham's reprehension of his predecessors; and though we feel reluctant to disturb any sentiment of self-gratulation, which his fancied priority may have inspired, yet we feel it to be our duty to inform him, that he has not the merit of being the first, or even the second, that has directed the attention of the theological inquirer to our intellectual and moral constitution, as an evidence of Deity. Nieuwentyt, many years ago, though he omitted our perceptive and rational powers, adduced the passions and appetites of our nature as proofs of a Divinity; and in Dr. Crombie's work on Natural Theology, recently published, both the mental and the moral phenomena of man have been unfolded and urged, as a powerful evidence in favour of Deity.\*

Lord Brougham proceeds to show, from the faculties of reason, attention and memory, with the power of habit, and our capacity

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\* We take this opportunity of expressing our regret, that in our notice of this book, (No. CV.) we omitted to present to our readers the Doctor's complete refutation of the common objection to immaterialism, urged by Spinoza, Sir William Drummond and others, even against theism itself,—namely, that no substance can act upon another, unless they have some common property. This objection, so long and so triumphantly vaunted, as conclusive of all controversy on these two most important questions, Dr. Crombie has successfully proved to be a fallacy; and has shown that the objection involves an impossibility of its truth, unless on the assumption that their own hypothesis is false. Our limits will not permit us to extract the passage; we must, therefore, refer our theological and metaphysical readers to the work itself, in which the reader will find—what is of more importance, and what Lord Brougham altogether fails to produce—a clear and complete vindication of the doctrine of the immateriality of the soul.

for abstraction, as also from the feelings and passions of the soul, that the structure of the mind indicates contrivance. But he would have rendered the argument much more forcible, if he had exhibited the intimate connexion subsisting among the intellectual powers—the order in which they develop themselves, adapted to the growing necessities of the animal, and the requisite improvement of the rational being, from simple sensation to the abstractions of science—the absolute necessity of each inferior power to the agency of the superior, and the harmonious co-operation of all to the great purposes of our being. This constitutes the main force of the argument; and, as we have already remarked, its validity does not depend on the truth of immaterialism.

After presenting the mental faculties and moral powers of the human mind as evidences of an intelligent Cause, and enumerating various intellectual phenomena, Lord Brougham says, 'The facts thus collected and compared together, we are enabled to generalise, and thus to show, that certain effects are produced by an agency calculated to produce them.' How this vague and obscure observation is to be understood, or how the generalization of mental phenomena can demonstrate his lordship's position, the reader is left to divine.

Towards the close of the section, he advances an assertion which must startle every metaphysician who has ever studied the subject with attention. He affirms, that 'the *whole argument* rests on the assumption, that there exists a substance totally distinct from the body, which we call *mind*; and that, on the scheme of materialism, no rational or indeed intelligible account can be given of a First Cause.' If this dogma, which we admit to be, in its way, original, were true, we entreat the reader to mark its consequences. In the first place, no man, who doubts the immateriality of the soul, could consistently be a theist; and, if the author be right, Ray, Derham, and Paley, must have been either atheists or sceptics, or unphilosophical and vulgar believers. Secondly—all the arguments offered in proof of a Divine Being, by those able and distinguished theologians—and by many others, whom we might name, some of whom, according to our author, doubted, and others, it is known, disbelieved, the doctrine of immaterialism, while none of them assumed it as the keystone of their reasoning; all their arguments, we say, must be discarded as nothing better than specious fallacies—mere 'leather and prunella.' Is there a single individual, gifted with common sense, whether materialist or immaterialist, who will assent to a dogma involving a consequence so monstrous as this?

There is another consequence of his lordship's dogma, to which

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we would request the reader's attention. If a theological writer, unwilling to rest the doctrine of theism on a mere assumption, should deem it necessary, as a preliminary step, adopting in effect the dogma in question, to prove the immateriality of the soul, and if he should, like our author, fail in his attempt, it is evident, that he would leave the atheist in possession of a triumph, if not of a convert to his hypothesis. We ask then, and we ask with emphasis—Is our belief in the most solemn and most momentous of all religious truths, the existence of God, to rest on a mere assumption? Or, is it to depend on the contingency of an author's ability to prove the immateriality of the human mind? We should, indeed, have reason to tremble for our faith, if it were to rest on so narrow and precarious a foundation. But we maintain, as we are prepared to prove, in reference to the first question, that no such assumption is necessary to a rational belief in a Supreme Being. And, in respect to the second question, we apprehend, that Lord Brougham himself furnishes a sufficient example of the danger of trusting to the competency of every writer, who may fancy himself capable of demonstrating the truth of immaterialism. If he has read several eminent authors on the opposite side, it is evident he has read them to little purpose, for he has still to learn the merits of the question. It is true, that in this and the subsequent section, we find some valid reasoning on the subject; but it is unfortunately mixed up with so much matter of a contrary character, and so much of bold and gratuitous assertion, that, while the metaphysician is offended, the common reader is perplexed.—Thus—as an argument for the distinct existence of mind—he observes, that

'The consciousness of existence, the perpetual sense that we are thinking, and that we are performing the operation quite independently on all material objects, prove to us the existence of a being different from our bodies, with a degree of evidence *higher than any we can have* for the existence of the bodies themselves.'—p. 56.

Does Lord Brougham intend to affirm that we are perpetually conscious that we think? If this be his meaning, we deny the position. We have no such consciousness. In profound sleep, we are unconscious of thought. It has been believed, we are aware, by some metaphysicians, that the mind is continually active, though the memory fails to record, or to recal its operations. This opinion we deem not improbable, though it is still too questionable to constitute the ground of any conclusive argument; but the intelligent reader will perceive the difference between this opinion and the dogma of Lord Brougham.

Again—

Again—We would ask how he has learned that the operations of the mind are independent on the body; for this is a superlatively important question. Has he proved, or can he prove, that we can think, reason, and will, without a brain? We are not ignorant of certain physiological facts, which suffice to show, that part of the brain may be destroyed, and yet the power of thinking remain? But it should be remembered that the organ is double, and that not a single instance can be produced of a person born without a brain capable of sensation, or of one deprived of this organ, yet able to reflect, reason, and will. The author argues, 'That many of the perceptions which we derive through the senses are deceitful, and seem to indicate that which has no reality.' (p. 56.) He is right in saying 'seem to indicate;' for, if he had not qualified the observation, we should have told him that our senses do not deceive us; but that from their reports we draw false conclusions. We should also have asked him *how* these false conclusions are corrected, but by the very evidence of those senses whose testimony is by ignorance represented to be fallacious?

Lord Brougham says, that 'to admit the existence of a sentient being, and at the same time deny that existence, is a contradiction.' Palpable enough, we acknowledge. But will his lordship tell us who are they who have directly, or indirectly, maintained this contradiction? The materialist disowns it, and contends, that the question is, whether the sentient being, called *I*, is one homogeneous substance, endowed with powers of perception, memory, and reason, or two distinct and dissimilar substances. This is the matter in dispute. Let not, however, our readers misunderstand us. Let them not suppose for a moment that we desire to advocate the doctrine of materialism. With all the sincerity, all the fervour, of which the human mind is capable, we disavow the doctrine as false. But, while we thus energetically disclaim the hypothesis, we cannot silently listen to objections which betray a superficial knowledge of the question, and scarcely possess even the semblance of validity.

Before we proceed to Section IV., we would offer one preliminary remark. The arguments, which have been adduced by theologians in favour of Deity, have been generally considered to be of two kinds, viz., arguments *à priori*, and arguments *à posteriori*. In the strictly logical sense of these terms, neither of these modes of reasoning is applicable to the question. For to reason *à priori* is to argue from the cause to the effect: this evidently is to assume the cause, the existence of which is the very point which is here to be proved. To reason *à posteriori* is to argue from the nature of the effect to that of the cause. But this argu-

ment, if applied to the question, would assume the world to be an effect, a point equally necessary to be proved before the argument can be legitimately applied. Though this is the strict and logical meaning of the terms, they are often employed, the former to denote speculative or abstract reasoning—the latter, that which is founded on facts or experience.

We had occasion to remark, in our review of Dr. Crombie's *Natural Theology*, that its author had rendered important service to the cause of truth by discarding the argument *à priori*, as not only perplexing but inconclusive, and by placing the evidence of Deity on its only solid basis, the phenomena of nature. Lord Brougham here adopts the same view of the argument, and contends, that the existence of the Divine Being cannot be proved to be a necessary truth. He then endeavours to show that Dr. Clarke's argument, as far as it is drawn from our notions of infinite space, is an argument not *à priori*, but *à posteriori*, the notion of space being inseparable from our idea of matter; and that it is, therefore, *an imperfect process of induction*. This view of Clarke's argument is, in our judgment, entirely erroneous. His reasoning is this: Space and duration are evidently necessary; and yet themselves are not substances, but properties or modes. But if these modes are necessary, it follows that a *substratum* must, if possible, be more necessary, and this *substratum* must be a necessary and self-existent being. He afterwards retracts the term *substratum* as improper, but still adheres to his argument. Now, we might call upon his lordship to show, where is there here a process of induction, perfect or imperfect; where is the ultimate and general fact; where are the individual facts on which the generalization is established? We cannot allow that the argument involves any process of induction, complete, or incomplete. If space and time be, as Lord Brougham admits, and as we believe, neither substances nor modes, Clarke's argument is purely abstract, resting on the necessary and immutable relations of our ideas. If space and time be qualities, as Clarke assumes, then it is *not* by induction, but by the metaphysical relation between quality and substance, that Clarke arrives at his conclusion. It is of no avail to say, that it is by matter and sense that we acquire our notion of space. It is by the same means that we gain our notions of number and quantity; but no rational man will therefore deny that pure mathesis is an abstract science. We must maintain, then, in opposition to Lord Brougham, that, without a palpable perversion of terms, Clarke's argument is not by *induction*.

But this, we apprehend, is not the only error with which his lordship is here chargeable. He errs also in stating that Clarke's reasoning

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reasoning from duration and space constitutes his *fundamental* argument; and we cannot but express our surprise that he has thus misrepresented it. The argument, on which that able metaphysician lays the greatest stress, which he urges at the greatest length, and which he varies into two different forms, partly, however, distinct in substance, rests entirely on abstract principles. It is intended to prove that there must be from eternity an independent being. The reason is, because an infinite series of causes and effects, or of beings dependent, involves a contradiction and an impossibility. *This* is unquestionably Clarke's fundamental argument.

We have already adverted to the inutility, not to say impropriety, of ranking physical truths among those which belong to theological science. In treating the argument *à priori*, his lordship commits an error somewhat similar, but certainly less excusable. He observes, 'We never, before all experience, could pronounce it *mathematically impossible* that such a Being (namely, Deity) should exist, and should have created the universe.' The science of mathematics being confined to the relations of number and quantity, it is quite absurd to apply the phrase '*mathematically impossible*' to a matter of fact. Certain relations of number and quantity may be mathematically, that is, by mathematical evidence, proved possible, or impossible; or Clarke might believe, that the existence of Deity is as certain, by metaphysical evidence, as any proposition in Euclid is by mathematical evidence; but to speak of the existence of the Maker of the Universe as mathematically possible or impossible, is of all incongruities the most extravagant and ridiculous. A few lines afterwards, he repeats the same error:—'Nothing,' he observes, 'can more clearly show the absurdity of those arguments by which it is attempted to demonstrate the truths of this science as mathematical, or necessary, or cognisable, *à priori*.' This observation would be pertinent enough if it were justified by fact; but no theologian, as far as we know, ever attempted the monstrous absurdity of proving the existence of a Creator as a mathematical truth.

The section concludes with some observations on *creation*. Here again we have the misfortune to differ from our author. He maintains, that it is as easy to conceive how matter was created, as how it could be fashioned by the will of the Deity into its present forms. This assertion is so inconsistent with all our known conceptions, and so directly opposed to acknowledged facts in the records of philosophy, that we cannot sufficiently express our surprise at the advancement of a dogma so paradoxical and false. Lord Brougham himself admits, that the great stumbling-

block to the philosophers of antiquity was *creation*. Hence they supposed matter to be eternal, and that the Deity moulded it into its present forms. The construction of the universe from a chaotic aggregate of elementary atoms, constituted, in their apprehension, no difficulty beyond Divine power to accomplish; but *creation* appeared to them to be an absolute impossibility. Nor should this, perhaps, be a matter of astonishment. We are habitually acquainted with the construction of machines from given materials; but as we are incapable of giving existence to a single atom of matter, so we have no conception of the creation of any material form. Is creation therefore impossible? Certainly not. We reclaim against the dogma, as at once arrogant and irrational; and if our limits permitted, are prepared to show, that there is no contradiction or absurdity in the belief, that Omnipotent Power can give existence to matter. But to tell us that it is not more *difficult* to comprehend construction without materials, than with materials, is to outrage the principles of common sense.

In section V. he proceeds to the second branch of natural theology, which relates to the probable designs of the Deity in respect to the future destiny of man. He introduces his observations with remarking, that the immateriality of the soul is the foundation of all the doctrines relating to a future state. Important as we admit and feel this doctrine to be, we deny that it is either the sole, or the chief ground on which the Theist has reason to hope for another state of being. On the goodness, justice, and wisdom of the Deity he places his main reliance. 'If the soul,' observes the author, 'consists of material parts, its destruction *seems* to follow, as a necessary consequence of the dissolution of the body.' The inference being here qualified, we suffer it to pass without objection. To affirm its destruction as necessary, or absolutely certain, would be as rash and unphilosophical, as it would be derogatory to the infinite perfections of Deity. As He can give life and take it away, so He is likewise capable of restoring it under whatever form He may be pleased to renew its existence.

And now, while we explicitly repeat our disavowal of all belief in the doctrine of materialism, we feel ourselves bound to repeat also our conviction, that the author must have read but little on this subject, when he affirms, that the mind is not affected by the decay of our corporeal frame, and that its action is wholly independent on the body. When he asserts the former position, we presume he means decay through age; for those declines which take place by marasmus, phthisis, or atrophy, which, to use the language of the materialist, impair not the organ of thought, do not affect the question. It would argue, we acknowledge, extreme ignorance, or unpardonable perversity, to deny that instances

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occur, in which we find that the mental faculties do not decay, as the bodily frame sinks down through age. But are not these instances singular exceptions to the general fact, that memory, imagination, capacity for intense thought, and continued abstraction, all decay, as the body becomes enfeebled by the usual decline of nature? Is not the failure of memory a complaint almost universal among old men? Is the imagination of the poet equally active, equally fertile, and equally ardent, at seventy, as at thirty? And is it not accounted, and always reported, as an extraordinary fact, if a man retain his mental faculties in full vigour to the age of four score? The author, surely, will not maintain that an exception should have the validity of a general rule. But what evidence can he produce to prove that the action of the mind is 'totally independent on the body?' We have numberless proofs of their mutual dependence and mutual sympathy—a sympathy well known and acknowledged by every man who has given but the slightest attention to his mental affections and bodily feelings. Is not this sympathy demonstrated by every case of idiotism or insanity? And is not the faculty of thought, and sense of feeling impaired, and sometimes suspended, by a contusion of the brain? Can it be denied that the powers of the mind are debilitated by *hemiplegia* or *paralysis*? The mental effect of a strong narcotic, or the intemperate use of ardent spirits, is a fact too well known to be either denied or disputed. Nay, we ask the author himself, how does he reconcile his hypothesis of the 'total independence' of the mind on the body, with his own admission, that 'a serious illness' of the latter affects the state of the former, and obstructs its 'ordinary course'?

In order to show the extraordinary 'agility of the mind, its independence on body, and its distinct existence,' Lord Brougham appeals to the phenomena of dreaming. After remarking that the bodily functions are, in part, suspended during sleep, but that the senses retain a portion of their acuteness, and that any impression made on them 'is caught up by the mind and made the ground work of a new train of ideas,' he proceeds to illustrate the observation by several examples, the correctness of which we shall neither affirm nor deny. But they furnish an occasion to remark, that the most unfortunate author cannot be more unfortunate, than when he lights upon an argument, and seizes it with avidity, as if triumphantly conclusive—that argument subverting his own theory, and its adduction proving his utter ignorance of its necessary tendency. It is evident, that if anything can evince the mutual sympathy of mind and body, and their dependence on each other, it is the phenomena of dreaming. How Lord Brougham had not the penetration to perceive that the very facts

facts which he states, proving that our trains of thought during sleep are varied, and modified by impressions on the senses and the state of the body, are wholly irreconcilable with their mutual independence, is to us inexplicable.

Again—after showing the effect of a bottle of hot water applied to the soles of a person asleep, he says, that

‘this experiment may be varied in a very interesting, and indeed instructive manner, by falling asleep in a stream of cold air; you will instantly that the wind begins to blow dream of being on some exposed point, and anxious for shelter, but unable to reach it: then you are on the deck of a ship, suffering from the gale;—you run behind a sail for shelter, and the wind changes, so that it still blows upon you;—you are driven to the cabin, but the ladder is removed, or the door locked. Presently you are on shore, in a house with all the windows open, and endeavour to shut them in vain; or seeing a smith’s forge, you are attracted by the fire, and suddenly a hundred bellows play upon it, and extinguish it in an instant, till you are as cold as on the road. If from time to time you awake, the moment you fall asleep again the same course of dreaming succeeds, in the greatest variety of changes that can be rung upon our thoughts.’—p. 113.

So much by way of grave and philosophical illustration! If among our readers there be any who are desirous to dream of ‘walking over hot mould or ashes,’ or ‘a stream of lava,’ or ‘of wandering through a wood, and receiving a severe wound from a spear or the tooth of a wild animal;’ they will find for each of them here a suitable prescription, the efficacy of which Lord Brougham assures us experiment will verify. But if any of them, tempted by curiosity to put his lordship’s prescriptions to the proof, should desire a bottle of hot water to be applied to the soles of his feet while asleep, and should immediately begin to dream of hot ashes, hot mould, hot lava, burning coals, or Cobbett’s gridiron, he will, we presume, draw any conclusion rather than his lordship’s—*viz.*, that the mind is totally *independent* on the body.

In the seventh section the author offers some observations on ‘final causes,’ in which we find nothing of importance which has not been said again and again. He then endeavours to show that synthesis and analysis are essentially the same,—‘the generalization of particulars, the arranging or classifying facts, so as to obtain a more general or comprehensive fact; and the explanation of phenomena is just as much a process of generalization, as the investigation of the proposition itself by means of which you are to give the explanation.’

Let us take one of the author’s own examples. If we find, by a copious variety of experiments, that the atmosphere has weight and elasticity, and that, a vacuum being produced between

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two substances, the superincumbent air presses them together, we arrive at a general truth, or general fact. The process is induction. But we do not proceed by induction, as in order to establish a general fact, when we say, that the adhesion of a fly's foot to a ceiled roof is a fact referable to that general class of facts, or is a truth comprised under the general rule. In the former case we collect the facts in order to establish the rule; and in the latter we proceed on the assumption that the rule, or fact, or law is established, and we reduce the fact in question under that general law. It is doubtless true that we may be said to make the fact more general by comprehending in the general law an additional fact, if it can be proved that the fact is reducible under that law; but this is not induction or generalization; for that process was previously completed, and the general law established. If Lord Brougham had confined himself to the observation that the classification of phenomena is not affected by the distinction between synthesis and analysis—we should have entirely concurred with him; but when he states that these two modes of proceeding are only one operation—we must take the liberty to express our dissent. The difference between the synthetic and the analytic mode of instruction is universally acknowledged, and the latter, for obvious reasons, very generally preferred.

In the second part of the *Discourse*, the author describes the pleasures which accompany the study of natural theology. Here we find many passages which have our unqualified approbation; but, as the observations which he offers have little or no connexion with the scientific and principal object of the work, namely, to explain the nature of the evidence on which Natural Theology rests, we feel it unnecessary to occupy our remaining space with a detailed examination of them. We must, however, insert one specimen, and it shall be a very favourable one, of the author's style.

After remarking, in the first place, that 'the greatest advocates of natural theology have been sincere and zealous Christians;' and, 2ndly, 'that natural religion is most serviceable to the support of revelation,' he says,

'We proceed a step farther, and assert,—3rdly, that it is a vain and ignorant thing to suppose that natural religion is not necessary to the support of revelation. The latter may be untrue though the former be admitted. It may be proved or allowed that there is a God, though it be denied that He sent any message to man, through men or any other intermediate agents; as, indeed, the Epicureans believed in the existence of the gods, but held them to keep wholly aloof from human affairs, leaving the world, physical as well as moral, to itself, without the least interference in its concerns. But revelation cannot be true if natural religion is false; and cannot be demonstrated

monstrated strictly by any argument or established by any evidence without proving, or assuming, the latter. A little attention to the subject will clearly prove this proposition.

'Suppose it were shown by incontestable proofs that a messenger, sent immediately from heaven, had appeared on earth; suppose, to make the case stronger against our argument, that this messenger arrived in our own days, nay, appeared before our eyes, and showed his divine title to have his message believed by performing miracles in our presence. No one can by possibility imagine a stronger case; for it excludes all arguments upon the weight or the fallibility of testimony, it assumes all the ordinary difficulties in the way of revelation to be got over. Now even this strong evidence would not at all establish the truth of the doctrine promulgated by the messenger; for it would not show that the story he brought was worthy of belief in any one particular, except his supernatural powers. These would be demonstrated by his working miracles. All the rest of his statement would rest on his assertion. But a being capable of working miracles might very well be capable of deceiving us. The possession of power does not necessarily exclude either fraud or malice. This messenger might come from an evil, as well as from a good being; he might come from more beings than one, or he might come from one being of many existing in the universe. When Christianity was first promulgated, the miracles of Christ were not denied by the ancients, but it was asserted that they came from evil beings, and that he was a magician. Such an explanation was consistent with the kind of belief to which the votaries of polytheism were accustomed. They were habitually credulous of miracles, and of divine interpositions. But their argument was not at all unphilosophical. There is nothing whatever inconsistent in the power to work miracles being conferred upon a man or a minister by a supernatural being, who is either of limited power himself or of great malignity, or who is one of many such beings. Yet it is certain that no means can be devised for attesting the supernatural agency of any one, except such a power of working miracles; therefore it is plain that no sufficient evidence can ever be given, by direct revelation alone, in favour of the great truths of religion. The messenger in question might have power to work miracles without end; and yet it would remain unproved, either that God was omnipotent and benevolent, or that he destined his creatures to a future state, or that he had made them such as they are in their present state. All this might be true indeed, but its truth would rest only on the messenger's assertion, and upon whatever internal evidence the nature of his communication afforded; and it might be false, without the least derogation to the truth of the fact, that he came from a superior being, and possessed the power of suspending the laws of nature.

'But the doctrines of the existence of the Deity, and of his attributes, which natural religion teaches, preclude the possibility of such ambiguities, and remove all those difficulties. We thus learn that the Creator of the world is one and the same; and we come to know his attributes,

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attributes, not merely of power, which alone the direct communication by miracles could convey, but of wisdom and of goodness. Built upon this foundation, the message of revelation becomes at once unimpeachable and invaluable. It converts every inference of reason into certainty, and, above all, it communicates the Divine Being's intentions respecting our lot with a degree of precision which the inferences of natural theology very imperfectly possess. This is, in truth, the chief superiority of revelation, and this is the praise justly given to the gospel in sacred writ,—not that it teaches the being and attributes of God, but that it brings life and immortality to light.

‘It deserves, however, to be remarked, in perfect consistency with the argument which has here been maintained, that no mere revelation, no direct message, however avouched by miraculous gifts, could prove the faithfulness of the promises held out by the messenger, excepting by the slight inference which the nature of the message might afford. The portion of his credentials, which consisted of his miraculous powers, could not prove it. For unless we had first ascertained the unity and benevolence of the being that sent him, as those miracles only prove power, he might be sent to deceive us, and thus the hopes held out by him might be delusions. The doctrines of natural religion here come to our aid, and secure our belief to the messenger of one Being, whose goodness they have taught us to trust.’—pp. 205-9.

The work concludes with various notes on the classifications of science; on final causes; on the ‘*Système de la Nature*’; on cause and effect; on Hume’s scepticism; on the ancient doctrines respecting the mind, Deity, and matter; and on Warburton’s theory concerning the ancient doctrine of a future state. In these *notes* we find little or nothing in which the author has not been anticipated by other writers. Here, as elsewhere, indeed, he borrows without measure or grace. But now, having presented our readers with an analysis of the work, we must draw our remarks to a close.

Lord Brougham’s main object is to explain the nature of the evidence on which the science of theology is founded. On the success of this attempt, some readers, who are fond of the *chiaro oscuro*, may be inclined to offer him their congratulations. For ourselves, we honestly confess that, as we love light rather than darkness, and prefer a clear and steady view to an obscure and transient glance of an interesting subject, we feel dissatisfied, though not exceedingly disappointed, by a perusal of this production. It appears to us, if considered as a scientific or philosophical explanation of the subject, to be a complete failure. Lord Brougham proceeds thus. He selects some anatomical, zoological, and astronomical facts, which, for no valid reason that we can divine, he chooses to call facts in natural theology. He takes, for example, the planetary system, and observes, that we learn by induction  
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that the arrangement possesses a certain stability. He says, that it is equally by a process of induction that we know that the system was constructed by a designing cause. But does he prove that our conclusion is the result of induction? Has he illustrated or explained the process? Does he particularize the individual facts on which the induction proceeds, and by which the general fact is established? For such proof or elucidation the reader will search in vain. It is quite unsatisfactory to tell us that we infer design in another, because we, in order to accomplish the same object, should adopt the same procedure. The fact is admitted as an argument for Deity; but the fact neither explains the ground of our conclusion, nor does it show how the process is that of induction. There is, in truth, through the whole of his attempted explanation, a looseness of expression, a vagueness of conception, and an absence of that lucid and logical exposition of the nature of the evidence, which the philosophic reader has a right to require, and every reader a right to expect. At one time, the process is strict induction, simply; at another time, it is a step beyond the strict process of induction; at another time, it is the evidence of reason arguing from facts established by induction; and at another time we are told that induction itself is a species of reasoning. Surely there is a lack here of those clear conceptions and well-defined views, which attest the discernment and consistency of the philosopher or the metaphysician.

If Lord Brougham had shown, by a collection of examples, that a concurrence of means to ends are, in common life, uniformly admitted to be proofs of design, and hence concluded the general truth that such concurrences, whether in nature or in art, are evidences of design, he would have shown that the existence of an intelligent cause rests on induction. Or, if he had commenced with stating, as the ground of our belief in a creative power, the acknowledged maxim, that in all our judgments respecting results from human agency, we conclude design from complicated *concurrences* of means to ends—(we do not say, with his lordship, *adaptations*, for, in strict metaphysical language, we should thus beg the question, every action implying an agent)—and if he had then proceeded to state the primary and the secondary truths, on which this maxim is founded, he would have proceeded scientifically, and exhibited the nature of the evidence in a clear and philosophical light. And here, if he had perfectly understood the subject which he has undertaken to explain, he would have perceived, that our inference of design from concurrences, or, as he says, adaptations of means to ends, does not rest solely on induction, but is supported by evidence of a much stricter character. With this part of the evidence Lord Brougham, if we may judge from his silence, seems wholly

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wholly unacquainted. This evidence we consider to be highly important, as overturning the hypothesis of fortuitous concurrence or blind necessity, and establishing the certainty of intelligence and design; yet his lordship has not adverted to it, even in the slightest degree.

We have also to remark another important and extraordinary defect in the execution of the work. If Lord Brougham had succeeded—as he has, in our judgment, failed—in his attempt to unfold the nature of the evidence by which we arrive at the knowledge of *design* in the works of nature, he seems not to have understood, that to prove this *design* is not equivalent to evincing the existence of One Eternal and First Cause. Some of the ancient philosophers acknowledged design, but believed in a plurality of gods; and among the vulgar polytheism was the common creed. Now, is it not surprising that his lordship has not made the slightest attempt to explain the nature of that evidence, by which we learn the existence of *one eternal and independent being*? The unity, or personality of the Deity is mentioned only once, and then incidentally; it makes no part of the inquiry. For this extraordinary omission we can find no apology. A few words will serve to justify this animadversion. It must be clear to every one who is acquainted with the nature of evidence, that all induction must terminate in a general fact. Now, if there be any fact, or any truth, which can be truly pronounced singular, solitary, or unique, it is the existence of an eternal and uncaused being. Here, then, it may be naturally asked, how is it possible by induction to arrive at the knowledge of this individual and momentous truth? How can induction lead us to a solitary fact? This important question the author has not attempted to solve. He has offered no explanation of the nature of that evidence, by which we learn the existence of one uncaused being. For aught that Lord Brougham has said, the reader of his work may be theist, or polytheist, or pantheist, as either prejudice or reason, truth or error, may chance in his mind to possess the ascendancy. It is true he makes frequent *mention* of a creator and an artificer, one eternal being; but the whole of his *explanation* is confined to the evidence of design. This, we repeat, is an inexcusable omission.

We do not mean to deny, that the reader may collect some notion of the nature of the evidence from what the author has written, but it is presented in so loose, so defective, and so unphilosophical a manner, as to convey no distinct and correct conception of its nature. Instead of a clear, methodical, and logical exposition, we have little else than scattered hints, and mere glimpses of its character. Whether this be that Lord Brougham himself did not apprehend it distinctly, so as clearly to communicate a right

right conception of it to others, may be a matter of doubt; but we are certain, that the subject might have been explained in a single sheet; and that his lordship has found room in his volume for many sheets of mere extraneous matter, serving no other purpose than to show to the reader into how many subjects his attention has dipped—or rather, perhaps, how cleverly he can turn to account the scattered scraps of notation supplied by zealous subalterns.

We have already had occasion to express our dissent from several of the author's metaphysical opinions—but we must say a few words more on this head. He says (p. 25) that experience and reason are required to teach us the existence of external objects. How does he evince the truth of this position? He says,—

'A certain sensation is excited in the mind, through the sense of vision; it is an inference of reason, that this must have been excited by something, or must have had a cause. That the cause must have been external may possibly be allowed to be another inference which reason could make, unaided by the evidence of any other sense. But to discover that the cause was at any the least distance from the organ of vision, clearly requires a new process of reasoning, considerable experience, and the indications of other senses; for the young man whom Cheselden couched for a cataract at first believed that everything he saw touched his eyes.'

Lord Brougham here argues in error. He proceeds on the assumption that rational conviction is essential to belief; and that if we do believe, our belief avails nothing unless we can prove that it is founded in reason. He forgets, or he is not aware, that there must be some primary truths whence others are derived, and that these neither admit nor require any logical evidence in their favour. We should, for example, be glad to know the author's reason for believing that similar causes, acting in similar circumstances, produce similar effects. Is it because experience has taught him that it always has been so? Granted. But he believes, also, that similar causes will continue to produce similar effects. Experience cannot teach him this. Does he refer his belief to some steady and fixed principles in the constitution of nature? But to presume that these principles will continue to be fixed, is to beg the question. The author, notwithstanding, believes the maxim, and acts upon it every hour of his life, though he neither has, nor can have, any proof whatever that the maxim is true. Indeed, were it a law of our nature, that rational belief were, in all cases, necessary, the condition of the species would be lamentable enough. But it is wisely ordered by the gracious Parent of the universe, that we have a firm conviction of many truths and many facts, particularly the existence of external objects, long before reason can exert its power. The child entertains not a doubt of the existence of his toys,

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toys, his playfellows, and his parents. The savage believes in the existence of his hut and his canoe,—of his bow and his arrows,—of the venison that feeds him, and of the brook that quenches his thirst. If he were asked why he thus believed, could he give any philosophical reasons for his belief? No. He would refer immediately to the testimony of his senses, and the belief of the negro would be as steady and as impregnable, as that of the most profound and subtle metaphysician. Nor would it be possible to shake this belief, unless some sceptical philosopher, by way of enlightening his mind, should tell him that he was labouring under an egregious delusion,—that he perceived nothing but ideas,—and that he could have no certainty that the ideas, or the signs, were true types of the things signified. In short, reason might make him a sceptic, but would not confirm his conviction. The case of the youth couched by Cheselden proves nothing to Lord Brougham's purpose. It merely shows, that the sense of sight alone cannot teach us the distance of external objects. We contend, then, that Lord Brougham errs egregiously in his metaphysics, when he affirms that reason and experience are necessary to teach us the existence of things external.

Again:—

'It has been objected,' he observes, 'that we know of no instance in which the human mind has been known to exist without the body.' 'This objection,' he says, 'is refuted by the acknowledged fact that our bodies are perpetually changing, and that in the space of fifteen or twenty years they have not a particle within them which belonged to them at the commencement of the period.'

We immaterialists might, in despair, abandon our cause, if we had no abler advocates than Lord Brougham to defend it. Every materialist is aware, that the body is subject to continual change; and a distinguished physiologist has delivered it as his opinion, that in less than a hundredth part of the time specified by our author, it is entirely renovated. He, therefore, does not contend that the self-same body is necessary to thinking, willing, and acting—just as no Christian believes, that identity of corporeal frame will be necessary after the resurrection. The attempted refutation, therefore, proceeds on the fallacy technically termed *ignoratio elenchi*. The argument may suffice to prove that we may exist, and do exist, without *the*, that is, the self-same body; but is utterly insignificant when offered to prove that the soul is so far independent on the body as to exist without *a* body. The distinction is so obvious, that the wonder is how it could escape a person of common penetration.

Before we dismiss his lordship's metaphysics we have one other observation to offer. In a note connected with section third, he endeavours

endeavours to explain the doctrine of causation. In this attempt we cannot but remark that the author does not exhibit that clear conception, or that methodical arrangement and consistency of thought, which distinguish the acute and correct metaphysician. In discussing this subject there are, as we conceive, two distinct questions. The first is, whence is derived our notion of causation? The second is, by what criterion are we to distinguish between the mere conjunction of two events, and their relation as cause and effect? The author, after observing that our original notion of causation is to be referred partly, if not wholly, to the perceived conjunction of events, remarks, that causation implies a notion of exertion or power. He then proceeds to observe, that 'the mere constant and unvarying succession of two events' (what do they succeed? he means, we presume, *conjunction*) 'would not, of itself, be sufficient to make us, even in popular language, denominate the one the cause, and the other the effect.' In this opinion we concur. Mere conjunction is no proof of causation. 'Light,' he proceeds, 'uniformly succeeds dark . . . . but no man ever thought of calling, or deeming, night to be the cause of day.' He then adds, 'Another very important experiment, or observation, is required, before we pronounce the conjoined events to be related to one another as cause and effect.'

'Not only,' he says, 'must the second event always have been found to follow the first, but the second must never have been observed without the first preceding it, or, at least, *without some other event preceding it*, in which case the causation is predicated alike of both these preceding events.'

This observation, or experiment, he pronounces to be very important. The reader, therefore, naturally expects that it will materially assist him in ascertaining the distinction between mere conjunction, and the relation in question. In this expectation he will feel himself disappointed. From the author's explanation, it would appear that to causation it is essential, not only that B should be always followed by A, but should never be found without A, or some other event which may be predicated as the cause. But if causation is to be predicated of A, in such circumstances, and B is to be considered as the effect, these conditions or requisites of causation are found in day and night, for day is always followed by night, and is never found without night succeeding it. Is day, then, the cause of night?

This conclusion the author of course rejects; for he observes in the subsequent paragraph, that 'this positive and negative evidence merely shows, that when one event exists, the other exists immediately afterwards, and not otherwise.' But, if this be his doctrine, from which we by no means dissent, and if this experiment, or observation,

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servation, furnish no criterion whatever of causation, what becomes of the *great importance* which the author attaches to it? From his manner of expressing himself, we should conclude it to be of superlative moment; whereas it seems, by his own admission, to be of no value. Is it quite consistent to say, that we derive our notion of causation from sequence, then to say that sequence furnishes no evidence of causation, then to represent an observation or experiment respecting sequence as of very great importance in ascertaining the relation of cause and effect, and then to conclude with stating that it affords no proof whatever of causation? This is certainly not a very consistent or philosophical mode of illustrating a subject, or removing a difficulty.

Again: when he subjoins the alternative, as marked in the quotation by italics, he gives such a latitude to his explanation, that the criterion of causation becomes indefinite and unintelligible. We never heard of an event that was not preceded by some other event.

We proceed to his astronomy. Speaking of the bodies that belong to our system, he observes (p. 40), 'All those bodies which move round the sun, twenty-three planets, including their satellites, and six or seven comets, are continually acted upon by two kinds of force.' When we read this passage, we felt confident that the compositor had committed an error; but, on consulting the table of *errata*, we found no correction. Now, we are aware that the cometary bodies have not been, and doubtless cannot be, accurately ascertained. Lalande, Laplace, Vince, and other distinguished astronomers, have given it as their opinion that the number of comets, which have appeared from the beginning of our æra to this time, is about five hundred; and it is said that one hundred are recorded to have been seen before that period. When, or by what mighty convulsion in our planetary system these cometary bodies have been almost all annihilated, and reduced to six or seven, we must leave it to the author himself to explain. It is strange, it is 'passing strange,' to find such an error in a work professedly scientific. Is the school-master dead, or is he only dismissed from office?

Again—there is scarcely, we believe, a member of the Mechanics' Institute—scarcely a boy or a girl who has received an ordinary education, that is not acquainted with the number of planets and satellites belonging to our system. What then must be the astonishment of the reader, when he finds the author, in a philosophical explanation of the planetary structure, gravely and deliberately representing the number to be twenty-three? Is it possible—is it credible, he should be ignorant that they amount to twenty-nine; consisting of eleven primary, and eighteen secondary bodies?

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Such palpable errors have a necessary tendency to annihilate all confidence in an author's opinions. Whether they are to be attributed to ignorance or to inadvertence, their effect on the mind of the reader is precisely the same. If we detect an author erring in subjects familiar to almost every intellect, how can we rely on his accuracy in questions involving difficulty, and requiring profound research?

With his lordship's geology we do not think it worth while to quarrel. On his anatomy also, and his metaphysical observations on the chemical fact, termed a *tertium quid*, our limits will not permit us to enter. We proceed to his logic.

Several fallacies in his reasoning have been already exposed. We shall subjoin one or two additional specimens. He remarks (p. 22) that our knowledge of motion is not a perception of sense, but a deduction of reasoning. We deny the position. Motion is a continued change of place, and this change is learned by sense and not by reason. He adds, that 'the very idea of diversity implies reasoning, because it is the result of comparison.' If comparison necessarily implied reasoning, the author would be right; but we may have a conception of diversity, and may practise comparison, without employing the rational faculty. We taste sugar, we taste vinegar; we perceive diversity, and immediately pronounce them to be different. There is comparison and judgment, but there is no process of reasoning.

In order to show that we ought not to disbelieve the existence of Deity, merely because we have not seen him, he argues thus: 'We find,' he observes, 'a single fragment of a bone in some wild country, and infer from that not only the existence of an animal there in ages past, wholly different from any we ever saw, but also deduce its form and its habits.' He then observes,

'that we thus infer and believe the existence of that respecting which we have not, and cannot have a single particle of evidence, either by sense or by testimony.' 'We have no experience' (he continues) 'of that Great Being's existence in whom we believe, as our Creator, nor have we the testimony of any man relating such experience of his own. But so neither we nor any witnesses in any age have ever seen the lost animals that once peopled this earth; and yet the lights of inductive science have conducted us to a full knowledge of their nature, and perfect belief in their existence.'

We quite agree with Lord Brougham in thinking, that the existence of the Divine Being ought not to be disbelieved, on the simple ground that we have not seen Him; and we maintain that His being and attributes, though He is not visible to human eye, may be, and indeed are, clearly manifested by what is seen. But we

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do not approve his lordship's logic. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that acknowledged premises are necessary to every rational conclusion—that our assent to any proposition must rest on some evidence, either intuitive, or moral, or scientific. But if Lord Brougham's opinion be correct, we have been labouring under an extraordinary error; for it appears that we may have a rational belief of a fact, in the absence of all the evidence of which a fact is susceptible. We must either believe that an animal, now unknown, once existed in the waste, or we must disbelieve it. If we take the latter alternative, the conclusion would not serve the doctrine of theism, nor intended illustration. If we choose the former, and believe in the ancient existence of the animal, as he maintains we do, and as we allow we must, it may be asked, on what ground do we believe? If Lord Brougham be right, our belief would be wholly irrational; for the existence of any external object can admit no other evidence than sense or testimony; and here, as his lordship contends, we have not a single particle of either.

But our belief is not so groundless as his lordship represents. It rests, though not wholly, on the clear and incontrovertible evidence of sense. The relic is seen, and may be touched. We, therefore, on the evidence of two of our senses, conclude the former existence of the animal, just as we should the former existence of a tree, if we saw a root dug up, which might have been buried for centuries under the ground. In either case the existence of a part is evidenced by sense, and the existence of the whole is a necessary consequence. What the whole *animal* was in structure, size, and habits of life, the physiological discoveries of Cuvier, who traced the laws of relation, and the principles of anatomical co-existence, in animal structures, enable us to ascertain; but the simple fact of existence is established on the evidence of sense, and the abstract and metaphysical axiom, that, where there is a part, there must have been a whole.

One word more in admiration of our author's consistency. He tells us that the belief that mind exists as a distinct and independent substance is essential to the whole argument in favour of theism; and that, on any other hypothesis, 'no rational, indeed no intelligible account can be given of a First Cause.' Now, Paley, by Lord Brougham's own admission, was not a firm believer in immaterialism; nay, his lordship doubts if he believed in it at all. Be that as it may, thus much is certain, that the doctrine of an immaterial principle in man makes no part of Paley's argument. It follows, therefore, that what he has written is neither 'rational' nor 'intelligible.' Now—is it reconcileable with common sense to compose a Discourse on the Evidence of

Natural Theology—and in that discourse to assert, if not to attempt a proof, that Paley's argument can have no sound foundation—and notwithstanding to write, or cause to be written, 'copious and scientific illustrations' of an argument, by the editor's own confession, neither 'rational' nor 'intelligible?' It will not do for Lord Brougham to remind us, that he acknowledges Paley's argument to be put in 'a close and logical manner,' until he has first explained to us how an argument, neither 'rational' nor 'intelligible,' can be put 'in a close and logical manner.' This would be only to escape from one difficulty to run into another.

To conclude. If we were to form an estimate of the author's philosophical acquirements, and his talent for abstract discussion from the work before us, we should briefly state that his knowledge appears to us to be more various than correct; his views enlarged, rather than clear; his penetration more quick than profound; that his opinions are the result of hasty thought, rather than of deliberate inquiry; that his reading and reflection on several subjects which he has attempted to discuss have been extremely superficial, and that his mind is too excursive to fit him for becoming a sound metaphysician. His style occasionally exhibits an easy masculine energy rarely found in the authors of the present time; but it is in general too lax and diffuse to be employed with advantage on subjects of this severe character—and it is deformed, more frequently than we could have anticipated, with pedantic affectations on the one hand, with colloquial vulgarisms on the other.

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ART. V.—*Mémorial de l'Hôtel de Ville de Paris*, 1830. Par Hippolyte Bonnellier, Ancien Secrétaire de la Commission Municipale—Gouvernement Provisoire. Paris, 1835.

THE general character of the July Revolution is by this time pretty well understood. It is assuredly—to use a vulgar, but in this case most suitable phrase—the greatest *humbug* that ever insulted the common sense of mankind:—a revolution made in the name of a charter, which charter it forthwith tossed to the wind—a revolution made in the name of the people, in which the people had really no share, and from which they have derived no advantage—a revolution made by a faction, which faction became its earliest sacrifice—a revolution made in the name of liberty, which has produced a despotism—a revolution planned, prepared, and executed by *journalists*, of which the same journalists are now the most bitter enemies, and the most signal victims—a revolution, which from the moment that it had strength to walk alone,

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alone, and in exact proportion to its growing powers, has employed all its vigour in proscribing, prosecuting, persecuting, and punishing, even unto the death, the pretences, the principles, and the persons to which it owes its existence.

Such, indeed, is the march of *all* revolutions; but in other cases it has been somewhat slower, and the events—spread over a greater length of time, and separated by extraneous incidents—did not afford that singular approximation and violent contrast which the July Revolution exhibits. Cromwell, Robespierre, and Napoleon attained their ruthless supremacy by degrees, and the eyes and ears of men were diverted and deceived by the interludes of wars, massacres, and victories, which veiled, if they did not conceal, the strides of the usurper; but in this case we see the progress of the tyranny in its naked truth—there are no softenings or shadings—no gradation in the transformation of the demagogue into the despot—all appears in the strong, bold, unmingled colours of the most impudent contrast—and *black* has become *white*, and *white black*, with a degree of suddenness and shamelessness which strikes even the duller eye with mingled astonishment and disgust.

The men who made the Revolution of July speedily divided themselves into two classes: *those who personally profited by it*, and *those who did not*. The former have forgotten their principles in their places; the latter find their principles sharpened by disappointment; and the apostate possessors of office are now persecuting, with all the furious zeal of new and interested converts, those unhappy men by whose efforts alone they were advanced to power. We do not regret—quite the reverse—that France has a government strong enough to protect the lives and properties of the great mass of the nation who took no share in this flagitious revolution; and still less do we blame King Louis Philippe for dealing with the perverse, lawless and godless factions which surround him, in the only way in which such monsters can be managed; but we cannot see without wonder and some degree of pity, the intriguers and instigators of the original crime exercising their ill-gotten power in vengeance on their own tools and dupes.

Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato:—

Ille *crucem* pretium sceleris tulit—hic *diadema*!

This broad and general view of the causes and consequences of the July revolt is so clear and undeniable, that it needs no illustration from us; but there are several incidental and auxiliary circumstances connected with the leading event which are worthy of our attention as matter of history, of instruction, and we will

even venture, on so grave a subject, to add, of amusement. Mr. Burke says, that even in the most solemn events there are *ludicrous episodes*. The '*Souvenirs Historiques*' of that foolish and forgotten booby Bérard have already amused our readers\* with some such instances. The revelations of a livelier coxcomb, M. Hippolyte Bonnellier, now afford a still fuller exposure. In both cases the cause of historical truth has been served by the loquacious veracity of disappointed men: in both cases, but especially in that now before us, we find an authentic delineation of the contemptible persons, the paltry motives, the miserable means, and the unimaginable accidents which accomplished a revolution more important we believe—at least in its *principle*—to European society, than any of the dozen revolutions, all equally 'glorious' in their day, which succeeded one another at about the *average* of one in every two years, from August, 1792, to April, 1814.

Who or what M. Hippolyte Bonnellier was before the Three Great Days, we know not. We suspect him to have been one of that bold and busy class of indigent *littérateurs* which, created by an almost gratuitous system of public instruction, has overstocked the literary market as well as the learned professions, and which therefore hangs loose on society—always ready to join in popular commotions, which can do no great harm to those whose poverty assures them that they have nothing to lose, and whose vanity whispers that they have everything to gain.

Be that as it may, this much is certain, that M. H. Bonnellier—from a position so obscure, that he himself does not choose to tell us what it was—found himself in a few hours the self-appointed secretary, and self-elected adviser and agent of the *Provisional Government* which occupied the interregnum between the imbecile integrity of Charles X., and the cunning boldness of Louis Philippe.

M. Bonnellier's first appearance was on the evening of the 27th, at the meeting held at the office of the *National*, (a newspaper whose presses had been just seized,) where about one hundred and fifty persons, chiefly journalists, decided on an *insurrection* against the *Ordonnances*, and sent a deputation, consisting of M. Thiers, (then employed *on*—that, we believe, is the technical phrase—the *National*), one Chevalier, and Bonnellier himself, to announce this decision to a meeting of members of the Chamber of Deputies, which had assembled at M. Casimir Périer's. The meeting had just broken up, and M. Périer was conducting MM. Guizot, De Broglie, and Puyraveau to the door—when the deputation met and stopped them. Thiers and Chevalier announced the

\* See Quarterly Review, vol. LII. p. 262.

object of their mission. MM. Guizot and Périer with one voice exclaimed, 'Why such precipitation? Wait for the 3rd of August'—[the day for which the Chambers were summoned.] Bonnellier interrupted—'With you, gentlemen, if you will—if not, without you!' 'Unhappy young man,' replied M. Guizot in alarm, 'whither would you drive us?' 'To INSURRECTION!' exclaimed Chevalier. This awful word terminated the conference between parties who had, at this time, no community of feeling.

The conflict began soon after, in which we do not find that M. Bonnellier was personally engaged—on this evening, he *certainly* was not, for he informs us that from M. Périer's he went to a meeting at M. Cadet Gassicourt's—(another literary man)—before the firing began, and staid there till it was over for that night,—employed in choosing district-agents to organize the insurrection. He tells us nothing of *himself* during the whole of the 28th, the *fighting day*, and we may be sure that it is because his vanity has nothing to tell. During that day and the next morning, the people were anxiously inquiring for a *leader*, but none appeared till about eleven o'clock on the 29th, when Bonnellier heard a cry, '*We have a General.*' 'His name?' 'I don't know.' 'Where is he?' 'In front of the Exchange'—[*La Bourse.*] Thither Bonnellier ran and found the *Place* covered with a dense crowd, shouting '*Vive le Général Dubourg!*' 'Who is this general?'—'I don't know.'—'Is he a distinguished officer?'—'I fancy not.'—'Who appointed him?'—'I can't tell.'—'Where is he?'—'At that window.' Bonnellier pressed forward—and met the *General* coming out of the Exchange. He had never seen him before.

'He was a man of above forty, of middle stature; his features, which were not disagreeable, and seemed to indicate an adventurous character, were not without a certain dignity; but his countenance was disturbed. One could see that he was a man hoisted suddenly from a very low condition into eminence, and stunned by such an explosive elevation, but endeavouring to collect himself and to recover his balance.'—p. 20.

Here we must observe a most remarkable fact, after all we have heard of the series of glorious victories won by the people in the *Three Great Days*, that there should not, as far as our—not narrow—inquiries have gone, have been *one single person* cited in any document or work of authority as having distinguished himself or even taken a part in these illustrious transactions,\* till noon

on

\* We are aware that the names of a dozen of heroes are to be found in the *rodontade* catchpennies alluded to in our review of M. Bermond de Vachère's '*Military Account of the Insurrection*' (*Quarterly Review*, vol. xlv. p. 226); but M. Bermond, in his second edition, took the trouble of examining and utterly disproving every one of these cases. There is no doubt that there was some sharp fighting on the

on the 29th, when, just as the fighting was over, we find coming out of the Exchange, a *General Dubourg*, of whom no one ever heard before or since. If King Charles's ministers and generals had conducted themselves with ordinary common sense, not to say spirit, they would have suppressed this factitious tumult, as Louis Philippe has suppressed two much more formidable *émeutes*, and the affair would probably have passed away, for what it really was, a riot instigated by two dozen disaffected journalists, and paid for by Lafitte.

As it was, however—just about or very little before the time that the Louvre was evacuated, and the troops were already retreating, the people found a leader,—and such a leader. M. Bonnellier informs us that Dubourg had attained the rank of *adjudant-general* before the fall of Buonaparte, and that he was disgraced by the Bourbons. We do not find the name in Buonaparte's last *état major de l'armée*, and we do find *M. le Comte Dubourg* among the *adjudans commandans* of the Restoration. Whether this be the man, we know not; it seems, however, certain that the *leader* of the 29th July was not a *general* officer, but was fraudulently invested with that title to serve the seditious purpose of the moment. However this may be, M. Bonnellier proceeds to describe him as being, at this crisis,

'dissatisfied and soured, as a stirring mind might be expected to be, by the low state of his affairs and the *failure of his speculations*. M. Dubourg would naturally seize the first opportunity of trying his fortune: political dissatisfaction offered a *plausible pretext* (*beau prétexte*). As soon as the *ordonnances* appeared, he had several interviews with other officers like himself, unemployed and dissatisfied. M. Evariste Dumoulin, one of the editors of the "*Constitutionnel*,"—*a man without talents* but not without personal courage,—was also a stirring man. Being the creditor of Dubourg, he could exercise over him the double authority of one who has a right to ask and who has much to promise. To *dare* was the order of the day, and M. Evariste Dumoulin *dared* to create Dubourg our *general*.'—p. 22.

While a newspaper editor of 'no talents' was thus *making* a *General* of a broken speculator, where were the Lafayettes, the Gérards, the Pujols, the De Broglies, the Guizots, the Sebastianis, and all the other civil and military heroes whose brows are adorned with the laurels, and whose purses are lined with the profits of the Three Great Days? The fact is, the victory was not yet absolutely certain, and they were, as MM. Bérard and Sarrans have told us,

the 28th, that many persons were killed, and that there must have been many instances of individual bravery on the part of the people; but we repeat, we have not found the authentic distinction of *any* name: we think we may venture to assert, that no one of *any* note, or even *notoriety*, was heard of in the affair till all the fighting was over,

waiting

waiting the event in hesitation, negotiation, and doubt: and we are convinced that this *episode* of Dubourg was got up with the design of driving the revolution *faster*, and probably *further*, than those men who had *something to lose* were willing to go.

M. Dumoulin and his *General* now headed the people. 'Let us march,' cried Dumoulin, 'and seize the *Hôtel de Ville*—the throne is there.' Bonnellier joined the crowd which followed these adventurers, shouting, 'To the *Hôtel de Ville*—Vive le Général Dubourg!'

They had not proceeded far, when, in a 'dirty, stinking, little street,' of no good repute, called La Rue Jockeulet, the column suddenly halted, and Bonnellier, looking about him, found, to his astonishment, that both the Editor and the *General* had disappeared. This sudden absence, and the place in which it occurred, occasioned the most grotesque and indecent surmises. After a delay of twenty minutes, however, a loud *hurra* proclaimed the return of the two leaders. It had, it seems, occurred to M. Dumoulin, that the 'old great coat' in which his *General* was dressed was not suitable to the dignity of his station, and the magnitude of the enterprise; and they had slunk away in quest of an old clothes'-shop, 'where, for 3*l.* 5*s.*—disbursed by M. Dumoulin—the *General* was equipped in the *second-hand uniform* of a general of brigade.' This change of costume was hailed with the liveliest transports of joy by the heroic and enlightened army, which—reinforced by the important auxiliary of a *laced coat*—resumed its march to the *Hôtel de Ville*. They found the edifice was *empty*; yet, as if everything in this part of the affair was to be ridiculous, it was not to be entered without danger—for just as the *General* and his follower, Bonnellier, who had pushed forward close to the *General's* person, were about to ascend the steps, the victorious army thought proper to celebrate their triumph by a *feu de joie*, which, as they had not had the precaution of extracting the balls from their muskets, was attended with so much danger to their leaders, that Bonnellier honestly confesses that the *General* and himself *threw themselves on all fours in a sad fright*, and in that unseemly posture made their triumphal entry into the palace of the Provisional Government! 'No,' says Bonnellier, with great *naïveté*, 'I shall never forget the sensation with which I heard the whistling of the balls.' We conclude, from his extreme surprise at the sound, as well as from other reasons, that he had not been personally present at any of the glorious conflicts of the preceding days, though, as we shall see, he had the good luck to partake of the spoil. They escaped, however, this volley of exuberant joy, and, 'finding the *Hotel absolutely empty*,' (p. 25) (all the liberal reports of the day were full of the indescribable gallantry with which the *Hôtel de Ville* was stormed,)



stormed,) M. Dubourg pressed through an ante-room into what had been the cabinet of the Prefect of the Seine, followed by Bonnellier, and one other person whom Bonnellier never saw before nor since; and when *they* were got in, *they shut the door*—leaving the *οἱ πολλοί* on the *Place de la Grève*, and the more select in the ante-chamber. Can anything be more indicative of the hap-hazard of revolutions than that these three obscure men, who had never before seen one another, should, by the jumble of anarchy, be thrown together into this cabinet—the representatives, for the moment, of the sovereign-people of France?—a new triumvirate! Can there be a truer picture of low human nature, than that having, by such an accident, found their way into the room, their first movement should have been to bolt the door against their colleagues? Bonnellier must be a ready fellow; he seems to have *instantly* gotten rid, somehow, of the third man; and sitting down on the opposite side of the table at which Dubourg installed himself, he informed the *General* that he was his secretary, and that it was necessary to prepare *the acts of the government*!—And here we cannot but observe the effect produced by the change of dress and station even upon one who had witnessed the ignoble process of the transformation.

‘I am bound to say,’ adds he, with the most amusing *naïveté*, ‘that the *General* now showed a presence of mind—an *à plomb*—a self-confidence—a *dignity*, fully equal to the extraordinary part which he was called upon to act!’—p. 24.

The first order given by the *General* was for the preservation of the various monuments of the arts which might have been endangered in the anarchy. The second was an order to the mayors of Paris, regarding, we presume, the safety of the citizens. The third was for the care of the wounded. All this was no bad mimicry of Buonaparte. ‘I wrote,’ says Bonnellier, ‘all these orders under the dictation of *General* Dubourg; they were instantly printed, and posted all over Paris!’—p. 24.

It is really farcical to observe the progress of this provisional authority, and the insolent airs with which Bonnellier immediately treats those over whom he had no other precedence but the activity with which he had stuck to the skirts of the *General*’s second-hand coat.

‘Immediately after our *installation*, the adjoining room was filled by a crowd of *scribes*, directed *spontaneously* by M. Baude, the editor of the “*Temps*.” This editor was admitted to communicate with the general two or three times. It has been said that the *Honourable* M. Baude [this title means, we presume, that Baude has become a deputy] had established himself in the *Hôtel de Ville* with the ascendancy of the representative of the Provisional Government. I declare that

that although M. Baude's zeal was praiseworthy, he was in no very such *official position*.'—p. 25.

No, no—that station belonged to Bonnellier himself. But now a second third man (the first third man having vanished without even leaving his name behind) appears in the Cabinet: this was Colonel Zimmer, one of Buonaparte's *demi-solde*, who, pressing through the crowd, elected himself—(revolutions have their *self-elections* as well as corporations)—'Chief of the staff' to the *General*, and made his arrangements and distributed his orders with the activity and system of an experienced soldier. In the meanwhile, the crowd assembled in the Place de Grève, seeing no one at the windows—at which the *feu de joie* and occasional bursts of similar enthusiasm had rendered the *Government* rather shy of appearing—became impatient to see their *General*, and he was obliged to leave his administrative labours, to show himself at the windows; 'and never was elected of the people received with more enthusiastic acclamations.' Dubourg must have thought himself Napoleon, and Bonnellier would not have changed places with Talleyrand.

The last faint, scattered shots now announced the final retreat of the royalist troops; and *then*, says Bonnellier, crowds of the '*men of to-morrow*' pressed forward to the Hôtel de Ville, to share, if not to monopolise, the spoils which had been won by the '*men of to-day*.' Amongst others, came an officer from Lafayette, to announce to *General* Dubourg that another provisional government had been formed,—that Lafayette had assumed the chief command—and had sent to apprise the provisional *General* that he would forthwith come to instal himself in the Hôtel de Ville, and to offer, as the price of Dubourg's abdication, the command of a legion of the National Guard. If Dubourg had had spirit to continue to play the part of Napoleon, God knows what might have followed this proposition; but he seems to have been a mere puppet, and he answered modestly—'Sir,—No one else would head the people, and I did so. 'The child of liberty, I am obedient to my mother. You may return and tell General Lafayette that, as soon as he presents himself, I will resign into his hands my command and the Hôtel de Ville.'

This, as we shall see presently, made an end of poor Dubourg: not so of Bonnellier. We really admire the impudent presence of mind of the fellow, which would have fitted him, beyond any one we have ever read of, for a Scapin at the Théâtre Français, or for a minister at the Palais Royal.

The new commission of government, consisting of Messrs. Périer, Lafitte, Lobau, Puyraveau, and Schonen, now arrived, preceded by *their* general, Lafayette. Bonnellier remained alone with Dubourg

Dubourg to receive the new authorities. Dubourg at once resigned his temporary authority into their hands. Bonnellier was far from imitating his example. He addressed them, and said that 'he had entered the Hôtel de Ville at the head of the *people*; that he had already obtained extensive information and collected *valuable notes*, which, if they thought fit to accept his services, he would frankly communicate to them, and would zealously serve them to the best of his ability.' They were evidently taken by surprise at such cool assurance. At last Lafayette answered—'Your patriotism brought you hither; be pleased to remain.'

'Sit down,' said the members of the commission; 'go on with your work.'

Poor Dubourg—now become nobody—was turned out of the room: sentinels were placed at the door, to ensure the privacy of the Executive; and Bonnellier exclaims, in an agony of delight, '*Thank God, France has a Government!*' adding, we have no doubt, in his own mind, 'and I am its Secretary.' But his triumph did not end here. It was immediately observed that the presence of the military commander in the Executive Council was unconstitutional, and Lafayette was sent after Dubourg; but he installed himself and his staff (with Colonel Zimmer—who, like Bonnellier, was resolved not to be laid aside—at its head) in an adjoining room; and Bonnellier remained alone with his Provisional Government. We believe, in the annals of accident, there is nothing to equal those two hours of this man's life, which found him one of a mob on the *Place de la Bourse*, and left him—the survivor of his colleagues—the admitted secretary of the supreme power.

But he had still another trial. Lafitte declined, on account of a sore leg, and other *prudential considerations*, to continue a member of the commission. The active and clever lawyer, Mauguin, was named in his stead. Hitherto, the *second* Executive had done nothing but prate and gossip; Mauguin gave a new life to their deliberations. 'What has been done?' he asked, on taking his seat. 'Nothing,' said General Lobau. 'Nothing!' exclaimed Mauguin; 'and it is three o'clock! Have you even a secretary?' '*Je me nommai*—I am the man, says the imperturbable Bonnellier. 'Very well,' says Mauguin; 'sit down, and write from my dictation a circular to the twelve municipalities of Paris.

'*The Provisional Government*—'

'*Halt there!*' cries General Lobau—who all along showed a great indisposition to revolutionary expedients—'I will not sign that.'—'Why not, General?'—'Because we are not a provisional government.'—'We have the powers of one.'—'I doubt it; but, at all events, we have not the *title*.' 'What matter?' replied Mauguin;

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guin ; ' it will give authority to our proceedings. ' I won't sign,' returned Lobau doggedly ; and they were obliged to restrict themselves to the title of *Municipal Commission*. But Bonnellier, who had thrust himself on Dubourg, and imposed on Lafayette, and juggled the original commission, found he could not manage the impetuous yet discriminating ardour of Mauguin. In one of Bonnellier's drafts, which was sent into the outer room to be copied and dispatched, the *Honourable* M. Baude (who, our readers will recollect, was 'spontaneously directing a host of scribes') detected some error in form. 'Correct it, then,' said Mauguin, 'and countersign it yourself.' This was the first blow to Bonnellier's secretaryship. Another soon followed. 'Gentlemen,' said Mauguin to his colleagues, 'M. Lafitte has expressly desired me to invite you to appoint M. Odillon Barrot your secretary.' 'This,' observes Bonnellier, 'was arranged beforehand with that young and illustrious advocate.' 'Be it so,' said another member ; 'let M. Odillon Barrot be our secretary, with M. Bonnellier as his colleague.'

Even here, Bonnellier's presence of mind did not forsake him. Whether he imagined that he should conciliate Mauguin by appearing to favour Baude, whom Mauguin had just distinguished, or whether he thought that, with two such great men as nominal secretaries, he might be able to play them off against each other, and so retain the effective duties, he does not say ; but he now suggested that M. Baude had been all the morning employed *spontaneously* in the public service, and that it would be unfair to pass him over. On this observation, Baude's name was added to that of Odillon Barrot, and Bonnellier remained as their assistant.

Nothing can be more dramatic—more comic, we should say—than the account Bonnellier now gives of the proceedings of this Commission, and of the various visits which they received from all the '*men of to-morrow*,' who, now that the game was obviously up with Charles the Tenth, were hastening to *faire valoir leurs petits intérêts* with the new government. For one instance we must find room.

'Early in the following morning, when M. Odillon Barrot and I were alone in the council-chamber, M. Alexandre De Laborde entered and said, "I am *Prefect of the Seine*—these gentlemen have promised me." "I know nothing about it," said M. Odillon Barrot. "I declare to you," replied De Laborde, "that they have promised it to me, and I hope you will be so obliging as to draw up an order which may enable me to take possession of the office and apartments in the *Hôtel de Ville*." "Do you, by chance," answered Barrot, "take us for your clerks?" Nothing was done publicly in this matter all day ; but M. De Laborde was busy at work with the individual members of the commission, and at seven o'clock in the evening Bonnellier received orders

orders to make out his appointment. "But," added Mauguin, to the new *préfet*, "you cannot take possession till to-morrow." "I beg your pardon," said De Laborde, "I have had my bed brought into the next room."—"What, already?"—"Yes, I have ordered my servants to bring all that is necessary, and so I will go to bed, for I am suffering dreadfully from a contusion in the leg, which I got in climbing over a barricade."—p. 82, &c.

And so he left the Council Chamber, and after having accepted a visit of *congratulation from all the heads of his new department*, the adhesive prefect immediately took possession of his official bed, hoping that, after such an act of livery and seisin, he could run no risk of being displaced.

Our readers will no doubt appreciate M. Odillon Barrot's cold reception of M. De Laborde, and will sympathize in the disappointment of the latter, when they learn that—notwithstanding the old adage about the legal efficacy of *possession* and M. De Laborde's contusion in scaling a barricade—Louis Philippe in a few days after was pleased to constitute the said M. Odillon Barrot, *Prefect of the Seine!* Half the book is employed in similar anecdotes, all proving that in France—as, we suspect, all over the reformed world—*le patriotisme le plus pur* is evinced by a very hungry attention to one's own personal interests.

This work, like every other authentic account of the July revolution, is a practical commentary on this great text of egotism; and we heartily wish our limits allowed us to exhibit the whole extent of the miserable meanness of every man (with the almost single exception of M. Casimir Périer) who appeared upon that wide scene of perfidy and plunder—but we must proceed—and we arrive at the person who certainly had the greatest share of the plunder, but, we believe, the least share of the perfidy—Louis Philippe. We have often stated our opinion of his conduct in this affair—our conviction that he encouraged opposition but not revolution—that he rather wished to be the honoured and flattered head of a popular party, than the chief of a sedition—and that, at last, he consented rather than desired to usurp the crown. To that opinion we still adhere, though M. Bonnellier publishes—with some very malicious forms of deference—a letter, '*written in the Château de Neuilly, at three-quarters past three on the morning of the 30th of July,*' of which he possesses, he tells us, the original, and which, in M. Bonnellier's opinion, evidently shows that the Duke of Orleans was no stranger to the events which were going forward, and was even ready to lend himself to the gentle violence which should drag him to the throne. This letter is as follows:—

'The Duke of Orleans is with his whole family at Neuilly. Close to him at Puteaux are the King's troops; and an order from the

' Court

‘ Court might in a moment seize his person, and deprive the nation of his powerful guarantee of its future safety. It is proposed (*on propose*) that the constituted authorities, *adequately accompanied*, should proceed to Neuilly and offer him the Crown. If he make objections on the score of delicacy, or of family considerations, he must be told that his presence at Paris is necessary to the tranquillity of Paris and of France, and that *they (on)* are *obliged* to put him in a place of safety. This plan may be safely acted on—its entire success may be confidently relied on; and, moreover, it is positively certain, that the Duke of Orleans will not be reluctant to associate himself with the wishes of the people.’—p. 104.

This letter—even though it should have been written by General Athalin, or his wife Her Royal Highness the Princess Adelaide—would not alter our opinion. At *three-quarters after three on the morning of the 30th*, the cause of the *whole* Bourbon family, was, by the faults of the ministry and Marshal Marmont, irrevocably lost, if the Duke of Orleans had not consented to take up the sceptre which his well-meaning, but duped and silly cousins had dropped from their trembling hands. A chivalrous gentleman in the position of the Duke of Orleans, as we have before said, would probably have joined the unfortunate head of his race early in the affair, and might have saved him; but the Duke of Orleans was only a bold and prudent man, and he contented himself with preserving the crown to the Bourbon family—in his own person.

Accordingly on the 31st, the Duke of Orleans—proposed by that bankrupt intriguer Lafitte, and accepted by that incapable dotard Lafayette—arrived at the Hôtel de Ville to assume the *regency* of the kingdom. It was a bold step; for, assuredly, except *Lafitte* and his hirelings, he had no real party in the undisciplined assembly which he faced. A municipal address pledging him to certain vague principles of liberalism was read to him, which he, in a few still vaguer words, appeared to adopt; while the mystified and perplexed crowd looked on with mute astonishment. It was then that, for the last time, the voice of DUBOURG was heard—a clear, sonorous voice, with much force and peculiarity of intonation—

‘ You have made those engagements. Take care that you keep them. If you forget them, the people is there, *on the Grève*’ [the usual place, be it remembered, of *execution*], ‘ and knows how to make you recollect them.’—p. 113.

This was an awful moment—the crowd was clearly with Dubourg, and it wanted only the smallest accident to have produced a republican explosion. But Louis Philippe, strong in his birth, his position, and, we will add, in his personal courage and ability, was an over-match for the poor fictitious *General* in the second-hand uniform, and he replied with a loud and confident voice—

‘ Sir,

'Sir, you do not know me—I am a man of honour; and where my duty is in question, I am neither to be won by solicitation, nor intimidated by menace.'—p. 114.

And then turning round to Lafayette, and seizing his arm, he exclaimed—in words that recall the spirit of Henry IV. and the despotism of Louis XIV.—

'Lafayette, you have heard him. If I did not respect the laws, I should cause *that fellow* to be *punished* on the spot. It is monstrous.'

'Such boldness,' adds Bonnellier, 'must in that crisis have either ruined or raised him':—it raised him. General Dubourg was abashed—he muttered a few words, of which all that was heard was, '*Oh, I spoke because I know you*'—was lost in the crowd, and has never since been heard of, except in some paltry vexations with which the agents of the established powers persecuted him,\* and we can give no further account of this *general* of a day—this sovereign of an hour. One cannot help thinking of the 18th Brumaire, and conjecturing whether, if this poor devil had had a *Lucien* and two hundred grenadiers to back him at this critical moment, he might not have been another Buonaparte.

The game of the *republican* revolutionists was now up. Of all the actors in this drama, the Duke of Orleans was *facillime PRINCEPS*—the ablest in a council of purblind blockheads—the least dishonest in a gang of selfish knaves. On the 31st he was declared Lieutenant-General or Regent of the kingdom—the *kingdom* of Charles X. or Henry V.; and after a week of negociation, intrigue, fraud, and violence, all combined, Charles X. and Henry V. were driven into exile—the duke ascended the vacated—not the vacant—throne; and the selfish and mercenary leaders of the revolt outran one another in emulative subserviency;—each scrambling to get something for himself† they threw the public liberties—the *pretext* of their insurrection—at the feet of the new monarch without restriction, condition, or guarantee. We do not blame them for this; because we believe that, as circumstances stood, abler and honester men than they were saw no alternative but a

\* Sarrans, having occasion to mention his name, gives no other account of him than that he was 'the General Dubourg subsequently persecuted with so much virulence by the ministers of Louis Philippe.'—*Sarrans' Lafayette*, vol. i. p. 277.

† Here, again, we must make an exception in favour of M. Casimir Périer, whose conduct seems to have been all along much more moderate and respectable than that of any of his colleagues. There are in M. Bonnellier's work many curious, though no longer important, details as to M. C. Périer's original reluctance to push the revolt to revolution, and of his subsequent efforts to evade and to keep out of the 'Moniteur' his own nomination by the Provisional Government to the Home Department. This last affair is quite a riddle, which M. Bonnellier (though he was the working instrument) seems unable to solve. The truth we take to be, that M. Périer, while affairs were so nicely balanced, did not wish to accept such a trust from the Provisional Commission, and, on the other hand, thought it imprudent to dispute their temporary authority.

bloody



bloody anarchy, or a speedy submission to the Duke of Orleans ; but we do blame the base and factious arts—the selfish hypocrisy and the frightful injustice by which the *only* fifteen years of rational liberty ever enjoyed by France were so disastrously terminated, to the sole profit of two or three dozen intriguing and trading politicians.

But though the Duke's accession did virtually annul the Provisional Commission, it affected for a few days longer to exercise its authority—and *ava combattendo, ed era morto*. Bonnellier, who would have liked prodigiously to have remained one of the Secretaries of State, is exceedingly indignant at the shabby way in which the supreme power was first lowered, and finally abdicated, by all the members of the commission—except Mauguin, who seems to have been as drunk as Bonnellier himself with personal vanity, political enthusiasm, and upstart authority.

Bonnellier gives many striking instances of the illegality and tyranny with which this commission conducted itself, and of the incompetency of themselves and their agents for the duties they thus usurped. We can find room but for one instance, which we shall abridge—though we thereby render it less odious and characteristic—from the candid confessions of Bonnellier. On the first of August an agent of the police [a spy] came to the Provisional Commission while the members were at dinner, and informed them that there was a considerable sum of money in the possession of M. Charlet, private secretary to the Duchess d'Angoulême. The Commission decided immediately (at the dinner-table) to seize it, and Bonnellier was to be the agent. He and Mauguin got up from table : he wrote an order to himself, which Mauguin signed, to take, for his protection, ten of the Polytechnic students, and fifty National Guards, to seize the money—which they ventured, in this official document—without even the authority of their spy—to designate as the money of the Duchess ! That folly might not be wanting to injustice, M. Bonnellier and his polytechnic students thought it dignified to *ride* to the scene of action, though the distance was only about the length of our Oxford-street ; and a dozen horses having been put in requisition, they mounted and set out, the National Guards following on foot, to M. Charlet's private house, No. 20, Rue de la Chaise, where they made dispositions to blockade the whole street, very much in the style afterwards so ably practised in the *Rue Transnonnaine*, of bloody memory. M. Charlet and his whole family, however, except the porter, were fortunately absent—out of town—at a watering-place. An active and indecent rummage of the house was begun : of the spirit in which it was conducted we may judge by one fact. In a bedchamber there hung over the chimney a small enamelled miniature, framed and glazed, of Charles the Tenth. One of the inquisitors

quisitors tore down this little portrait, and smashed the glass, picture and all, on the corner of the mantel-piece,—and this brutality—this barbarism—this robbery—was committed by—a *Polytechnic student*! Amiable and generous youth!—we should like to know his further history. Is he at Mont St. Michel—or at St. Pélagie—or in the *Bagne* of Toulon—or did he finish his glorious career in the Cloître St. Mery—or is he pining under the *procès monstre*?—for these are the *categories* in which the real heroes of the *Three Great Days* now find themselves.

At last, however, an iron chest is discovered in one of the rooms. A clerk of M. Charlet's, who had by this time come in, had not the key: Bonnellier—

'sent for two working smiths with their heaviest sledge hammers. About *nine* in the evening the roar of their sledges began to resound in the neighbourhood, and by its violence and vibration threw the inhabitants into wonder and terror. By *eleven* o'clock, the smiths had been able to make but one small hole in the chest—they were fatigued, discouraged. I ordered M. Charlet's servant to produce some wine to refresh them. Six bottles were brought, and this, I declare,' adds M. Bonnellier, with admirable pleasantry, 'was the only "*black mail*" levied on M. Charlet.'—p. 138.

They then recommenced their hammering, but still with little effect; at last, a M. Bourgoïn, nephew of M. Charlet, arrived quite out of breath, and began to expostulate with natural indignation on the lawless invasion of his absent relative's private house and property. This tone displeased the disciples of liberty; M. Bourgoïn was menaced with personal violence if he did not retire, and at last was by force turned out of the house—and even out of the street. Another hour of battering on the chest had elapsed, when the same young gentleman returned, bringing a formal order, from the Prefect of Police, in the name of the Provisional Government, *distinctly revoking Bonnellier's authority*, and directing that the seals of the State should be put on the chest, which was to remain under sequestration till further orders, but that all the rest of M. Charlet's property should be left free. Even this was in vain: Bonnellier set the Prefect and his order at defiance; the Polytechnics were 'exasperated' at the importunity of M. Bourgoïn; and his person—that of an unarmed young man, endeavouring, under a legal authority, to protect the property of an absent relative—was 'endangered' by the generous indignation of these brave students. At last, by *one* o'clock in the morning, one pannel of the chest was broken, and the mighty treasure was discovered; the patriots found 'the value of 400*l.* in gold coin—a number [*not stated*] of five franc silver pieces, and about 1200*l.* in bank notes; six jewel cases, containing female ornaments; some silver-gilt forks and spoons in similar cases; and, finally, a case containing a gilt

crucifix

*crucifix and the plate necessary for administering the holy sacrament.* There was also found an account-book, on one page of which, signed by the duchess, appeared an entry of the date of an inscription on the great book [the public funds] of 80,000*l.* capital. M. Bonnellier, with a delicacy for which he seems to claim great merit, affected (*fit semblant*) to believe the jewels and spoons to be M. Charlet's private property—but he carried off the crucifix, the sacramental plate, the cash and the bank-notes—though these were certainly as likely to have been *Monsieur* Charlet's property as the *female ornaments*. We must confess there seems something very suspicious in the whole of this part of the affair. He also carried off the account-book, which, in his supreme ignorance, he considered a great prize,—though, in fact, it was only a note that *Madame* had so much *stock*,—and was not worth a rush, except as a memorandum between her and her secretary.

But while he was thus triumphantly bullying, rummaging, and seizing, a serious reverse was preparing for him. The regular patrols which traversed the town observed Bonnellier's detachments at each end of the *Rue de la Chaise*, and demanded the countersign—the pass-word; they had it, not; nor—such were the *prévoyance* and habits of business of the Provisional Government and its agents—any token whatsoever that these people were acting by authority. Strong suspicions ensued that they were robbers or disguised Carlists; the regular troops accumulated; they forced the detachments at the street ends; a scuffle and skirmish ensued, which bore for a time a very serious aspect; at length the Polytechnics, who had by this time *remounted*, were all unhorsed—and they, and the National Guards, M. Bonnellier, and all his assistants, were knocked down, beaten, and finally arrested, and carried off prisoners to the Hôtel de Ville, *on foot*, through the same streets along which they had so lately *ridden* in such triumphant state. The only person of the whole party who escaped was a *common street porter*, whom Bonnellier—having only sixty men and the whole police of the quarter at his disposal—had most judiciously hired to carry away the money and effects, which had accordingly been *fastened on the poor man's pack* just as the tumult began, and with which, strange to say, he walked quietly away, while his employers were taken into custody. Was there ever a more comic retribution of a more odious atrocity? However, when Mr. Secretary Bonnellier and his suite were brought to the Hôtel de Ville, they were recognized, and, of course, set at liberty; and next day the poor street porter, whose name or residence no one knew or knows, came voluntarily and delivered up his valuable cargo, and M. Bonnellier generously rewarded him with 17*s.* 6*d.* of the public money—and never asked

his name,—‘for which parsimony and neglect he is now very sorry,’—as he is no doubt for many other *occasions manquées* of his short reign. M. Bonnellier does not tell us whether M. Charlet’s cash, or *Madame’s* crucifix and account book have been returned to them. As M. Bonnellier owns that *he* seized them, it would have been as well if he had been so obliging as to tell us what became of them. We wish also that M. Charlet would tell us how much *he* lost, and how much has been restored.

This last adventure must of itself have *settled* M. Bonnellier—but as there was no longer any danger, even from *feux de joie*, he began to have a great many colleagues and rivals.

‘M. Plougoulm and M. Aylies, barristers [*now* both law-officers of the crown], under the patronage of their friend the *Honourable* M. *Mauguin*—[the French make strange trash of their imitation of our parliamentary phrase of “*Honourable Gentleman*”]—appeared to assume the functions of secretaries of the government. A M. Lecomte (since dead) installed himself at this time by the same title.’—p. 136.

Here, then, were six Secretaries of State to a Council of five members; and, wonderful to relate, they *increased* in number just in the proportion that the dangers and business *decreased*. When the commission might have had something to do, they had only Bonnellier; as they became powerless and insignificant, they had, in addition, Odillon Barrot, Baude, Plougoulm, Aylies, and Lecomte. We suspect that Odillon and Baude had already begun to fly higher, and that Mauguin had his Plougoulm and Aylies ready to fill their places. Plougoulm and Aylies, however, have by this time outstripped their patron; and the whole affair is a specimen of impudent pretension and shameless jobbing, which nothing—no, nothing—in the most profligate days of the *ancien régime* can equal; and so it is all throughout. The July revolt, which was, in its principle, the most profligate of all the profligacies of the whole revolution, has stained, personally and indelibly, with fraud, perjury, or corruption, every man, from the highest to the lowest, who has had any hand in it. The public men of revolutionary France are, we hesitate not to say, a dishonoured class;—dishonoured by the successive abandonment of every public principle—dishonoured by the shameless exhibition of every personal meanness—there is no man in France in whom any other man has the slightest confidence—except the *King*. In him—believing him to be the cleverest, and (though very unjustly) the most thorough rogue of all—they have some reliance; but the real ground of even that confidence is, that they do not see whom it is worth his while to cheat. Such, we believe, is the sum total of French public morality; the political heart of the nation is corrupted to its core; and with no over-favourable leaning towards

towards Louis Philippe, we are inclined to call him, as he audaciously called his infamous FATHER, *le plus honnête homme de la France*.

We beg, however, to say that there is a class of men of whom we do not wish to speak in the same breath with those men—MM. de Chateaubriand, De Brezé, Fitzjames, De Conny, Berruyer, Kergolay—and many less eminent—but honest and unhappy men—both royalists and republicans—who are expiating the sincerity of their opinions in the *Bastilles* of liberty, and under the iron rod of a *Citizen-King*.

As to Bonnellier himself, who has given us his clue into this labyrinth of corruption, profligacy, and incapacity, we have heard that, immediately after the revolution, he was hoisted up into the *sous-prefecture* of Compiègne; that he was, however, very justly, perhaps, but somewhat ungratefully removed from that office; and that he was afterwards appointed to some *pequin* employment in the Algerine expedition. We do not choose to repeat what we have heard of the alleged causes of his successive dismissals, but we learn that the ex-secretary of the provisional government is now again restored to his native *nothing* on the *pavé* of Paris—*Pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris!*—is the sum of revolutionary life!

ART. VI.—1. *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles, contenant une Introduction à l'étude de ces Animaux, l'Anatomie comparée des Systèmes organiques qui peuvent contribuer à faciliter la Détermination des Espèces Fossiles; une nouvelle Classification des Poissons, exprimant leurs rapports avec la série des Formations; l'Exposition des Lois de leur Succession, et de leur Développement durant toutes les Métamorphoses du-Globe Terrestre, accompagnée de Considérations géologiques générales; enfin la Description de cinq cents Espèces qui n'existent plus, et dont on a rétabli les Caractères d'après les Débris qui sont contenus dans les Couches de la Terre.* Par Louis Agassiz, Docteur en Philosophie, Médecine, et Chirurgie; Membre de la Société Helvétique des Sciences Naturelles, de la Société Géologique de France, de celles des Sciences Naturelles de Francfort, de Strasbourg, &c., Professeur d'Histoire Naturelle à Neuchâtel.—Neuchâtel (Suisse). Aux frais de l'Auteur. 1835.

2. *Rapport sur les Poissons Fossiles découverts en Angleterre.* (Extrait de la 4<sup>me</sup> livraison des Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles.) Par Louis Agassiz.—Neuchâtel. 1835.

WITHIN the last few years the progress of fossil zoology, that talisman by whose aid the secret history of our earth is laid open, has been most rapid. Among the works which have

lately contributed to throw so much light on this useful branch of science, that of Professor Agassiz stands pre-eminent. The beauty and nice accuracy of the magnificent illustrations are worthy of the text; which exhibits a happy union of sound philosophical views and practical information, the product of hard work executed by a mind of no ordinary patience and intelligence.

To those who cannot look without interest on a gallant spirit winning its way, in obedience to an irresistible impulse, amid toil and difficulty, as, modestly but resolutely, it climbs

‘The steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar,’

it may not be wholly unpleasing if we attempt to give a sketch of some few passages in the life of the gifted author. His annals are indeed simple; but a glance at them may be worth something as a lesson of perseverance, and as demonstrating with how little how much may be done.

Louis Agassiz was born in 1807. His father, a Protestant minister of the gospel, living on the banks of the lake Morât, was the schoolmaster of his district—and his son, who learned with facility, was permitted, as soon as he had finished his task, to enjoy his merry holyday in his own way; but his hours of play were not passed in the mysteries of trap-ball and taw.

From his earliest youth the angling rod was always in his hand, and the observation of the habits of fishes his delight. We think we can see the little Agassiz, leaving the noisy herd behind him, and sallying forth from the worthy pastor’s door with his tiny tackle ‘to tempt the trout.’ His whole soul seems to have been absorbed in his favourite pursuit; and the only parental chastisement he ever received was for embarking in a cockle-shell of a boat at a very tender age on a perilous pike-fishing expedition. This correction made an impression not yet effaced; the Professor confesses that even now, when he is employed in decyphering a fossil pike, he ‘tingles at the view.’

In the course of his watchings in well selected haunts, a mind such as his could not fail to be arrested by the phenomena of insect life which teemed around him; and he soon began to collect these gay creatures (especially Lepidoptera),\* not for the purpose of making a collection, but in order to observe their metamorphoses: when he was satisfied, the new-born *Imago*† was dismissed to the enjoyment of its sunny hour. But the finny inhabitants of his little lake and its tributary streams formed the great attraction: and, young as he was, he then made observations which gave him a knowledge of the fishes of his country not to be learned from books, and an insight into their organization and

\* Butterflies, moths, &c.

† The perfect or winged insect that emerges from the pupa or chrysalis.

habits yet unknown to ichthyologists. Thus he became an outdoor naturalist, and his passion for the study grew with his growth.

But these bright days were soon clouded. At the age of ten he was removed from the paternal roof and his beloved lake to a German school, that he might, among other things, learn that language, with a view to his employing it in commerce. Little did he think that the prizes which he brought home so frequently were only hastening his intended separation from the pursuits so dear to him. A fair prospect at last presented itself—his fate was pronounced—and poor Agassiz had all the horrors of a counting-house before his eyes. Visions of hard stools, high desks, and ponderous ledgers, with reams of letters, of which he was destined to be the unhappy copyist, haunted him nightly; and when he started from the dream, he

‘Awoke and found it true.’

He now earnestly begged to be allowed to choose a literary career, and his master, who fortunately possessed a prophetic eye, saw that there was something in the lad superior to the wood of which merchants’ clerks may be made, and seconded his prayer. A respite was granted, and he was permitted to study for one or two years at the Academy of Lausanne. Here he first received lessons in natural history, and, as the enchanting science opened upon a mind already disposed for its adoption, he intreated to be allowed to assume the medical profession, as the only one which might favour his studies. His maternal grandfather and uncle both were medical men, and he induced the worthy pair to urge every argument to shake the determination of his mother, who was more particularly anxious to see him in the ‘mercantile line.’ A period of indecision followed, which he passed at home entirely under the guidance of his own discretion. His time was employed in the woods, in the fields—wherever, in short, the worship of his ‘dear goddess’ led him. A collection of plants, land shells, and insects was soon formed, and a kindred spirit, which he discovered in a neighbouring young curé who possessed Decandolle’s ‘*French Flora*,’ was his sole resource in his botanical difficulties. The caricatures of God’s creatures in a vile counterfeit of Buffon, which he had discovered in a nook of his father’s little library, so disgusted him, that he took lessons to enable him to draw animals from the life, and soon became a proficient.

At length Agassiz obtained permission to enter upon the study of surgery; and, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to the Medical School of Zurich. Both human and comparative anatomy were pursued with ardour, and the lessons of Professor Schinz gave him a taste for ornithology, which induced him to compile a history of the birds of Switzerland.

Ichthyology



Ichthyology had hitherto remained a mere *souvenir* of his infancy; but when he proceeded to the university of Heidelberg in 1826, the Rhine and Neckar brought back the scenes of his youth in all their freshness. He now perceived that the ichthyological department of natural history was comparatively new ground, and laid the foundation for a work on fresh-water fishes which we hope soon to see published.

Gradually his collections increased, and his portfolio was enriched with beautiful and accurate drawings; to obtain which his humble income, made up of the contributions of his far from wealthy relatives, was *divided* with M. Dinkel, the excellent artist of whose labours we shall presently have to speak. Every privation was cheerfully undergone for the attainment of this great object. At one time he was on the very brink of despair. A suspicion, it seems—sufficiently well founded we must own—had arisen in the minds of his relatives, that natural history obtained more than a fair share of his regards; and suddenly he found himself without resources, and with a considerable amount,—considerable for his limited means,—due to his draftsman. In short, the supplies were stopped; and we have heard him describe, in a way which we can but faintly shadow forth to the imagination of the reader, the agonies of mind that he endured. But the spirit of zoology was strong in him; and he went in his utmost need to an entire stranger,—to one of that much abused class who have so often stood between genius and destruction. He told the tale of his destitution. The worthy publisher instantly advanced the required sum, and enabled our ichthyologist to pay for his drawings and continue his pursuits.

By degrees his labours attracted attention. The death of Spix had left upon the hands of his fellow-traveller his collection of Brazilian fishes and drawings, unaccompanied by any notes;—and M. Von Martius proposed to Agassiz, who had now reached the age of twenty-one, to charge himself with their publication. Joyfully did he avail himself of an opportunity which opened to his examination all the treasures of the noble collection at Munich, and in the years 1829 and 1830 the first and second parts of 'The Fishes of Brazil' made their appearance. Medicine was now abandoned, and time was gliding away unnoted amid occupations so congenial to him, when he was aroused from his reverie by a hint from his father that he should begin to think of exercising his profession in his own country. Natural history was, for a time, laid aside, and Agassiz went to Vienna, with the determined purpose of giving all his attention to clinical lectures;—but this firm resolve soon gave way. After a few weeks he was more frequently to be found in the Museum of Natural History, than at the bedside of the patient. On

On his return to Switzerland he passed six months in arranging his collections, and in preparing himself for the practice of medicine; but before beginning his drudgery he was permitted to visit the capital of France. Thither he accordingly went, taking with him some hundreds of drawings of fossil fishes which he had seen in the German museums. This was the crisis of our author's fate. Cuvier, with the good feeling and penetration of character which distinguished that great philosopher, received him cordially; and, when he had examined the drawings and conversed with the young man, he gave him every encouragement, opened his laboratory to him, nay,—instantly abandoning one of his own greatest projects—placed all his *matériel* in the fossil fish department at the disposal of the obscure aspirant whom he had thus at once appreciated. The History of Science does not record a nobler trait than this fact in the life of Cuvier.

Dr. Agassiz now determined, if he could obtain the consent of his parents, to give up physic, and stand for a vacant professorship of natural history. This consent was at last given; he obtained the chair—and his great work, the '*Poissons Fossiles*,' was commenced.

Before the appearance of this splendid publication, and of the system which it develops, the history of fossil fishes was involved in confusion. The most celebrated localities in Europe for obtaining these remains are the coal formations of Saarbrück in Lorraine, the bituminous slate of Mansfeld in Thuringia, the calcareous lithographic slate of Solenhofen, the compact blue slate of Glaris, the limestone of the well-known Monte Bolca near Verona, the marlstone of Oeningen in Switzerland, and that of Aix in Provence. Specimens from these deposits were to be found scattered in various cabinets, but all attempts to arrange them under existing genera and families had failed. Nearly eight thousand species of living fishes had come under the observation of Cuvier, when death deprived the world of that illustrious zoologist; but he was sensible of the imperfection of his system as applicable to fossil genera, and, indeed, with respect to that department, no results of any consequence, either physiological or geological, had been or could be derived from it. Now fossil ichthyology is of peculiar importance to the geologist, for it opens up to him the study of a class of vertebrated animals that he may pursue through the whole series of strata of which the crust of our earth is formed. The state of the science, therefore, obliged Professor Agassiz to examine the recent species with a view of comparing them with the fossils; and he ere long arrived at and matured a classification differing considerably from the various arrangements previously adopted

adopted—a classification, in our opinion, of the highest physiological and geological value.

It is one of the essential characters of the integument of fishes to be protected by scales of a peculiar form and structure. This external protection is in direct relation with the internal organization of the animal; and Dr. Agassiz found, upon a close examination of the scales, that fishes might be separated into more natural orders than those already acknowledged. Proceeding upon this foundation, he has established four orders bearing some relation to those of Artedi and Cuvier. One of these orders, hitherto entirely misunderstood, is almost exclusively composed of genera whose species occur in the most ancient strata only; and here we may observe upon the great advantage of this mode of classification as applied to fossils; for the enamelled scales—and this condition of the scale is more particularly observable in those fishes which existed at the earlier geological epochs—are much less liable to decomposition than the osseous parts; and we are not without instances where the figure or case of the fish has been entirely preserved, while no trace of the bones is to be found.

But to return to the system of Dr. Agassiz. His four orders are—

First, the *Placöidians* (πλαξ, a broad plate). These are characterized by a skin covered irregularly with enamelled plates, often of large size, but sometimes only developed in the form of small points, like the shagreen on the skin of many sharks, and the thorny tubercles on the integument of rays. This order comprehends all the cartilaginous fishes of Cuvier, with the exception of the sturgeons.

The second order consists of the *Ganöidians* (γανός, splendour, from the brilliant surface of their enamel). These are characterized by angular scales, formed of horny or bony plates, protected by a thick layer of enamel. The *Ganöidians* form upwards of sixty genera, of which fifty are extinct.

The third order includes the *Ctenöidians* (κτεῖς, a comb). The scales of these are pectinated on their posterior margin, like the teeth of a comb. They are composed of laminæ of horn or bone, but have no enamel. The scale of a perch affords a familiar example of this construction; and the fishes of this order are the *Acanthopterygians* of Artedi and Cuvier, with the exception of those which have smooth scales, and with the addition of the *Pleuronectes* or flat-fishes, as they are vernacularly called.

The *Cyclöidians* (κυκλος, a circle) form the fourth order. The general character of the scales of the families of this order is smoothness and a simple margin; though they are frequently ornamented or sculptured, as it were, with various figures or patterns

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on their upper surface. Laminæ of horn or bone without any enamel are the ingredients in their composition. The *Cyclöidians* of Agassiz are principally Malacopterygians, or soft-finned fishes, comprehending, however, in addition, all those families excluded from the Acanthopterygians of Cuvier, while the *Pleuronectes*, which are removed to the *Ctenöidians*, must be deducted.

The test of the scale is so sure that a single one will often determine the genus, and even the species, with as much certainty as the shell of a mollusc would determine the genus or species of its inhabitant; and one important geological result has already attended the researches of our ichthyologist, for the age and place of several formations hitherto unexplained, as well as the identity of others, have been clearly ascertained by a knowledge of the fossil fishes which they contain, in consequence of his acute and accurate labours. Here, then, we have a great addition to the dynamics of geology.

‘It must be obvious,’ says Dr. Buckland, ‘that another and most important branch of natural history is enlisted in aid of geology, as soon as the study of the character of fossil fishes has been established on any footing which admits of such general application as the system now proposed. We introduce an additional element into geological calculations; we bring an engine of great power, hitherto unapplied, to bear on the field of our inquiry, and seem almost to add a new sense to our powers of geological perception.’

Some of the results already obtained, and thus eulogized, may be gathered from the following abstract of a paper by Professor Agassiz, read before the Geological Society of London on the 5th November, 1834.

‘If we estimate the number of fishes now known to amount to about eight thousand species, we may state that more than three-fourths of this number belong to two only of the above-mentioned orders; namely, the *Cyclöidians* and *Ctenoidians*, whose presence has not yet been discovered in the formations inferior to the chalk. The other fourth part of living species is referable to the orders *Placoidians* and *Ganoidians*, which are now far from numerous, but which existed during the whole period which elapsed since the earth began to be inhabited, to the time when the animals of the green sand lived.

‘It is to be observed that, in fishes, more considerable differences may be remarked within narrow geological limits than among inferior animals. We do not see in the class of Fishes the same genera, nor even the same families, pervading the whole series of formations, as takes place among zoophytes and testacea. On the contrary, from one formation to another, this class is represented by very different genera, referable to families which soon become extinct, as if the complicated structure of a superior organization could not be long perpetuated without important modifications; or rather,

as if animal life tended to a more rapid diversification in the superior orders of the animal kingdom, during equal periods of time, than in its lower grades. With respect to this, it is with fishes nearly as with mammals and reptiles, whose species, for the most part but little extended, belong at a short distance in the vertical series to different genera, without passing insensibly from one formation to another, as is generally admitted to be the case with certain shells. One of the most interesting facts which Mr. Agassiz has observed is, that he does not know a single species of fossil fish which is found successively in two formations, whilst he is acquainted with a great number which have a very considerable horizontal extent.

‘The fish of the tertiary formations approach nearest to recent fish, yet hitherto the author has not found a single species which he considers perfectly identical with those of our seas, except the little fish which is found in Greenland in geodes of clay, and whose geological age is unknown to him.

‘The species of the crag of Norfolk, the superior subapennine formation, and the molasse, are related for the most part to genera now common in tropical seas; such are the *Platax*, the large *Carcharias*, the *Myliobates*, with large palatal plates, and others. In the inferior tertiary formations, the London clay, the *calcaire grossier* of Paris, and at Monte Bolca, a third at least of the species belong to genera which exist no longer. The chalk has more than two-thirds of its species referable to genera which have now entirely disappeared. In it we already see even some of those singular forms which prevail in the Jurassic series. But, as a whole, the fishes of the chalk recall more forcibly the general character of the tertiary fishes than that of the species of the Jurassic series.

‘If we paid attention only to fossil fish in the grouping of geological formations on a large scale, the author thinks it would be more natural to associate the cretaceous with the tertiary strata, than to place the former among the secondary groups. Below the chalk there is not a single genus which contains recent species, and even those of the chalk which have them, contain a much greater proportion of species which are only known as fossil. The oolitic series, to the lias inclusive, forms a very natural and well-defined group, in which also must be included the Wealden, in which Mr. Agassiz states he has not found a single species referable even to the genera of the chalk. Henceforth, the two orders which prevail in the present creation are found no more; whilst those which are in a small minority in our days, appear suddenly in great numbers. Of the Ganoidians, those genera which have a symmetrical caudal fin are found here, and, among the Placoidians, those above all predominate which have their teeth furrowed on both the external and internal surface, and have large thorny rays. For it is now certain that those great rays which have been called *Ichthyodorulites*, belong neither to *Silures* nor *Balistæ*, but are the rays of the dorsal fin of the great *Squaloids* (true sharks), whose teeth are found in the same strata.

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‘ On leaving the lias to come to the inferior formations, we observe a great difference in the form of the posterior extremity of the body in the Ganoidians. All have their vertebral column prolonged at its extremity into a single lobe, which reaches to the end of the caudal fin, and this peculiarity extends even to the most ancient fishes. Another observation worthy of attention is, that we do not find fishes decidedly carnivorous before the carboniferous series: that is to say, fish provided with large conical and pointed teeth. The other fish of the secondary series below the chalk appear to have been omnivorous, their teeth being either rounded, or in obtuse cones, or like a brush.

‘ The discovery of coprolites containing very perfect scales of fish which had been eaten, permits us to recognise the organized beings which formed the food of many ancient fish; even the intestines, and, in some fossil fish of the chalk, the whole stomach are preserved, with its different membranes. In a great number of fish from Sheppey, the chalk, and the oolite series, the capsule of the bulb of the eye is still uninjured; and in many species from Monte Bolca, Solenhofen, and the lias, we see distinctly all the little blades which form the branchiæ.

‘ It is in the series of deposits below the lias that we begin to find the largest of those enormous sauroid fish whose osteology recalls, in many respects, the skeletons of saurians, both by the closer sutures of the bones of the skull, their large conical teeth, striated longitudinally, and the manner in which the spinous processes are articulated with the body of the vertebræ and the ribs at the extremity of the spinous processes.

‘ The small number of fish yet known in the transition formations does not as yet permit the author to assign to them a peculiar character; nor has he discovered in the fossil fish of strata below the green sand any differences corresponding with those now observed between marine and freshwater fish, so that it is impossible, on ichthyological data, to decide on the freshwater or marine origin of the ancient groups.’

The general inference then appears to be that fossil fishes approach nearest to existing genera and species in the more recent tertiary deposits; and that, in formations of the greatest antiquity the difference is greatest, while, in the intermediate strata, intermediate changes of ichthyological condition are obvious. Moreover it is evident that all the great alterations in the character of fossil fishes have occurred simultaneously with the most important changes in the other departments of fossil zoology, as well as in that of fossil botany; and that these revolutions were accompanied also by an alteration in the mineral condition of the deposits. Thus, the genera that prevail in the carboniferous strata disappear after the deposition of the zechstein or magnesian limestone. After the zechstein was formed, those of the oolitic series were introduced—and suddenly ceased to exist upon the commencement of the  
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the chalk formation, in which we first see an approximation to existing genera. The lower tertiary strata of London, Paris, and Monte Bolca present forms still more similar to fishes now living; while the fossils of Oeningen and Aix approach yet nearer to existing genera, though every one of the species seems to be extinct.

This summary is not interesting merely to the geologist,—the zoologist and physiologist will find in it ample materials for thinking, in relation to the creative influence and the development of animal life.

Some of our readers may be induced to smile at the gravity with which the *coprolites* (those faecal balls first discovered by Dr. Buckland, and which have thrown so much light on the organization of fossil animals) are introduced in the abstract above quoted. In the Bulletin of the Imperial Society of Moscow for 1833 will be found the following additional testimony, if any were required, to their value :—

‘Le temps, qui répand de la dignité sur tout ce qui échappe à son pouvoir destructeur, fait voir ici un exemple singulier de son influence; ces substances si viles dans leur origine, étant rendues à la lumière après tant de siècles, deviennent d’une grande importance, puis qu’elles servent à remplir un nouveau chapitre dans l’histoire naturelle du globe.’

Professor Agassiz had come to the conclusions which we have above endeavoured shortly to explain, from the study of more than six hundred fossils on the Continent. His visit to England has already furnished him with two hundred and fifty new species, which entirely corroborate his views. In his ‘Rapport sur les Poissons Fossiles découverts en Angleterre,’ our ichthyologist speaks with the most grateful acknowledgment of the facilities every where afforded him. The doors of all the museums, both public and private, flew open at his approach. Edinburgh, with its new and interesting fossils from the limestone of Burdie-house, discovered by the zealous and discerning Dr. Hibbert—our own British Museum, whose stores were laid open to him in the most unreserved manner\*—the Geological Museum at Oxford, which, under the fostering care of Dr. Buckland, has become so rich—Bristol—York,—in short every public collection placed its specimens at his disposal. Of the private museums, those of the fossil zoologist Mantell, and of Lord Cole and Sir Philip Egerton, the one at Florence Court, the other at Oulton Park, appear to have

\* We take this opportunity of observing that our own pursuits often lead us to our great national collection, and that we have always been met by the most willing endeavours to assist in our inquiries, and by the most obliging attentions on the part of its officers.

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contributed the most largely to his additions. The cabinets of the two friends and brother-collectors last named, Professor Agassiz describes as being so rich in the number of species, that there are no continental collections except those of Count Munster and of the Paris Museum to compete with theirs. But our limits will not permit us to continue a catalogue containing the names of almost every British collector,—for not a contributor's name is omitted in the 'Rapport' of the Professor,—who, however, we suspect will hardly pardon us if we omit 'la jolie collection de Madame Murchison,' which, among other treasures, boasts of 'une tête de sauroïde de lias encore indéterminée.' All seem to have been animated with the same spirit; and it is far from unpleasant to witness the gratitude which Professor Agassiz manifests for the attentions shown to him, after the too many opposite returns which foreigners have made to John Bull in requital of his open-hearted liberality.

But what was to be done with the enormous influx of new materials poured in upon our author from the British collections? The question was answered by the Geological Society of London, that band of hard-working brothers, always ready to assist a worthy fellow-labourer. And here we must let Dr. Agassiz speak for himself:—

'La Société Géologique de Londres est une de ces institutions qui, organisée sur les bases les plus libérales, favorise de son influence tout ce qui peut contribuer, même indirectement, aux progrès de la science. Je dois en particulier aux vues larges et généreuses du Président et des membres du conseil de cette Société, d'avoir pu faire à Londres un travail qui, sans l'appui et l'autorisation d'une association aussi considérée, serait devenu impossible, et qui même n'a point d'antécédent dans l'histoire des sciences naturelles. Trouvant épars dans tous les musées des trois royaumes une quantité prodigieuse de documents nouveaux et importants pour mon ouvrage, j'étais embarrassé sur la manière d'en tirer le meilleur parti; il me paraissait surtout presque impossible de faire dessiner, dans les petites villes ou dans les parcs isolés, les pièces les plus importantes que j'y trouvais, assez bien pour pouvoir les reproduire dans les planches de mes Recherches. Mais telle est la libéralité des savans Anglais, que tous ceux dont j'ai examiné les collections, même les directeurs de tous les musées publics que j'ai visités (j'ai examiné en tout 63 collections), ont consenti à me laisser emporter tous les exemplaires qui me paraissaient pouvoir jeter quelque nouveau jour sur les poissons fossiles. A la demande de M. le Professeur Buckland, M. Greenough, maintenant Président de la Société Géologique, et MM. Sedgwick, Murchison, et Lyell, m'ont en outre procuré l'assentiment de la Société pour déposer tous ces trésors dans un appartement de Somerset House. Là, M. Lonsdale, conservateur des collections de la Société, m'a aidé à ranger les 2000 exemplaires de poissons fossiles que je rapportais, et que j'avais

j'avais choisis, sur environ 5000 pièces, en parcourant l'Angleterre et une partie de l'Ecosse et de l'Irlande. Une pareille faveur est inestimable, surtout quand on pense à la difficulté qu'il y a de transporter des objets aussi fragiles, et dont la perte serait irréparable.'

The great work is now proceeding rapidly; five livraisons have been published with the approbation of all scientific Europe; and indeed the illustrations, principally produced by the skilful artist above named, leave nothing to be desired. The figures absolutely appear to stand out from the paper; and to the pictorial effect is joined a fidelity so accurate that the most minute scale or tooth is represented. But it may be naturally inquired—Here is a married man, only twenty-eight years of age, with an income amounting in all to about 150*l.* a year of our money,—how was this costly and magnificent work launched, and how is it carried on? Dr. Agassiz, we reply, prior to his appointment as professor at Neuchâtel, sold to that town the whole of his collections for 300*l.* The King of Prussia gave, by the advice of Humboldt, to whom the book is dedicated, 200*l.* Nor should we be surprised if this same government, careful as it has shown itself of the education of its youth and the spread of science among its people, should again come forward to enable Professor Agassiz to continue a work which, in consequence of an increased development, requires so many more plates than the subscription can possibly pay:—it gives largely in aid of Professor Goldfuss's excellent publications at Bonn.

We are not of those who are in raptures with 'the British Association for the advancement of Science.' It delights in greater display than becomes the modesty of philosophers; nor do we think that their mutual bepraisings—their amœbæan eulogies—are at all likely to add to their dignity. Wherever they go—'Earth no such folks, no folks have such a town;' and we cannot view with feelings of complacency our scientific Sampsons led forth to make sport on its festivals, even though the exhibition should be hallowed by a few sprinklings from the fountain of honour distributed through the *spout* of 'Ireland's Viceroy.'

While, however, we do not conceal our opinion of its faults, we must not be blind to its merits; and we were sorry to see that certain hectic symptoms made their appearance in the last autumn, indicative of anything but soundness of constitution—more especially as the Association has twice voted one hundred guineas for the encouragement of works on fossil fishes executed in England. A committee composed of Dr. Buckland, Professor Sedgwick, and Mr. Murchison decided—in our opinion most wisely—that the greater portion of the sum should be applied to drawings of the new species which Professor Agassiz is about to describe; and

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we sincerely hope that the scientific public of England will, by many additional *subscriptions*, aid the great object on which such authority has set the seal of approbation.

He who enters upon a work of this kind must, like the prince in the Arabian tale, go forward at all hazards, unmindful of the warning voices that call upon him to relinquish his object—if he turns back he is lost. Nor are we ashamed to own that we feel a little of the mother within us, when we picture to ourselves the overshadowing of those bitter moments that make the heart fail, even where the *stalk of earle hemp* is strong in the man. Then it is that the ‘unconquerable bar’—the frail tenure on which we hold our mortal being—the gush of feeling for the *uxor optima* and the *dulces nati*—arise like evil spirits to add horror to the dark hour of genius.

ART. VII.—*The Original*. By Thomas Walker, M.A., Cambridge; Barrister-at-Law, and one of the Police Magistrates of the Metropolis. Vol. I. (*Originally published in Weekly Numbers*.) 8vo. London. 1835.

WHEN the well-known line—

‘Who rules o’er freemen should himself be free,’

was repeated in Dr. Johnson’s hearing, he endeavoured to throw ridicule on the sentiment by a parody—

‘Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;’

but, with all due deference to the Ursa Major of criticism, we cannot help thinking that a man’s exposition or representation of a character may derive both truth and vividness from its resemblance to his own. Does any one, for example, believe that Mr. De Quincey would have expatiated so eloquently on the glories of opium-eating, had he not been himself a veritable Turk in such matters? or that Charles Lamb could ever have indited his ‘Confessions of a Drunkard’ had he lived all his life as soberly as Madame Pasta\* or Sir Andrew Agnew?

From the first announcement of this publication, therefore, our decided opinion was, that it would fail unless *The Original* should prove himself the great sublime he drew; and we were not a little rejoiced to find, as well from the inestimable scraps of autobiography scattered amongst the essays as from other less palpable

\* The last time Madame Pasta was in England a literary lady of high distinction asked her whether she drank as much porter as usual:—‘No, mia cara, prendo *half-and-half* adesso’. . . *Half-and-half* is a light summer beverage composed of porter and ale in equal proportions.

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indications, that Mr. Walker is actually and honestly a member of the now almost defunct corporation of humourists, who made the fortune of the dramatists of old—fellows of infinite sense, mirth, surliness, kindness, cordiality and egotism, with just oddity enough to make them amusing without concealing the sterling goodness of their characters. To enable our readers to judge whether we are right in classifying the present writer amongst these, we shall begin by bringing together a few of the reminiscences he has printed of himself. The following are prefixed, by way of introduction, to a series of papers ‘On the Art of attaining high Health,’ which commence with the third Number of the work:—

‘Some months before I was born, my mother lost a favourite child from illness, owing, as she accused herself, to her own temporary absence; and that circumstance preyed upon her spirits, and affected her health to such a degree, that I was brought into the world in a very weakly and wretched state. It was supposed I could not survive long; and nothing, I believe, but the greatest maternal tenderness and care preserved my life. During childhood I was very frequently and seriously ill, often thought to be dying, and once pronounced to be dead. I was ten years old before it was judged safe to trust me from home at all; and my father’s wish to place me at a public school was uniformly opposed by various medical advisers on the ground that it would be my certain destruction. During these years, and for a long time after, I felt no security of my health. At last, one day when I had shut myself up in the country, and was reading with great attention Cicero’s treatise “De Oratore,” some passage—I quite forget what—suggested to me the expediency of making the improvement of my health my study. *I rose from my book, stood bolt upright, and determined to be well.* In pursuance of my resolution I tried many extremes, was guilty of many absurdities, and committed many errors, amidst the remonstrances and ridicule of those around me. I persevered, nevertheless, and it is now, I believe, full sixteen years since I have had any medical advice, or taken any medicine, or anything whatever by way of medicine. During that period I have lived constantly in the world—for the last six years in London, without ever being absent during any one whole week—and I have never foregone a single engagement of business or pleasure, or been confined an hour, with the exception of two days in the country from over exertion. For nine years I have worn neither great-coat nor cloak, though I ride and walk at all hours and in all weathers. My dress has been the same in summer and winter, *my under garments being single and only of cotton, and I am always light shod.* The only inconvenience I suffer is occasionally from colds; *but with a little more care I could entirely prevent them; or, if I took the trouble, I could remove the most severe in four-and-twenty hours.*’

As it may be instructive and amusing to point out such chance analogies between the thoughts and habits of Mr. Walker and other

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other distinguished individuals as they occur to us, we shall here observe, that the time and manner of his determination to be well strongly resemble Major Longbow's no less strenuous determination on board the steamer, that no human consideration should induce him to be sick; and that, from his power of preventing or rapidly removing colds, we should suppose Mr. Walker related to the Marquis of Snowdon, immortalised by Mr. Hook in 'Love and Pride,' who scouts, as a reflection on his nobility, the bare supposition that a Plinlimmon could catch cold. But we need not resort to fiction for instances of the exemption obtained by great men, apparently by mere dint of volition, from the ordinary wants and weaknesses of humanity. The Duke of Wellington is said to have been enabled to sustain the extraordinary fatigues of the late war in the Peninsula by the acquired habit of snatching sleep at any period of the day or night indifferently, though another General, whose name has been a good deal before the public, required not merely his regular hours of rest, but the ministering aid of a warming-pan. Physiologists, again, attribute the imperturbable calmness of Prince Talleyrand—of whom Madame Guizot used to say that a kick on the hinder part of his person produced no change whatever in the expression of his face—to his faculty of compelling the due discharge of the most important of the bodily functions at will. We are the more particular in our enumeration of instances, to prepare the reader for the still more startling assertion of personal privilege or exemption which comes next. Our author is describing the results of an abstemious diet:—

'Indeed I felt a different being, light and vigorous, with all my senses sharpened—I enjoyed an absolute glowing existence. I cannot help mentioning two or three instances in proof of my state, though I dare say they will appear almost ridiculous, but they are nevertheless true. It seems that from the surface of an animal in perfect health there is an active exhalation going on which repels impurity; for when I walked on the dustiest roads, not only my feet, but even my stockings, remained free from dust. By way of experiment I did not wash my face for a week, nor did any one see, nor I feel, the difference.'

Yet even these things may be paralleled from the memoirs of a hero of real life, who resembles Mr. Walker both in his personal peculiarities and manner of telling them, to a degree which will amply justify us in adding his authority to the above. We allude to the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose narrative runs thus:—

'I shall relate now some things concerning myself, which, though they may seem scarce credible, yet before God are true. I had been now in France about a year and a half, when my tailor, Andrew

Henly, of Basil, who now lives in Blackfriars, demanded of me half a yard of satin to make me a suit, more than I was accustomed to give, of which I required a reason, saying I was not fatter now than when I came to France. He answered it was true, but you are taller, whereunto when I would give no credit, he brought his old measures and made appear that they did not reach to their just places. I told him I knew not how this happened, but however he should have half a yard more, and that when I came into England, I would clear the doubt; for a little before my departure thence, I remember William Earl of Pembroke and myself did measure heights together, at the request of the Countess of Bedford, and he was then higher than I by about the breadth of my little finger. At my return, therefore, into England, I measured again with the same Earl, and, to both our great wonders, found myself taller than he by the breadth of a little finger, which growth of mine I could attribute to no other cause but to my quartan ague, formerly mentioned, which, when it quitted me, left me in a more perfect health than I formerly enjoyed, and indeed disposed me to some follies which I afterwards repented and do still repent of.

'I shall tell some other things alike strange of myself. I weighed myself in balances often with men lower than myself by the head, and in their bodies slenderer, and yet was found lighter than they, as Sir John Davies, Knight, and Richard Griffiths, now living, can witness, with both whom I have been weighed. I had also, and have still, a pulse in the crown of my head. *It is well known to those that wait in my chamber that the shirts, waistcoats, and other garments I wear next my body, are sweet beyond what either easily can be believed or hath been observed in any one else, which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others before I used to take tobacco, which towards my latter time I was forced to take against certain rheums and catarrhs that trouble me, which yet did not taint my breath for any long time. I scarce ever felt cold in my life, though yet so subject to catarrhs that I think no man ever was more obnoxious to it, all which I do in a familiar way mention to my posterity, though otherwise they might be thought scarce worth the writing.*—*The Life of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury; Written by himself. Edit. of 1809, pp. 232—235.*

It was also said of M. de Fitzjames by 'la naïve Deshoulières,' that he might be rolled in a gutter all his life without contracting a spot of dirt. Still we are not surprised to find Mr. Walker endeavouring, in a subsequent Number, to corroborate his statement by a high medical authority:—

'My most staggering assertion I take to be this'—[The Original here repeats it]—'Dr. Gregory says of a person in high health, the exhalation from the skin is free and constant, but without amounting to perspiration—*exhalatio per cutem libera et constans, citra vero sudorem*—which answers with remarkable precision to "my active exhalation," and the repulsion of impurity is a necessary consequence. In fact, it is perspiration so active as to fly from the skin instead of remaining

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remaining upon it, or suffering anything else to remain; just as we see an animal in high health'—[e.g. M. de Fitzjames]—'roll in the mire and directly after appear as clean as if it had been washed. I enter into these particulars, not to justify myself, but to gain the confidence of my readers, not only on this particular subject, but generally—more especially as I shall have frequent occasion to advance things out of the common way though in the way of truth. Well-grounded faith has great virtue in other things besides religion. The want of it is an insuperable bar to improvement in things temporal as well as in things spiritual, and is the reverse of St. Paul's "rejoiceth in the truth; believeth all things; hopeth all things;" for it believes nothing and hopes nothing. It is the rule of an unfortunate sect of sceptics in excellence, who at the mention of anything sound, look wonderfully wise, and shake their heads, and smile inwardly—infallible symptoms of a hopeless condition of half knowledge and self-conceit.'

We entreat Mr. Walker to believe that we are not of this unfortunate sect; we place the most implicit faith in his dirt-repelling capabilities; but opinions may differ as to the cleanness of a face, and he therefore will do well to keep his feet in the same relative state of purity, to be prepared, at all events, with Lady Mary Wortley Montague's retort, who, on a French lady's expressing some astonishment at the not quite spotless condition of her hands, exclaimed, '*Mes mains, Madame!—ah! si vous voyiez mes pieds!*' Miss Berry, in her clever and agreeable book on the Social Life of England and France, quotes this reply in illustration of the coarseness of the times; but the inference is hardly just, for, assuming Lady Mary to have been acting on Mr. Walker's theory, to say that her feet were dirty was simply tantamount to saying that she was ill. At the same time, in case of confirmed ill health, it might be advisable to try the effect of an occasional ablution instead of trusting to 'active exhalation' exclusively. Mr. Wadd, in his Treatise on Leanness and Corpulency, records the case of an elderly female who had shunned all contact with water, both hot or cold, for more than twenty years, under a belief that it was bad for the rheumatism, to which she was a martyr; when, long after she had given up all hopes of cure, she had the good fortune to get half drowned in a pond, and the immersion, combined with the consequent stripping and rubbing, effected her perfect restoration to health. It may also be just as well to caution Mr. Walker's admirers against following his example as to clothing too rigidly, particularly in the article of cotton stockings and thin shoes; for by going 'lightly shod' in wet weather they may incur an inconvenience of a very different description from cold. The Baron de Béranger relates that having secured a pickpocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the



liberty of inquiring whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honour of being singled out for such an attempt:—‘Why, Sir,’ said the fellow, ‘your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a *flat*.’

We are tempted to quote another of Mr. Walker’s personal immunities:—

‘Once when I was residing at Rome, my horse suddenly ran up a steep bank, and threw me off behind with great force *on my head upon a hard bank*. I felt a violent shock, and a very unpleasant sensation for the moment, but experienced no bad consequences whatever. For some time previously I had been living very carefully as to diet, and had taken a great deal of exercise, otherwise I am confident I should have suffered greatly, if not fatally.’

Mr. Walker ought certainly to know best; but our equally confident conviction is, that the escape was entirely owing to the original firmness of the exterior defences of the brain.

Having now ascertained the habits and peculiarities of the Police Magistrate, we turn back to his Preliminary Address, which must be quoted to convey an accurate notion of his plan—

‘Dear Reader,—I address you without ceremony, because I do not like ceremony, and because I hope we shall soon be on intimate terms. I have long meditated this mode of introducing myself to your acquaintance, from a belief that it might be for our mutual advantage: for mine, by furnishing a constant and interesting stimulus to my faculties of observation and reflection; for yours, by setting before you an alternative *diet* of sound and comfortable doctrines, blended with innoxious amusement.

‘It is my purpose to treat as forcibly, perspicuously, and concisely as each subject and my own ability will allow, of whatever is most interesting and important in religion and politics, in morals and manners, and in our habits and customs. Besides my graver discussions, I shall present you with original anecdotes, narratives, and miscellaneous matters, and with occasional extracts from other authors, just as I think I can most contribute to your instruction or amusement; and even my lightest articles I shall, as often as I am able, make subservient to the illustration of some sound principle, or the enforcement of some useful precept, at the same time rejecting nothing as too trifling, provided it can excite in you an *antibilious* sensation, however slight.

‘In conclusion, I must tell you that with regard to pecuniary profit as an author, I estimate that as I do popularity in ray capacity of magistrate. A desire for popularity has no influence on my decisions, a desire for profit will have none on my writings. I hunt after neither one nor the other. If they follow as consequences of a patient and fearless perseverance in the establishment of right, well and good—I value them on no other terms. I aspire in my present undertaking

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to set an example towards raising the national tone in whatever concerns us socially or individually, and to this end I shall labour to develop the truth, and seasonably to present it in a form as intelligible and attractive to all ages and conditions as lies in my power.

'I have given you my name and additions, that you may be the better able to judge what credit I am entitled to in respect to the different subjects of which I may treat, and as the best security against that license which authors writing anonymously, even when known, are but too apt to allow themselves.'

Here Mr. Walker is unconsciously pluming himself with one of Lord Mansfield's feathers—'I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after: it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.'\* His disregard of literary profit may be based on another great lawyer's authority—'Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views. I speak not of your wretched scribblers for bread, who tease the world with their wretched productions; fourteen years is too long a period for their perishable trash. It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Locke, instructed and delighted the world. . . . . When the bookseller offered Milton five pounds for his *Paradise Lost*, he did not reject it, and commit his poem to the flames—nor did he accept the miserable pittance as the reward of his labours: he knew that the real price of his work was immortality, and that posterity would pay it.'† Mr. Walker may be supported by the same consciousness; but, sad as the sinking in point of sentiment may be, we own we think there was more sense in Ensign Odoherly's maxim, given in *Blackwood*, that every unpaid writer is, *ex vi termini*, an ass.

At the conclusion of Mr. Walker's first Number appears this attractive intimation—

'*Notice.*—I propose ere long to enter upon three subjects of interest and importance—the Art of Dining and Giving Dinners, the Art of Travelling, and the Art of attaining High Health—all from experience.'

These three 'Arts' form in fact the staple commodities of the collection. The art of dining and giving dinners, in particular, is expounded with such extent of knowledge, such comprehensiveness of view, such soundness of principle, and delicacy of taste, that we believe we shall best discharge our duty to our readers by making it one of the leading objects of this article. The series is continued through ten or twelve Numbers, at the rate of three or four pages in each, but Mr. Walker deals so largely in that kind of

\* Judgment in Wilkes's Case.

† Lord Camden's Speech on the great Copyright Case, Becket and Donaldson, in 1774.

amplification which rhetoricians find useful in impressing opinions on the mass, that we shall be able to give the sum of his observations and theories within little more than a fifth of the space he has devoted to them. It seems best, however, to quote the greater part of the introductory paper as it stands—

‘According to the lexicons, the Greek for *dinner* is *Ariston*, and therefore for the convenience of the terms, and without entering into any inquiry critical or antiquarian, I call the art of dining, *aristology*, and those who study it, *aristologists*. The maxim that practice makes perfect does not apply to our daily habits; for so far as they are concerned, we are ordinarily content with the standard of mediocrity or something rather below. Where study is not absolutely necessary, it is by most people altogether dispensed with, but it is only by an union of study and practice that we can attain anything like perfection. *Anybody can dine, but very few know how to dine so as to ensure the greatest quantity of health and enjoyment.* Indeed, many people contrive to destroy their health; and as to enjoyment, I shudder when I think how often I have been doomed to only a solemn mockery of it; how often I have sat in durance stately to go through the ceremony of dinner, the essence of which is to be without ceremony, and how often in this land of liberty I have felt myself a slave!

‘There are three kinds of dinners—solitary dinners, every-day social dinners, and set dinners; all three involving the consideration of cheer, and the last two of society also. Solitary dinners, I think, ought to be avoided as much as possible, *because solitude tends to produce thought, and thought tends to the suspension of the digestive powers.* When, however, dining alone is necessary, the mind should be disposed to cheerfulness by a previous interval of relaxation from whatever has seriously occupied the attention, and by directing it to some agreeable object.’

We do not know what agreeable object Mr. Walker particularly points to—but the author of ‘The Parson’s Daughter,’ when surprised one evening in his arm-chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologised, by saying—‘When one is alone the bottle *does* come round so often.’ It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, we believe, who being asked on a similar occasion, ‘Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?’ answered—‘No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira.’ To return to his Worship:—

‘As content ought to be an accompaniment to every meal, punctuality is essential, and the diner and the dinner should be ready at the same time. A chief maxim in dining with comfort is to have what you want when you want it. It is ruinous to have to wait for first one thing, and then another, and to have the little additions brought when what they belong to is half or entirely finished. To avoid this, a little foresight is good, and by way of instance, *it is sound practical philosophy to have mustard upon the table before the arrival*

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*of toasted cheese.* There are not only the usual adjuncts, but to those who have anything of a *genius for dinners*, little additions will sometimes suggest themselves which give a *sort of poetry to a repast*, and please the palate to the promotion of health.

The germ of almost all that can be said on the subject is contained in these sensible remarks, which agree in spirit with Lord Chesterfield's well-known axiom, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; for we presume no one will deny that dining is amongst the things worth doing occasionally. The inconveniences of certain modish observances, and the present bad system of attendance, are the first subjects of commentary in detail—

'There is in the art of dining a matter of special importance—I mean attendance—the real end of which is to do that for you which you cannot so well do for yourself. Unfortunately, this end is generally lost sight of, and the effect of attendance is to prevent you from doing that which you could do much better for yourself. The cause of this perversion is to be found in the practice and example of the rich and ostentatious, who constantly keep up a sort of war-establishment, or establishment adapted to extraordinary instead of ordinary occasions; and the consequence is, that like all potentates who follow the same policy, they never really taste the sweets of peace—they are in a constant state of invasion by their own troops. I am rather a bold man at table, and set form very much at defiance, so that if a salad happens to be within my reach, I make no scruple to take it to me; but the moment I am espied, it is nipped up from the most convenient to the most inconvenient position. That such absurdity should exist amongst rational beings, and in a civilized country, is extraordinary! See a small party with a dish of fish at each end of the table, and four silver covers unmeaningly starving at the sides, whilst every thing pertaining to the fish comes, even with the best attendance, provokingly lagging, one thing after another, so that contentment is out of the question, and all this done under pretence that it is the most convenient plan! This is an utter fallacy. The only convenient plan is to have every thing actually upon the table that is wanted at the same time, and nothing else: as, for example, for a party of eight, turbot and salmon, with doubles of each of the adjuncts, lobster-sauce, cucumber, young potatoes, Cayenne, and Chili vinegar; and let the guests assist one another, which, with such an arrangement, they could do with perfect ease.

'With respect to wine,' (he continues, after complaining of the laborious changing of courses and the constant thrusting of side-dishes in his face,) 'it is often offered when not wanted; and, when wanted, is perhaps not to be had till long waited for. It is dreary to observe two guests, glass in hand, waiting the butler's leisure to be able to take wine together, and then perchance being helped in despair to what they did not ask for; and it is still more dreary to be one of the  
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*two yourself.* How different, where you can put your hand upon a decanter at the moment you want it! I could enlarge upon and particularize these miseries at great length; but they must be only too familiar to those who dine out; and those who do not, may congratulate themselves on their escape.'

There is another misery belonging to the same category, which we must, with His Worship's leave, pause to particularize,—we mean the misery of seeing the decanters at a dead stand-still after dinner, as at too many otherwise excellent tables they are now-a-days frequently permitted to be. Now, in the opinion of every Englishman whose education was completed during the lifetime of George III., a pint of old port or a bottle of claret is the smallest modicum for which it is possible to compound, and we consequently abjure and abhor this detestable imitation of the continental system of dining. It is an idle, namby-pamby fancy to suppose that the *post-prandial* separation (as Jeremy Bentham calls it) from the ladies is unduly prolonged by the old custom, as we do not require a longer interval than is at present allowed for the separation; we require merely the judicious employment of that interval—

————— 'I hate a . . . . . lingering bottle,  
Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,  
Leaving all claretless the unmoistened throttle,—  
Especially with politics on hand.'

The ladies are equally interested with ourselves in discountenancing the prevalent fashion of being helped to wine by servants, as it bids fair to end by abolishing the old English habit of taking wine together, which affords one of the most pleasing modes of recognition when distant, and one of the prettiest occasions for coquetry when near,—

'Then if you can contrive, get next at supper,  
And if forestalled, get opposite and ogle.'

So says the noble author of *Don Juan*, who had some slight experience in this sort of tactics; but whether you get next or opposite, one of the best-contrived expedients for deepening a flirtation will be destroyed, should the prevailing fashion be pushed to its consequences. There is a well known lady-killer who esteems his mode of taking wine to be, of all his manifold attractions, the chief; and (to do him justice) the tact with which he chooses his time, the air with which he gives the invitation, the *empressment* he contrives to throw into it, the studied carelessness with which he keeps his eye on the fair one's every movement till she is prepared, and the seeming timidity of his bow when he is all the while looking full into her eyes—all these little graces are inimitable, and all these little graces will be lost. Even now, the

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the difficulty of getting a glass of wine in the regular way is beginning to exercise the ingenuity of mankind. Mr. Theodore Hook was once observed, during dinner at Hatfield, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being asked the reason, he replied 'Why, Lady Salisbury, when no one else asks me to take champagne, I take sherry with the epergne, and bow to the flowers.' Mr. Walker will have the goodness to bear this in mind, when he next discusses the utility of epergnes, which, as our leader will presently see, he vehemently protests against.

But the inconveniences of the fashions in question, contends our Magistrate, are aggravated as they descend:—

'I have been speaking hitherto of attendance in its most perfect state, but then comes the greater inconvenience and the monstrous absurdity of the same forms with inadequate establishments. I remember once receiving a severe frown from a lady at the head of her table, next to whom I was sitting, because I offered to take some fish from her to which she had helped me, instead of waiting till it could be handed to me by her *one* servant; and she was not deficient either in sense or good breeding; but when people give in to such follies they know no mean. It is one of the evils of the present day that everybody strives after the same dull style,—so that where comfort might be expected, it is often least to be found. *State without the machinery of state is of all states the worst.* In conclusion of this part of my subject I will observe that I think the affluent would render themselves and their country an essential service if they were to fall into the simple refined style of living, discarding everything incompatible with real enjoyment; and I believe that if the history of overgrown luxury were traced, it has always had its origin from the vulgar-rich, the very last class worthy of imitation.'

This is just and true in the main—we have put in italics a maxim worthy of Bacon—but we trust we are not to understand from the conclusion of the passage that Mr. Walker wishes the gorgeous establishments of our first-rate Amphytrions to be broken up, and the ornate style of living to be totally suppressed, which would be as unreasonable as to propose the suppression of palaces because houses are better fitted for the ordinary purposes of life. The golden rule is, let all men's dinners be according to their means;—discard the degrading fopperies of affectation, and the imitative meanness of vanity;—but are the *entrées* and *entremets* at Lord Sefton's, Lord Hertford's, Mr. Rowland Errington's, or Sir George Warrender's, to be discountenanced, because Mr. Tomkins's cook is only equal to a joint? Or are our baronial halls to be denuded of their retinues because Mrs. Jenkins's establishment is limited to a maid-of-all work and a boy? We remember hearing a lady of high rank declare that the circumstance which struck her most amongst the varied splendour of a celebrated fête  
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given by the late Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, was, that though the dinner party commonly exceeded forty, each guest had a stately attendant in the Howard livery behind his chair. The paper last quoted concludes thus:—

‘I had written thus far for my last Number, according to my promise in my last one, but there was not even space enough to notice the omission. I now wish to add about a page, and as, like other people I suppose, I can write most easy upon what is freshest in my mind, I will give you, dear reader, an account of a dinner I have ordered this very day at Lovegrove’s, at Blackwall,—where, if you never dined, so much the worse for you. This account will serve as an illustration of my doctrines on dinner-giving better than a long abstract discourse. The party will consist of seven men beside myself, and every guest is asked for some reason—upon which good fellowship mainly depends, for people brought together unconnectedly had, in my opinion, better be kept separate. Eight I hold to be the golden number, never to be exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration. The dinner is to consist of turtle, followed by no other fish but white-bait; which is to be followed by no other meat but grouse, which are to be succeeded by apple fritters and jelly, pastry on such occasions being quite out of place. With the turtle, of course, there will be punch; with the white-bait, champagne; with the grouse, claret: the two former I have ordered to be particularly well iced, and they will all be placed in succession upon the table, so that we can help ourselves as we please. I shall permit no other wines unless perchance a bottle or two of port, if particularly wanted, as I hold variety of wines a great mistake. With respect to the adjuncts, I shall take care there is Cayenne, with lemons cut in halves, not in quarters, within reach of every one, for the turtle; and that brown bread-and-butter in abundance is set upon the table for the white-bait. It is no trouble to think of these little matters before hand, but they make a vast difference in a convivial entertainment. The dinner will be followed by ices and a good dessert, after which coffee and one glass of liqueur each, and no more; so that the present may be enjoyed rationally without inducing retrospective regrets. If the master of a feast wishes his party to succeed, he must know how to command, and not let his guest run riot according each to his own wild fancy. Such, reader, is my idea of a dinner, of which I hope you approve; and *I cannot help thinking that if parliament were to grant me 10,000*l.* a-year in trust to entertain a series of worthy persons, it would promote trade and increase the revenue more than any huggar-mugger measure ever devised.*

In the expediency of such a grant we perfectly concur, and Mr. Walker should ask his friend Mr. Thomas Young to propose it to the ministry. The success of the Blackwall dinner is subsequently described:—

‘It was served according to my directions, with perfect exactness, and went off with corresponding success. The turtle and white-bait

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bait were excellent; the grouse not quite of equal merit, and the apple-fritters so much relished that they were entirely cleared, and the jelly left untouched. The only wines were champagne and claret, and they both gave great satisfaction. As soon as the liqueurs were handed round once, I ordered them out of the room, and the only heresy committed was by one of the guests asking for a glass of bottled porter, which I had not the presence of mind instantly to forbid. There was an opinion broached that some flounders water-zoutched between the turtle and white-bait would have been an improvement,—and perhaps they would. I dined again yesterday at Blackwall, as a guest, and I observed that my theory as to adjuncts was carefully put into practice, so that I hope the public will be a gainer.\*

A friend of acknowledged taste, whom we are forbidden to indicate further than by saying that he dates from the University Club, writes as follows on the subject of this great affair:—‘I doubt the propriety of Walker’s Blackwall dinner. I think turtle quite misplaced there. In my opinion, I ordered and helped to consume a more appropriate and better dinner there last year myself. I wrote to Lovegrove two or three days beforehand, and desired to have, first of all, a course of water-zoutched fish; secondly, a course of fried fish; thirdly, a course of dressed fish, and after that, white-bait. You will perhaps think this too much, especially when I tell you we had a roast fowl to follow, and other things besides. Perhaps our course of dressed fish was *de trop*, and we ought instead to have had our third course to consist of water-zoutched fish, the first being, as it were, the meat to the sandwich. Our party consisted of four. We had, I think, a bottle sherry only, two or three (I forget which) of champagne, one of sauterne; and two of us drank port and two claret after dinner. The wines at Blackwall are very good; and I think our party went off quite as well as Tom Walker’s.’

The duties of the master of the house as to introducing his guests to each other, and bringing their various talents of the convivial order into play, are specified; and the use of centre-pieces (*épergnes*, &c.) is vehemently decried. The popularity of bachelors’ dinners is accounted for by the absence of form, and the fondness of females for garnish is compared to ‘the untutored Indian’s fondness for feathers and shells.’ Then come sundry sound observations on the form, size, lighting,\* warming, and decorations of

\* “Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sarà quello, che renderà le particole dei corpi molto grate.” *Leonardo da Vinci*, quoted in *Rogers’s Poems*, last edit., p. 134, note. There are few precepts of taste that are not practised in Mr. Rogers’s establishment, as well as recommended in his works; but he has hit upon a novel and ingenious mode of lighting a dining-room, which we should be glad to see generally employed—at least wherever there are fine pictures. Lamps above, or candles on the table, there are none; all the light is reflected by Titians, Reynolds, &c., from lamps projecting out of the frames of the pictures, and screened from the company.

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dining-rooms, well meriting the attention of the epicure, but we pass them over to come to another of Mr. Walker's highly interesting experiences :—

'To order dinner well is a matter of invention and combination. It involves novelty, simplicity, and taste; whereas, in the generality of dinners, there is no character but that of dull routine, according to the season. The same things are seen everywhere at the same periods, and, as the rules for providing limit the range very much, there are a great many good things which never make their appearance at all, and a great many others which, being served in a fixed order, are seldom half enjoyed; as for instance game in the third course. This reminds me of a dinner I ordered last *Christmas-day* for two persons besides myself, and which we enjoyed very much. It consisted of crimped cod, woodcocks, and plum-pudding, just as much of each as we wanted, and accompanied by champagne. Now this dinner was both very agreeable and very wholesome from its moderation, but the ordinary course would have been to have preceded the woodcocks by some substantial dish, thereby taking away from their relish, at the same time overloading the appetite. Delicacies are scarcely ever brought till they are quite superfluous, which is unsatisfactory if they are not eaten, and pernicious if they are.'

This is a good plan enough when you are well acquainted with your guests' appetites, and know that they will be satisfied with a woodcock apiece, but we have seen eaters who would experience very little difficulty in dispatching single-handed the dinner ordered by Mr. Walker for three. The lord-lieutenant of one of the western counties eats a covey of partridges for breakfast every day during the season; and there is a popular M.P. at present about town who would eat a covey of partridges, as the Scotchman ate a dozen of becaficos, for a whet, and feel like him astonished if his appetite was not accelerated by the circumstance. Most people must have seen or heard of a caricature representing a gentleman at dinner upon a round of beef, with the landlord looking on,—'Capital beef, landlord,' says the gentleman, 'a man may cut and come again here.' 'You may cut, Sir,' responds Boniface; 'but I'll be blow'd if you shall come again.' The person represented is the M.P. in question; and the sketch is founded upon fact. He had occasion to stay late in the city, and turned into the celebrated Old Bailey beef-shop on his return, where, according to the landlord's computation, he demolished about seven pounds and a half of solid meat, with a proportionate allowance of greens. His exploits at Crockford's have been such that the founder of that singular institution has more than once had serious thoughts of offering him a guinea to sup elsewhere, and has only been prevented by the fear of meeting with a rebuff similar to that mentioned in 'Roderic Random' as received by the master

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master of an ordinary, who, on proposing to buy off an ugly customer, was informed by him that he had been already bought off by all the other ordinaries in town, and was consequently under the absolute necessity of continuing to patronise the establishment.

Another unanswerable objection to the above dinner is its palpable want of harmony with the season. Though far from particular in such matters, we could no more dine on Christmas day without roast beef, than on any day without salt, and we are therefore compelled to regard Mr. Walker's arrangements on this occasion as not merely unpatriotic but barbarous.

The important topic of vegetables receives a due share of attention in its turn:—

'One of the greatest luxuries to my mind in dining is to be able to command plenty of good vegetables, well served. But this is a luxury vainly hoped for at set parties. The vegetables are made to figure in a very secondary way, except indeed whilst they are considered as great delicacies, which is generally before they are at the best; and then, like other delicacies, they are introduced after the appetite has been satisfied; and the manner of handing vegetables round is most unsatisfactory and uncertain. Excellent potatoes, smoking hot, and accompanied by melted butter of the first quality, would alone stamp merit on any dinner; but they are as rare on state occasions, so served, as if they were of the cost of pearls.'

In the course of the article on '*Gastronomy and Gastronomers*,' in our 107th Number, we quoted a remark of the late Earl of Dudley, to the effect that good melted butter is an unerring test of the moral qualities of your host. A distinguished connoisseur, still spared to the world, contends that the moral qualities of your hostess may in like manner be tested by the potatoes, and he assures us that he was never known to re-enter a house where a badly-dressed potatoe had been seen. The importance attached by another equally unimpeachable authority to the point is sufficiently shown by what took place a short time since at the meeting of a club-committee specially called for the selection of a cook. The candidates were an Englishman from the Albion, and a Frenchman recommended by Ude; the eminent divine to whom we allude was deputed to examine them, and the first question he put to each was,—'Can you boil a potatoe?'

We presume it is unnecessary to expatiate on such vegetable luxuries as brocoli, green peas, and asparagus, but it may be a useful piece of information to state that parsnips are excellent fried, and that beet-root, boiled well, sliced, and sent up hot, forms the best possible accompaniment to roast meat.

We have already given two of Mr. Walker's practical illustrations. We now come to a third, which will be found equally replete

plete with interest. Indeed his Worship's descriptions are so vivid that he might also be said to dramatise his repasts:—

'In entertaining those who are in a different class from ourselves, it is expedient to provide for them what they are not used to—and that which we are most in the way of procuring of superior quality. Many people, from their connexion with foreign countries or with different parts of their own, are enabled to command with ease to themselves what are interesting rarities to others; and one sure way to entertain with effect is, to cultivate a good understanding with those with whom we deal for the supply of the table. By way of illustration of what I have said on the subject of choice plain dinners, I will give an account of one I once gave in the chambers of a friend of mine in the Temple to a party of six, all of whom were accustomed to good living, and one of whom was bred at one of the most celebrated tables in London. The dinner consisted of the following dishes, served in succession, and with their respective adjuncts carefully attended to. First, spring soup from Birch's on Cornhill, which, to those who have never tasted it, I particularly recommend in the season as being quite delicious; then a moderate sized turbot, bought in the city, beautifully boiled, with first-rate lobster sauce, cucumber, and new potatoes; after that ribs of beef from Leadenhall market, roasted to a turn, and smoking from the spit, with French beans and salad; then a very fine dressed crab; and lastly, some jelly. The owner of the chambers was connected with the city, and he undertook specially to order the different articles, which it would have been impossible to exceed in quality; and though the fish and beef were dressed by a Temple laundress, they could not have been better served, I suppose principally from the kitchen being close at hand and her attention not being distracted. And here I must remark that the proximity of the kitchen was not the least annoyance to us in any way, or indeed perceptible, except in the excellence of the serving up. The beef deservedly met with the highest praise, and certainly I never saw even venison more enjoyed. The crab was considered particularly well introduced, and was eaten with peculiar zest; and the simplicity of the jelly met with approval. The dessert, I think, consisted only of oranges and biscuits, followed by occasional introductions of anchovy toast. The wines were champagne, port, and claret. I have had much experience in the dinner way both at large and at small parties, but I never saw such a vividness of conviviality either at or after dinner, which I attribute principally to the real object of a dinner being the only one studied; state, ornament, and superfluity being utterly excluded. I hold this up as an example of the plain, easy, style of entertaining.

'As the success of this dinner so strongly illustrates my positions in favour of compactness of dining-room, of proximity of kitchen, of smallness of party, of absence of state and show, of undivided attention to excellence of dishes, and the mode of serving them in single succession, I am tempted to add the names here by way of authentication,

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authentication, and to show that my guests were competent judges, not to be led away by want of experience. The party consisted of Lord Abinger, then Sir James Scarlett; Sir John Johnstone, the present member for Scarborough; Mr. Young, private secretary to Lord Melbourne; Mr. R. Bell, of the firm of Bell, Brothers, and Co. who occupied the chambers, and acted as caterer; and lastly my excellent friend the late Honourable George Lamb, whose good humoured convivial qualities were held in high estimation by all who knew him, and who on this occasion outshone himself.'

By the insertion of these names, Mr. Walker has done more to elevate *aristology* than a hundred nameless dinners could have done, and it would be difficult to conceive a more ennobling and gratifying spectacle than such a party, so occupied, presents. We see one of the greatest advocates that ever adorned the bar (now adorning the peerage and the bench) postponing weighty consultations with his clients for more weighty consultations about the soup: we see the accomplished brother of our present Premier, at the time in question an under-Secretary of State, setting off from Downing-street, with a gravity worthy of one of Domitian's senators, to determine the kettle in which the turbot should be boiled: we see Mr. Thomas Young (the real though irresponsible Prime Minister) relaxing from the cares of empire to regulate the composition of the sauce: we see the sagacious police magistrate standing by to assist their inexperience; whilst the London merchant and the Yorkshire baronet look lost in wonder at the variety and combination of greatness which condescends to minister to the gratification of their appetites—

'If you have seen all this and more,  
God bless me, what a deal you've seen!'

Still it must be remembered that zeal does not necessarily imply knowledge, and we have certainly heard doubts insinuated whether the concentrated talent of the party (exclusive of Mr. Walker) was fully equal to the selection of the beef.

The general conclusion deduced from the success of this dinner is the following:

'It is the mode that I wish to recommend, and not any particular dishes or wines. Common soup made at home, fish of little cost, any joints, the cheapest vegetables, some happy and unexpensive introduction like the crab, and a pudding,—provided everything is good in quality, and the dishes are well dressed, and served hot and in succession, with their adjuncts—will ensure a quantity of enjoyment which no one need be afraid to offer.'

The principle here propounded hardly admits of a cavil—for it is not merely the expense, but the trouble and fuss of dinner-giving  
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on the present system, that checks the extended practice of 'the Art,' and imposes a galling restraint on sociability—many a man, to whom a few pounds are a matter of indifference, being deterred by the prospect of having the lower part of his premises converted into a laboratory for a week. We shall, therefore, endeavour to facilitate the adoption of the simple method, by adding a useful rule or two to Mr. Walker's, and enumerating some of the many excellent things to be found within the precincts of our own country, by those who know when and where to look for them. Much of what we are presently about to state may prove interesting to ornithologists, ichthyologists, and other ologists, as well as to aristologists.

On the subject of soup we merely wish to discountenance the custom of beginning dinner with any strong compound not especially intended as a point in the repast. Such things as turtle at the Albion, *potage à la Meg Merrilies* at Dalkeith, or grouse soup at Hamilton—(made on the principle of a young grouse to each of the party, in addition to six or seven brace stewed down beforehand for stock)—are graces beyond the reach of ordinary art, and may be regarded as exceptions to rule; but we must say that to begin by stuffing one's self with ox-tail or *mock* turtle when two or three dishes of merit are to follow, argues a thorough coarseness of conception, and implies, moreover, the digestive powers of an ostrich. Spring soup, or *Julienne*, is the proper thing in the ordinary run of houses in this country, where varieties of the simple *potage* are unknown. Palestine soup (one of Ude's last) is strictly within our category, when it can be got, the principal ingredient being the Jerusalem artichoke, whence the name. White soup is a shade too solid, but permissible. As regards spring soup, we perfectly agree in Mr. Walker's recommendation of Birch.

Fish richly merits a chapter to itself, but as we are not writing a book, we must confine ourselves to a limited number of hints. Our first relates to the prevalent mode of serving, which is wrong. The fish should never be covered up, or it will suffer fatally from the condensation of the steam. Moreover, the practice of putting boiled and fried fish on the same dish cannot be too much reprobated, and covering hot fish with cold green parsley is abominable. Sometimes one sees all these barbarities committed at once, and the removal of the cover exhibits boiled and fried fish both covered with parsley, the fried fish deprived of all its crispness from contact with the boiled, and both made sodden by the fall of the condensed steam from the cover; so the only merit the fish has is being hot, which it might have just as well if it followed instead of accompanying the soup. It is commonly made an object to have *fine large slices* of cod, as they are called. There is no error

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greater than this. Cod ought to be crimped in thin slices, and you will then have the whole of your fish boiled equally, whilst in thick slices the thin or belly part is overdone before the thick part is half boiled. Another advantage is that you need not put your fish into the kettle (it ought always to be put into *boiling* water) until your guests are arrived. Of sauces, we hold Dutch sauce to be applicable to all white-fleshed fish, except perhaps cod, when oyster sauce may be allowed. There is little mystery in the composition of oyster sauce, but lobster sauce is not so generally understood. The lobster should be chopped much smaller than ordinarily, and the sauce should be composed of three parts cream to one of butter, a slight infusion of cayenne, with salt and cavice or coratch, both which may be had of the best quality at Morell's. Lobster sauce leads us by a natural transition to salmon. The Christchurch is decidedly the best in England, for the Thames may now almost be considered extinct, not more than four having been caught within the last four years, though a good many have been sold as such. The salmon at Killarney, broiled, toasted, or roasted on arbutus skewers, is a thing apart, and unfortunately inimitable. The Dublin haddock is another untransportable delicacy peculiar to the sister island; but to prevent Scotland from becoming jealous, we will venture to place the fresh herring of Loch Fyne alongside of it. The Hampshire trout enjoy a prescriptive celebrity, but we incline to give the Colne and the Carshalton river the preference. Perch (Thames) and tench are also very good with Dutch sauce. Perch are best water-zoutched, or fried in batter as they used to be at Staines. The superabundant introduction of sea-fish has unduly lowered the character of carp; when fat, he is a dish for a prince. Pike (Dutch sauce, again) are capital if bled in the tail and gills as soon as caught; they die much whiter (which is a comfort to themselves), and look better at table. Pike is capitally dressed at the White Hart, at Salisbury.\* London is principally supplied with eels from Holland, and whole cargoes are daily sent up the river to be eaten as Thames or Kennett eels at Richmond, Eel-pie Island, &c. A Dutch eel, small in the head and kept long enough in clean water to purify him, is far from a contemptible commodity; but this

\* Mr. Jones, the worthy landlord of the White Hart, has learnt the science of good eating by practising it. He often orders down from London a couple of quarts of turtle and a haunch of venison for his own eating, and sits down to dinner by himself; scorning (like Sir Hercules) all assistance but that of a bottle of Madeira and two bottles of old Port. Generally speaking, country inns are sadly deteriorated, and if, amongst their numerous commissions, Government would send out one to investigate their state, a real benefit would be conferred on the community. The main cause, we fear, is the increased rapidity and facility of travelling, which render it unnecessary (for anybody but a Whig commissioner) to sleep upon the road.



creature is certainly to be had in the highest perfection at Godstow,—which is or used to be the favourite side-table of the Oxonians,—at Salisbury, Anderton, or Overton. The landlord of the principal inn at Overton was formerly cook at the York House, at Bath, whilst under the management of Ryley, to whom it is indebted for its celebrity. We take this opportunity of mentioning that we were in error in supposing that the wager respecting the relative merits of the Albion and York House dinners, mentioned in a former Number,\* was left undecided. It was really won by a refinement of Ryley's in causing *his* finger-glasses to be supplied with rose-water. The gudgeons at Bath will be found well deserving of the attention of the connoisseur; they are little, if at all, inferior to the most delicate smelts. The best lampreys are from Worcester.

The late Duke of Portland was in the habit of going to Weymouth during the summer months for the sake of the red mullet which formerly abounded there. The largest used to be had for three-pence or four-pence apiece, but he has been known to give two guineas for one weighing a pound and a half. His Grace's custom was to put all the livers together into a butter-boat, to avoid the chances of inequality; very properly considering that to be helped to a mullet in the condition of an East Indian nabob would be too severe a shock for the nerves or spirits of any man. The mullet have now deserted Weymouth for the coast of Cornwall, whither we recommend the connoisseur to repair in the dog days, taking care to pay his respects to the Dories of Plymouth on the way,—and he will have the pleasure of following the example of Quin. There are epicures who combine these luxuries, eating the flesh of the Dory with the liver of the Mullet; but though the flesh of the mullet be poor, it is exactly adapted to the sauce which nature has provided for it, and we consequently denounce all combinations of this description as heterodox. The Brighton Dories are also very fine, and the Jersey Mullet are splendid, weighing often three or four pounds apiece. To procure fish, particularly fresh-water fish, in the highest perfection, you had better give a hint, two or three days in advance, to Groves of Charing-cross, the first fishmonger in Europe, as Lord Harrington emphatically termed him the other day within hearing of a friend of ours. 'You see, Sir,' said the gentleman who attends the shop, modestly justifying the commendation, 'when these sort of people get tired of cod and salmon, we know how to tip them something nice and natty,—like a perch or trout and so forth.'

We shall next set down a few specialities regarding birds. The greatest novelty, perhaps, is the poachard or dun-bird, a

\* Quarterly Review, No. CVII., p. 141.

species of wild fowl, supposed to come from the Caspian sea, and caught only in a single decoy on the Misley Hall estate, Essex, in the month of January in the coldest years. The mildness of the season kept them away during the winters of 1833-1834 and 1834-1835; but a few have arrived within the last month, (January, 1836,) and were generally admired by those who had the good fortune to become acquainted with them. Their flesh is exquisitely tender and delicate, and may almost be said to melt in the mouth, like what is told of the celebrated canvas-back duck of America; but they have little of the common wild-duck flavour, and are best eaten in their own gravy, which is plentiful, without either cayenne or lemon-juice. Their size is about that of a fine widgeon.

Ruffs and reeves are little known to the public at large, though honourable mention of them is made by Bewick.\* The season for them is August and September. They are found in fenny countries, (those from Whittlesea Meer, in Lincolnshire, are best,) and must be taken alive and fattened on boiled wheat or bread and milk mixed with hemp-seed for about a fortnight, taking good care never to put two males to feed together, or they will fight *à l'outrance*. These birds are worth nothing in their wild state, and the art of fattening them is traditionally said to have been discovered by the monks in Yorkshire, where they are still in high favour with the clerical profession, as a current anecdote will show. At a grand dinner at Bishopthorpe (in Archbishop Markham's time) a dish of ruffs and reeves chanced to be placed immediately in front of a young divine who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was considerably (or, as it turned out, inconsiderately) asked to dinner by his grace. Out of sheer modesty the clerical tyro confined himself exclusively to the dish before him, and persevered in his indiscriminating attentions to it till one of the resident dignitaries (all of whom were waiting only the proper moment to participate) observed him, and called the attention of the company by a loud exclamation of alarm. But the warning came too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird, and with them, we are concerned to add, all the candidate's hopes of Yorkshire preferment are said to have vanished too.

A passage in Bewick also tends to prove that they have always been esteemed great delicacies in York :

'In a note communicated by the late George Allan, Esq., of the Grange near Darlington, he says,—I dined at the George Inn, Coney Street, York, August 18, 1794 (the race week), where four ruffs made one of the dishes at the table, which in the bill were separately charged sixteen shillings.'

\* History of British Birds, vol. ii., p. 98.

It may not be deemed beside the purpose to state that Prince Talleyrand is extremely fond of them, his regular allowance during the season being two a-day. They are dressed like woodcocks. Dunstable larks should properly be eaten in Dunstable; but Lord Sefton has imported them in tin boxes (in a state requiring merely to be warmed before the fire) with considerable success. Larks are best in January. Surrey and Sussex are the counties for the capon—and also for the same animal in his more natural though less aristological condition;\* Norfolk and Suffolk, for turkeys and geese. We are not aware that any marked superiority has been accorded to any district as to game. The largest pheasant ever known of late years was sent a short time since (by Fisher) to Lord William Bentinck at Paris. It weighed four pounds wanting an ounce, but we are not aware in what county it was killed. It is a singular fact with regard to woodcocks, that the average weight is full fifteen ounces, yet the largest invariably falls below sixteen. The largest common grouse ever known weighed twenty-eight ounces. A cock of the woods, weighing very nearly ten pounds, was sent, a few weeks since, to Lord Balcarras, by Fisher of Duke Street, St. James's, confessedly the best poulterer in London. He certainly defies comparison in one particular—having actually discovered the art of sending fowls with two liver wings to his friends. He enjoys the unlimited confidence of Lord Sefton, which is one of the highest compliments that can be paid to any man directly or indirectly connected with gastronomy.†

\* The largest breed of fowls in England is at Horsham.

† Finding *See-Gulls* a regular dish at royal and noble feasting in the olden time, an intelligent friend has recently instituted a series of experiments to determine their edibility. The result is, that the young of the blackheaded gull (*Larus Ridibundus*) is excellent. This result is in exact confirmation of Bewick (vol. ii. p. 222.), who gives us to understand that the birds in question were formerly much esteemed, and yielded an ample profit to the proprietors of the fens frequented by them. The following particulars relating to the 'Scowton Birds' (gulls of the same species found at Scowton, in Norfolk, on a meer belonging to Mr. Weyland of Rising), will be interesting to the ornithologist. They have been obligingly communicated by a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood. 'The annual visits of these gulls to Scowton dates beyond the memory of man. They come between the 1st and 15th of March; for a day or two before they alight they are seen in the air and heard screeching: they come in myriads, and the meer (though containing from thirty to forty acres) is covered with them—it is quite a sheet of white. It is not known whence they come, but they resemble the gulls met with on the Norfolk coast (brown head with red legs and beak, the rest of the body milk white). Early in the spring they lay their eggs (from four to five) in nests made on the sedge banks of the meer. The eggs resemble crows' more than plovers' eggs, but vast quantities of them are sold for plovers' eggs, though Mr. Weyland has latterly done all he can to prevent his keepers from carrying on this illicit trade. As soon as the young birds can fly, they all, old and young, disappear: this is generally by the beginning of September, and during the winter half-year there is rarely a gull seen in the neighbourhood.' This extract may help at all events to prevent the amateurs of plovers' eggs from being gulled.

It may prove a useful piece of information to know that turkeys and pheasants, ready stuffed with truffles, are regularly imported from Paris by Morell of Piccadilly. The saving in the duty thus effected is such as to make nearly a third difference in the price, that of a turkey stuffed in England being about 3*l.* 10*s.*, and that of a turkey stuffed before landing 2*l.* 10*s.*, the advantage in respect of flavour being (if anything) in favour of the latter. Morell will send his own cook, Le Fortier, an artist of merit, to dress the whole dinner for you if you like. Another capital thing, occasionally imported by Morell from Strasburg, is the far-famed *Hûre de Sanglier aux truffes*—none of your common pigs' heads with a lemon in the mouth, but the head of a regular wild boar from Westphalia or the Black Forest, such as might grin with credit on the banner of an old noble of Germany. But these are foreign delicacies, and therefore foreign to the principal object of this enumeration, which is to vindicate the genuine old English cookery from reproach, and show that it is, in fact, equally distinguished for goodness and variety. Our next topics, however, shall not be open to the reproach which with some semblance of reason might be thrown out against our last; for our next topics will be mutton and beef, in their unadulterated simplicity.

Most people know that a roast leg of mutton (it were superfluous to expatiate upon the haunch) with laver served in the *saucepan* is a dish of high merit, but it ought never to be profaned by the spit, which lets out the gravy, and shocks the sight with an unseemly perforation just as you are cutting into the Pope's eye. Neither is a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, with caper sauce, to be despised. Besides it gave rise to a fair enough *mot* of Charles Lamb's. A farmer, his chance companion in a coach, kept boring him to death with questions in the jargon of agriculturists about crops. At length he put a poser—'And pray, Sir, how are turnips t' year?' 'Why that, Sir, (stammered out Lamb,) will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton.'

If you resolve on roast beef, you should repair at an early hour with a competent adviser to Leadenhall market; but if your affections are fixed on boiled, order a round of from 26 lbs. to 30 lbs. from the shop (Finch and Austin) at the corner of St. Martin's Court, to be sent hot precisely at a quarter after six. Sixty years' experience has taught them the policy of punctuality, and no butcher can send it so perfectly cured, no cook can serve it hotter or better. Any distance within the bills of mortality will suit: many a round has been sent to George the Fourth at Carlton House, many to the Duke of Sussex at Kensington; and we collect from Dr. Lardner's evidence before the Lords'

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Committee that, so soon as the rail-road is completed, it will be quite practicable to send a round to Birmingham, without any injurious reduction in temperature, or so much as spilling a drop of gravy on the way. Perhaps he contemplates the possibility of applying the boiler to the beef. For a small party, the flank part of a brisket from the same shop may be found preferable.

The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef may be estimated from what happened to Pope the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended fare,—a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. ‘The very things of all others that I like,’ exclaimed Pope; ‘I will come with the greatest pleasure;’ and come he did, and eat he did, till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle;—

‘For finer or fatter

Never rang’d in a forest, or smok’d in a platter;

The haunch was a picture for painters to study;

The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.’

Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him, but he was fairly caught, and after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of fat, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming—‘A friend of twenty years’ standing, and to be served in this manner!’

The late Duke of Devonshire’s passion was a broiled blade-bone of mutton, which was every night got ready for him at Brookes’s; and the late Duke of Norfolk was accustomed to declare that there was as marked a difference between beef-steaks as between faces; and that a man of taste would find as much variety in a dinner at the beef-steak club (where he himself never missed a meeting) as at the most plentifully served table in town. Both their Graces were men of true *gusto*; yet we doubt if either of them could have given the reader the valuable information we here think it proper to communicate. Whatever the subject of your broil—steak, chop, or devil—take care that the gridiron be heated before the article is placed upon it; in the case of a fry observe the same precaution with the frying-pan. The principle is explained at length in the ‘Physiology of Taste.’\* The best place for a beef-steak is Simpson’s, in the City, or the Blue Posts, in Cork-street. Offley’s is as good as any for a chop.

\* *Méditation 1. Théorie de la Friture.*

It may encourage many a would-be Amphytrion to learn from our own experience by what simple expedients the prosperity of a dinner may be ensured, provided only it possess the interest of novelty.

We have seen an oyster soup prepare the way for a success, which was crowned by blackpuddings from Birch's. We have seen a kidney dumpling perform wonders, and a noble-looking shield of Canterbury brawn from Groves' diffuse a sensation of unmitigated delight. One of Morell's *pâtés de gibier aux truffes*—or a woodcock pie from Bavier's of Boulogne, would be a sure card, but a home-made partridge pie would be more likely to come upon your company by surprise, and you may produce a *chef-d'œuvre* by simply directing your housekeeper to put a beef-steak over as well as under the birds, and place them with their breasts downwards in the dish. Game, or wildfowl, for two or three, is never better than broiled; and a boiled shoulder of mutton or boiled duck might alone found a reputation—but these things can only be attempted by a bachelor; for the appearance of either at a married man's table is regarded as a sure token of the complete subjection of his wife. A still more original notion was struck out by a party of eminent connoisseurs who entertained the Right Hon. Henry Ellis at Fricœur's, just before he started on his Persian embassy; they actually ordered a roasted turbot, and are still boasting loudly of the success of the invention, but a friend of ours had the curiosity to ask M. Fricœur in what manner he set about the dressing of the fish,—‘Why, Sare, you no tell Monsieur le Docteur Somerville; we no roast him at all,—we put him in oven and bake him.’

Mr. Walker, we are sure, will not refuse to join his testimony to ours as to the effect produced by the appearance of a roast pig at one of the delightful parties of a brother magistrate, when the most charming lips in London were opened in its praise. But on the subject of this exquisite viand, it would be profanation to appeal to any one but Charles Lamb—

‘Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

‘I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—these hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *prælude* of a grunt.

‘Behold him while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably  
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he twirleth round the string ! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

‘ See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth ! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood ? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of a judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

‘ Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

‘ I remember an hypothesis argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer’s, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, “ whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death.” I forget the decision.\*

The delicacy of a roasting pig, except in the case of flagellation, depends on his being nurtured on mother’s milk exclusively from his birth to his dying day. The most delicate rabbits are nurtured in the same manner, and we have known them kept sucking till they were bigger than their mammas.

We must make a remark or two on salads, the more particularly as we are not quite satisfied with what Mr. Walker has said about them. The salad of beet-root and onion (p. 373) is very good, but no novelty. Dr. Forbes’s lettuce salad, in the same page, might be improved upon a little by putting the herb tarragon

\* *Dissertation on Roast Pig; Essays of Elia; First Series.*—The admirers of Charles Lamb will be glad to hear that a collection of his letters is on the eve of publication, edited by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, who proposes to add biographical and critical notices of Lamb and his circle of friends. Looking either to literary taste, or perfect acquaintance with the subject matter, it would be impossible to name a man better qualified for the undertaking.

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instead of vinegar, and a little chervil and burnet leaf chopped fine. We are also surprised that such a proficient as Mr. Walker, when talking of excellence in salad, should mention 'drying the leaves of the lettuce.' It is, to use his own words (p. 239), 'abandoning the principle and adopting some expedient.' Lettuces ought never to be wetted; they thus lose their crispness, and are *pro tanto* destroyed. If you can get nothing but wet lettuces, you had certainly better dry them; but if you wish for a good salad, cut your lettuce fresh from the garden, take off the outside leaves, cut or rather break it into a salad bowl, and then *mix* as described in *The Original*.

The comparative merits of tarts and puddings present a problem which it is no easy matter to decide. On the whole, we give the preference to puddings, as affording more scope to the inventive genius of the cook, but we must insist on a little more precaution in preparing them. A plum-pudding, for instance, our national dish, is hardly ever boiled enough, and we have sometimes found ourselves, in England, in the same distressing predicament in which Lord Byron once found himself in Italy. He had made up his mind to have a plum-pudding on his birthday, and busied himself a whole morning in giving minute directions to prevent the chance of a mishap, yet, after all the pains he had taken, and the anxiety he must have undergone, it appeared in a tureen, and about the consistency of soup. 'Upon this failure in the production (says our authority) he was frequently quizzed, and betrayed all the petulance of a child, and more than a child's curiosity to learn who had reported the circumstance.\*' As if the loss of a whole day's thought and labour was not enough to excite the petulance of any man, let alone his belonging to the *genus irritabile!*

A green apricot tart is commonly considered the best tart that is made, but a green apricot pudding is a much better thing. A beef-steak pudding, again, is better than the corresponding pie, but oysters and mushrooms are essential to its success. A mutton-chop pudding, with oysters but without mushrooms, is excellent.

With regard to drinkables the same attention to unity and simplicity is to be enforced—

'I should lay down the same rules as to wines as I have already done as to meats, that is, simplicity on the same and variety on dif-

\* *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*; a book of considerable interest—but it is a pity the compiler could not express his own indiscriminating admiration of Coleridge, without insinuating charges against distinguished members of the family, for which there is not the shadow of foundation in the facts. Indeed, every thing in the shape of editorial observation had much better have been omitted throughout.

ferent days. Port only, taken with or without a little water at dinner, is excellent, and the same of claret. I think, on ordinary occasions, such a system is by far the most agreeable. Claret, I mean genuine undoctored claret, which in my opinion is the true taste, is particularly good as a dinner wine, and is now to be had at a very reasonable price. I would not wish better than that given at the Athenæum at three and sixpence a bottle. Rhenish wines are very wholesome and agreeable, drunk simply without other wines. I must not here pass over altogether the excellencies of malt liquor, though it is rather difficult to unite the use of it judiciously with that of wine. When taken together, it should be in great moderation; but I rather prefer a malt liquor day exclusively now and then by way of variety, or to take it at luncheon. There is something extremely grateful in the very best table-beer, and it is to be lamented it is so rarely to be met with in the perfection of which it is capable. That beverage at dinner, and two or three glasses of first-rate ale after, constitute real luxury, and I believe are a most wholesome variety. Good porter needs no praise, and bottled porter iced is in hot weather most refreshing. Cider cup lemonade, and iced punch in summer, and hot in winter, are all worthy of their turns; but I do not think turns come so often as they ought to do. We go on the beaten track without profiting by the varieties which are to be found on every side.\*

Instead of icing punch, the preferable mode is to mix it with a proportion of iced soda-water.\* The gin punch made on this principle at the Garrick Club is one of the best things we know, and we gladly take this opportunity of assigning the honour of the invention to the rightful patentee, Mr. Stephen Price, an American gentleman, well known in the theatrical circles and on the turf. His title has been much disputed—

Grammatici certant et adhuc sub judice lis est—

and many, misled by Mr. Theodore Hook's frequent and liberal application of the discovery, are in the habit of ascribing it to him. But Mr. Thomas Hill, the celebrated 'trecentenarian'† of a popular song, who was present at Mr. Hook's first introduction to the beverage, has set the matter at rest by a brief narration of the circumstances. One hot afternoon in July last, the inimitable author of 'Sayings and Doings' (what a book might be

\* Pour half a pint of gin on the outer peel of a lemon, then a little lemon-juice, sugar, a glass of Maraschino, about a pint and a quarter of water, and two bottles of iced soda-water. The result will be three pints of the punch in question.

† Mr. James Smith once said to this gentleman, 'Hill, you take an unfair advantage of an accident: the register of your birth was burnt in the great fire of London, and you avail yourself of the circumstance to give out that you are younger than you are.' It is generally understood that he sat for the portrait of Paul Pry; this Mr. Poole, the author, (in his amusing *Sketches and Recollections*), denies; but he is undoubtedly the hero (under the name of Hull) of some of the best scenes in *Gilbert Gurney*—a book containing more genuine humour and graphic description, than all the recent publications of the comic order put together.

made of his own!) strolled into the Garrick in that equivocal state of thirstiness which it requires something more than common to quench. On describing the sensation, he was recommended to make trial of the punch, and a jug was compounded immediately under the personal inspection of Mr. Price. A second followed—a third, with the accompaniment of some chops—a fourth—a fifth—a sixth—at the expiration of which Mr. Hook went away to keep a dinner engagement at Lord Canterbury's. He always eats little, on this occasion he ate less, and Mr. Horace Twiss inquired in a fitting tone of anxiety if he was ill. 'Not exactly,' was the reply; 'but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was tempted to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry about three.'

The mention of sherry reminds us that Mr. Walker makes no mention of it at all in any of the dinners detailed by him. This is a fatal error, for he may depend upon it that to carry a man lightly through a sufficient dinner, something stronger than thin French wine will be generally required. In a subsequent paper he grows quite eloquent in praise of Champagne, which we agree with him should never be stinted, if it be the entertainer's wish that the dinner should succeed. One great advantage is, that the ladies are commonly tempted to take an extra glass or two. Other *mousseux* wines are sometimes introduced as a variety, but none of them can be much commended, with the exception of the sparkling Moselle furnished by M. Koch of Frankfort, who, by the way, keeps one of the best tables on the continent, and is absolutely prodigal of his hospitalities to Englishmen.\*

Having now glanced over the whole of Mr. Walker's contributions to the art of dining, we shall endeavour to convey some notion, however faint, of the varied and extended interests which the subject may be fairly considered to comprise—

'I have already alluded to the importance of the city being well-provisioned, and although city feasting is often a subject of joke, and is no doubt sometimes carried to excess, yet I am of opinion that a great deal of English spirit is owing to it, and that as long as men are so often emboldened by good cheer, they are in no danger of becoming slaves. The city halls with their feasts, their music, and their inspiring associations, are so many temples of liberty, and I only wish that they could be dispersed through the metropolis, and have each a local government attached in proportion to the means of the establishment. Then would there be objects worthy of the highest intelligence united with social attractions, and improvement in government might be expected to become steadily progressive.'

\* See Mr. Macgregor's interesting and lively '*Note-Book*,' for a well-merited tribute to M. Koch.

In these honest, hearty, and truly philosophical opinions we cordially concur. The decline of ancient festivity that must result from the Municipal Reform Act is one of the worst evils we fear from it. It is not that the new councillors, as they are called, will not expend as much money in feasting as their predecessors, but there is a style in these things they will find it impossible to catch; your lean and hungry Radical must eat to live, instead of living, like your true bred alderman, to eat, and we shall see no such *corporations* as formerly. There is London to be sure, and London is hitherto untouched, but is it probable that the city companies will long be suffered to go on giving a guinea a quart for peas—which, to their high honour, they frequently have done—when Bristol has become turtleless, and the roasted cygnets of Norwich are no more? cygnets, worthy as peacocks to be the subject of vows for L.E.L.s to versify, and A.R.A.s to paint.\*

If we are not misinformed, the fiat has gone forth already against one class of city dinners, which was altogether peculiar of its kind. We allude to the dinners given by the Sheriffs during the Old Bailey sittings to the judges and aldermen in attendance, the recorder, common-serjeant, city pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the bar. The first course was rather miscellaneous, and varied with the season, though marrow puddings always formed a part of it; the second never varied, and consisted exclusively of beefsteaks. The custom was to serve two dinners (exact duplicates) a-day, the first at three o'clock, the second at five. As the judges relieved each other, it was impracticable for them to partake of both, but the aldermen often did so, and the chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table, was never absent from his post. This invaluable public servant persevered from a sheer sense of duty till he had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a-day, and practised it for nearly ten years without any perceptible injury to his health. We had the pleasure of witnessing his performances at one of the five o'clock dinners, and can assert with confidence that the vigour of his attack on the beefsteaks was wholly unimpaired by the effective execution a friend assured us he had done on them two hours before. The occasion to which we allude was so remarkable for other reasons, that we have the most distinct recollection of the circumstances. It was the first trial of the late St. John Long for rubbing a young lady into her grave. The presiding judges were

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\* We allude to *The Fow of the Peacock*, by L. E. L., a pretty poem, with a pretty sketch of the authoress, a sprightly, sparkling, nice, coquettish-looking, little girl, by way of frontispiece. The poem is founded on a clever picture by M'Clise, one of the newly-elected associates of the Academy.

Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Baron Garrow, who retired to dinner about five, having first desired the jury, amongst whom there was a difference of opinion, to be locked up. The dinner proceeded merrily, the beefsteaks were renewed again and again, and received the solemn sanction of judicial approbation repeatedly. Mr. Adolphus told some of his best stories, and the chaplain was on the point of being challenged for a song, when the court-keeper appeared with a face of consternation to announce that the jury, after being very noisy for an hour or so, had sunk into a dull dead lull, which, to the experienced in such matters, augurs the longest period of deliberation which the heads, or rather stomachs, of the jury can endure. The trial had unfortunately taken place upon a Saturday, and it became a serious question in what manner the refractory jurymen were to be dealt with. Mr. Baron Garrow proposed waiting till within a few minutes of twelve, and then discharging them. Mr. Justice Park, the senior judge, and a warm admirer of the times when refractory juries were carried round the country in a cart, would hear of no expedient of the kind. He said a judge was not bound to wait beyond a reasonable hour at night, nor to attend before a reasonable hour in the morning; that Sunday was a *dies non* in law, and that a verdict must be delivered in the presence of the judge. He consequently declared his intention of waiting till what he deemed a reasonable hour, namely, about ten, and then informing the jury that, if they were not agreed, they must be locked up without fire or candle until a reasonable hour (about nine) on the Monday, by which time he trusted they would be unanimous. The effect of such an intimation was not put to the test, for Mr. St. John Long was found guilty about nine. We are sorry to be obliged to add, that the worthy chaplain's digestion has at length proved unequal to the double burthen imposed upon it, but the court of aldermen, considering him a martyr to their cause, have very properly agreed to grant him an adequate pension for his services.

The Inns of Court, another stronghold of good living, are threatened simultaneously from without and within. We make small account of the attack from without, led on as it is by Mr. Whittle Harvey,\* but we earnestly deprecate all disaffection in the camp. It seems that the students, tantalized by the sight of the luxuries at the cross-table on the dais appropriated to the benchers, while they themselves are regaling on peas-soup and mutton, have appealed to some obsolete regulation limiting the benchers to one additional dish. Now, the benchers put a widely different construction on the rule, which, they say, entitles each member of their body to a dish—a construction savouring somewhat of the

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\* See *The Law Magazine*, vol. xi. p. 94, and vol. xii. p. 373.

astute simplicity of the invalid, who, being ordered a pint of wine with his dinner by six successive physicians, complied with all their prescriptions by drinking his three bottles a day. Our sympathies, however, are completely with the benchers in this matter; and should the murmuring continue, we recommend them to try the effect of cutting off the soup or the leg of mutton for a week or so. There is nothing like short commons for inculcating the virtues of contentment. Mr. Hazlitt said that a city apprentice who did not esteem the Lord Mayor the greatest man in the world would come some day or other to be hanged; and, without venturing to predict precisely the same fate for the Templar who should be wanting in veneration for the bench-table, we will make bold to prophesy that he will assuredly never come to sit at it. In one respect the Templars have clearly not degenerated. It is customary, on certain grand occasions at the Inner Temple, to pass a large silver goblet down the hall, filled with a composition immemorably termed sack; the butlers attend its progress to replenish it, and each student is restricted to a *sip*. Yet it chanced not long ago that, though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were consumed.

We may here add a circumstance which would alone shed a lustre on the dinners at the Inner Temple. Mr. Jekyll is still a constant attendant at them—a little deaf, indeed, and apparently rather weak upon his legs, but with all the elastic spirits, the teeny-fancy, the fun, the frolic, the memory and volatility, of youth.

Mr. Walker has omitted to notice the use that may be made of dinner-giving in creating or extending influence in a state.

*Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes*, was the sum of Napoleon's instructions to the Abbé de Pradt, when dispatched to gain over Poland to his cause. From Sir Robert Walpole's time downwards, the English Whigs have acted on Napoleon's maxim with singular and well-merited success; and it would be a curious subject of speculation to consider to what extent Lord Holland's and Lord Sefton's dinners, with Lord Lansdowne's evening-parties,\* have contributed towards that series of innovations which the Mel-

\* The evening-parties given by the Duke of Sussex as President of the Royal Society in the spring of 1834, though made as comprehensive as possible, had also somewhat of a Whig character unavoidably impressed upon them by the private and political connexions of his Royal Highness. The first was extremely well attended, and presented some remarkable groups; for instance, Lord Brougham and Prince Talleyrand talking together on a sofa, with a brother of Napoleon leaning against the back. Mr. Babbage's Saturday evening-parties should be mentioned to show what science can effect for itself. They were amongst the most brilliant of the last season, and presented an interesting *coup-d'œil* of beauty and celebrity. As the Sheridan sisters entered the room, where Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Lister, Lady Vincent, the present Lady King ('Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart'), Lady Morgan's nieces, &c. &c., were already clustered, M. de Beaumont exclaimed half aloud to M. de Tocqueville—*Ah, cette beauté Anglaise! c'est vraiment étonnante!*

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bourne cabinet are pleased to denominate reforms. No one who knows anything of human nature will deny that it is of the last importance to a party to have a few noble or highly-distinguished houses, where all its rank and beauty, wit, eloquence, accomplishment and agreeability may congregate; where, above all, each young recruit of promise may be received on an apparent footing of equality, his feelings taken captive by kindness, or his vanity conciliated by flattery. Many a time has the successful debutant in parliament, or the author just rising into note, repaired to Berkeley Square or Kensington with unsettled views and wavering expectations, fixed in nothing but to attach himself for a time to no party. He is received with that cordial welcome which, as the Rev. Sydney Smith very truly observes, warms more than dinner or wine;\* he is presented to a host of literary, social and political celebrities, with whom it has been for years his fondest ambition to be associated: it is gently insinuated that he may become an actual member of that brilliant circle by willing it, or his acquiescence is tacitly and imperceptibly assumed; till, thrown off his guard in the intoxication of the moment, he finds or thinks himself irrecoverably committed, and suppressing any lurking inclination towards Toryism, becomes deeply and definitively Whig. Far be it from us to say or insinuate that the hospitality of these noble houses is calculated with direct reference to an end; for we believe both Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne to be actuated by a real respect for intellectual excellence, and a praiseworthy desire to raise it to that position in society which is its due. Our observation applies merely to the effects, as to which, unless we are strangely misinformed, the head of the present cabinet agrees with us. At least, just before the breaking up of his former ministry in Nov. 1834, Lord Melbourne had announced an intention of giving a series of entertainments on very comprehensive principles, with an especial view to proselytism; and his most confidential secretary ran about everywhere to notify the hourly-expected advent of some unrivalled cases of Champagne. Lord Palmerston, again, is redeemed from the last extremity of political degradation by his cook. A distinguished member of the diplomatic body was lately overheard remarking to an Austrian nobleman—*‘C’est vrai, il est un peu ridicule, ce pauvre Cupidon—pas un peu, peut-être—mais on dîne fort bien chez lui.’*

It were useless, however, to deny that a feeling near akin to self-reproach is at the bottom of these remarks. To our shame and sorrow be it spoken, the Tories have till very lately had little

\* Life of Mackintosh, vol. li. p. 503. Mr. Sydney Smith is remarkable for the quality he describes as wanting in Mackintosh; and to have passed a day at Combe Florey, the paragon of parsonages, is an epoch in the life of any man.



or nothing of the sort; and the consequence is, that few dubious attachments were conciliated, few wavering opinions fixed, few introductions offered,—few encouragements or temptations of any sort held out. What made this state of things the more provoking was, that the Tory leaders of the time to which we allude were far from deficient in the requisites: indeed, of all the statesmen we feel at liberty to name, perhaps Canning was the best fitted for playing this peculiar game of popularity. His known love of intellectual accomplishment, whatever way displayed, would have taken away all appearance of calculation from his advances; the memory of his own early struggles would have given an air of truth to his sympathy; and his frank open cordiality of manner, with the natural unaffected *bonhomme* of his character, were sure to make an attached friend of every one who might be brought into casual communication with him. Then, his fund of animal spirits, and the extreme excitability of his temperament, were such as invariably to hurry him, *nolentem volentem*, into the full rush and flush of conviviality. At the latter period of his life, when his health began to break, he would sit down with an evident determination to be abstinent—eat sparingly of the simplest soup, take no sauce with his fish, and mix water in his wine; but as the repartee began to sparkle and the anecdote to circulate, his assumed caution was imperceptibly relaxed, he gradually gave way to temptation, and commonly ended by eating of everything, and taking wine with everybody—the very beau-ideal of an Amphitryon. We are happy to find that this important branch of party-management has now begun to be considered with more attention.

We have hardly space enough remaining to notice the other subjects of the 'Original' at length; not even the two so pointedly announced along with that we have just been discussing—namely, the art of attaining high health, and the art of travelling; but this is the less to be regretted, as both are referred to pretty nearly the same principles on which the art of dining and dinner-giving is based.

Health obviously depends in a great measure on the number, quality, and quantity of our meals; and the grand point for dyspeptic magistrates is to avoid hurry, agitation, anxiety, and distraction of every sort whilst the digestive organs are at work. In confirmation of this doctrine we shall relate an anecdote of M. de Suffrein, which has reached us from a source of undoubted authenticity. During the time this gentleman was commanding for the French in the East, he was one day waited on by a deputation of natives, who requested an audience just as he was sitting down to dinner. He quietly heard out the message, and as quietly

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desired the messenger to inform the deputation that it was a precept of the Christian religion, from which no earthly consideration would induce him to depart, never to attend to business of any kind at dinner-time. The deputation went away lost in admiration at the piety of the commandant.

The only *original* feature in Mr. Walker's instructions to travellers is what he terms 'the basket-system;' i. e. always to provide yourself with a basket of provisions at starting, to prevent the necessity of stopping and be prepared for accidents that may occur upon the way. Now, to our minds, one of the greatest pleasures in travelling is this very stopping which Mr. Walker is so anxious to avoid; nothing being pleasanter in anticipation, and nothing more agreeable when it comes, than an *improvised* dinner on the road; without which, indeed, the monotony of a long day's journey through most countries of Europe would be intolerable. There is always, moreover, some amusement to be picked up at a table-d'hôte; but be sure to follow Count Charles de Mornay's practice whenever it is your fortune to dine at one. On such occasions he always instructs his valet to come in and sit down with the company, place himself at the top or bottom of the table, treat his master as a perfect stranger, and help him to the best of every thing.

Another topic of great immediate interest discussed in the 'Original,' is the institution of clubs, which are gradually working as complete a revolution in the constitution of society as they have already effected in the architectural appearance of our streets. Superficial talkers fancy that the change in question is a fitting subject for regret, but we feel satisfied that they are wrong, and we are glad to find so sensible an observer as Mr. Walker agreeing with us.

'One of the greatest and most important modern changes in society is the present system of clubs. The facilities of living have been wonderfully increased by them in many ways, whilst the expense has been greatly diminished. For a few pounds a year advantages are to be enjoyed which no fortunes except the most ample can procure. I can best illustrate this by a particular instance. The only club I belong to is the Athenæum, which consists of twelve hundred members, amongst whom are to be reckoned a large proportion of the most eminent persons in the land, in every line—civil, military, and ecclesiastical, peers spiritual and temporal (ninety-five noblemen and twelve bishops), commoners, men of the learned professions, those connected with science, the arts, and commerce, in all its principal branches, as well as the distinguished who do not belong to any particular class. Many of these are to be met with every day living with the same freedom as in their own houses. For six guineas a year every member has the command of an excellent

library, with maps, of the daily papers, English and foreign, the principal periodicals, and every material for writing, with attendance for whatever is wanted. The building is a sort of palace, and is kept with the same exactness and comfort as a private dwelling. Every member is a master without any of the trouble of a master. He can come when he pleases and stay away as long as he pleases, without anything going wrong. He has the command of regular servants without having to pay or to manage them. He can have whatever meal or refreshment he wants, at all hours, and served up with the cleanliness and comfort of his own house. He orders just what he pleases, having no interest to think of but his own. In short, it is impossible to suppose a greater degree of liberty in living.

'Clubs, as far as my observation goes, are favourable to economy of time. There is a fixed place to go to, everything is served with comparative expedition, and it is not customary in general to remain long at table. They are favourable to temperance. It seems that when people can freely please themselves, and when they have an opportunity of living simply, excess is seldom committed. From an account I have of the expenses at the Athenæum, in the year 1832, it appears that 17,323 dinners cost, on an average, 2s. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. each, and that the average quantity of wine for each person was a small fraction more than half-a-pint.'

The difference between the expenditure at the Athenæum and the other principal clubs is not sufficient to affect the inference. The Windham is the most expensive—perhaps from Lord Nugent's wish to keep off the Irish members. The Senior United Service is the cheapest, probably from the number of absent members, and the practised though liberal economy of the mess-table. The vulgar habit of associating the notion of gentility with expense is invariably discountenanced at these establishments. The Duke of Wellington may be often seen at the Senior United dining on a joint; and on one occasion, when he was charged fifteenpence instead of a shilling for it, he bestirred himself till the odd threepence was struck off. The motive was obvious; he took the trouble of objecting, to give his sanction to the principle.

The objection that the neglect of female society is caused by clubs is sufficiently refuted by the facts:—In the first place, female society is not neglected by any who are capable of appreciating it, and, in the second place, the larger clubs are notoriously deserted from nine till after midnight, when Crockford's begins to fill again. There is also an occasional muster of whist-players at the Travellers, of whom Prince Talleyrand, during his residence in London, invariably made one. He is but an indifferent player, though he has a great advantage in his imperturbability of face. It was a deficiency in this respect that made the late Duke of

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York so constant a loser. His face was a sort of index to his hand, and his friend Sir Thomas Stepney used to tell a story of seeing him lose a rubber of three hundred guineas (they were playing for twenty-five-guinea points besides the bet) by simply looking exceedingly blank on taking up his cards, which encouraged his right hand adversary to finesse upon him in direct defiance of the odds.

It is a fact worth recording, that the Travellers' Club originated in a suggestion of the late Lord Londonderry. He promoted it with a view to the accommodation of foreigners who, when properly recommended, receive an invitation for the period of their stay. At most of the other clubs foreign ambassadors, and a limited number of other foreigners of distinction, are also admissible without contribution for the same period. The liberality of the Frankfort Cassino, where any member may introduce as many strangers as he pleases, could not be imitated in a metropolis like London, without a sacrifice on the part of the contributing members greater than can reasonably be expected of them.

Lord Byron, in one of his letters from Italy, mentions the 'Alfred' as an agreeable evening lounge in his early days, when, he says, his schoolfellow Peel, and other clever people, were in the habit of coming there; but the 'Alfred' received its *coup de grace* from a well-known story (rather an indication than a cause of its decline), to the effect, that Mr. Canning, whilst in the zenith of his fame, dropped in accidentally at a house-dinner of twelve or fourteen, stayed out the evening, and made himself remarkably agreeable—without any one of the party suspecting who he was. The dignified clergy, who, with the higher class of lawyers, have now migrated to the 'Athenæum' and 'University' clubs, formerly mustered in such force at the 'Alfred,' that Lord Alvanley, on being asked in the bay window at 'White's,' whether he was still a member, somewhat irreverently replied—'Not exactly: I stood it as long as I could, but when the seventeenth bishop was proposed, I gave in. I really could not enter the place without being put in mind of my catechism.' Sober-minded people may be apt to think this formed the best possible reason for his lordship's remaining where he was. It is hardly necessary to say, that the presence of the bishops and judges is universally regarded as an unerring test of the high character of a club.

Miss Berry's account of the manner in which ladies and gentlemen passed their time previously to the institution of clubs, confirms our belief that the ladies have lost nothing by them:—

'The taverns and coffee-houses supplied the place of the clubs we have since seen established. Although no exclusive subscription belonged to any of these, we find by the account which Colley Cibber

gives of his first visit to Will's in Covent Garden, that it required an introduction to this society not to be considered as an impertinent intruder. There the veteran Dryden had long presided over all the acknowledged wits and poets of the day, and those who had the pretension to be reckoned among them. The politicians assembled at the St. James's coffee-house, from whence all the articles of political news in the first 'Tatlers' are dated. The learned frequented the Grecian coffee-house in Devereux Court. Locket's, in Gerard Street, Soho, and Pontac's, were the fashionable taverns where the young and gay met to dine: and White's, and other chocolate houses, seem to have been the resort of the same company in the morning.\* Three o'clock, or at latest four, was the dining hour of the most fashionable persons in London, for in the country no such late hours had been adopted. In London, therefore, soon after six, the men began to assemble at the coffee-house they frequented, if they were not setting in for hard drinking, which seems to have been less indulged in private houses than in taverns. The ladies made visits to one another, which it must be owned was a much less waste of time when considered as an amusement for the evening, than now as being a morning occupation.†

It thus appears that the evening amusements of the sexes were perfectly distinct.

Mr. Walker has another mode of accounting for this assumed neglect:—

'If female society be neglected, it is not owing to the institution of clubs, but more probably to the long sittings of the House of Commons, and to the want of easy access to family circles. For the most part female society is only to be met with at formal and laborious dinners, and over-crowded and frivolous parties, attendance on the latter of which men of sense soon find out to be a nuisance and a degradation. It was said by a man of high rank, large fortune, and extraordinary accomplishments [Mr. Walker means the late Earl of Dudley, we believe,] that he did not know a single house in London where he could venture to ask for a cup of tea; and though this might not be literally true it argues a lamentable degree of restraint.'

Before quitting the subject of clubs, it may be as well to state, that the account given of the Carlton Club by a northern cotemporary is singularly adapted to mislead. That club is no more a political union in the sense in which the writer uses the term, than Brookes'; which, by the way, has been brought to the verge of ruin by its politics. We allude not merely to the Alvanley and

\* It is remarkable that the morning lounge in the bay window is still the grand attraction of White's.

† Comparative view of the Social Life of England and France.—By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. First Part, p. 273. A Second Part has been published, and makes us only the more anxious for a third, in which the bad effects of the late revolutionary changes on society in both countries might be traced.

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Raphael affairs—which are bad enough in all conscience, as tending to establish the passive endurance of ungentlemanly conduct, in consideration of active partizanship, as a principle—but to the manner in which the club has been vulgarised by recent infusions. Sheridan was black-balled three times by George Selwyn because his father had been upon the stage, and he only got in at last through a *ruse* of George the Fourth, (then Prince of Wales) who detained his adversary in conversation in the hall whilst the ballot was going on. What would George Selwyn say to some twenty or thirty of the names now upon the list! The Edinburgh Review is pleased to add: ‘It (the Carlton) is no mere new club established for the social meeting of *gentlemen* generally professing the same opinions, like White’s or Brookes’.\* As regards Brookes’, our cotemporary is right.

It would be strikingly unjust to Mr. Walker to pass over his political papers, most of which have great merit; and our testimony to this effect will be allowed to be unimpeachable, when we state, that on the whole, he inclines rather to the old school of Whiggery, so far as a man who thinks boldly and clearly for himself can be fairly said to incline to any party. He begins by enumerating three principles of government—the democratic, the ochlocratic, and the oligarchic:—

‘By the democratic principle, I mean the principle of popular government fitly organized. By the ochlocratic principle, I mean the principle of mob-government, or government by too large masses. By the oligarchic principle, I mean the principle of exclusive government, or government by too few. The democratic principle is the fundamental principle of English government, and upon its effective operation depend the purity and vigour of the body politic. This principle has a tendency in two different directions, and constant watchfulness and skill are required to preserve it in its full force. Unless its application is varied as population increases, it becomes in practice either oligarchical or ochlocratical; oligarchical, for instance, in the ancient corporations of thriving towns, and ochlocratical in increasing parishes with open vestries. The oligarchic principle tends to make those who attain power, tenacious, arbitrary, and corrupt; those who wish for it, discontented and envious, and the rest fatally indifferent. Hence our long-standing and fierce party struggles on questions of reform—hence the ochlocratic principle so slowly called into action, and hence the headlong consequences; all of which evils would have been entirely prevented had the democratic principle been duly kept, or put in operation.

‘*Ochlocracy* (which is derived from two Greek words signifying mob-government) is the most inquisitorial, dictatorial, and disgusting of all governments, and its tendency is to despotism as a more tolerable form

\* Edinb. Rev., No. 125, p. 171.

*of tyranny. It is an unwieldy monster, more potent in the tail than in the head, and is hardly stimulated to action but by the garbage or trash thrown to it by the base or the weak for their own base or weak purposes.*

But the pith of Mr. Walker's political opinions is to be found in an article entitled 'Reform':—

'Reform is an admirable thing, though reformers are seldom admirable men, either in respect to their motives, or to the means they employ to attain their ends. They are ordinarily overbearing, rapacious, and inquisitorial, perfectly heedless how much suffering they cause to those who stand in their way, and only befriending their supporters for the sake of their support. They are often men of profligate habits, whose chief reason for busying themselves in public affairs is because they are afraid to look into their own. Their real delight is in pulling down both men and institutions, and if they could help it, they would never raise up either one or the other. When they do so, it is only from opposition, and never upon sound principles. They delight in the discomfiture of others, and take no pleasure in any one's happiness. With them everything is abstract and general, except the work of demolition, and there they will enter into practical detail with great zest. They are profoundly ignorant of the art of government, and they seldom get beyond a general fitting measure, little knowing, and not at all caring, whom it pinches. As their policy is to flatter and cajole the lowest, they reject whatever is high-minded and generous, and seek in everything to debase the social standard. They are to the many what courtiers are to the few, and like them they misrepresent and vilify every class but that by which they hope to thrive. They are vain and self-sufficient, and think they thoroughly know what they have neither heads nor hearts to comprehend. There is this in them that is disgusting, that they are the reverse of what they profess, and they are the more dangerous, because, under plausible prettexts and with specious beginnings, they work to ruin. They rise into notice and importance from the pertinacious clinging to abuse of men often more estimable than themselves, and from the inaction of those who content themselves with wishing for the public good, instead of sacrificing a portion of their ease in order to secure it. They see their ends but indistinctly, and they are regardless of the means by which they advance to them. They will advocate the cause of humanity with a total want of feeling, and will seek to establish what they call purity, by corruption and intrigue. Freedom of opinion they enforce by intimidation, and uphold the cause of civil and religious liberty by tyranny and oppression. Nothing could exhibit the character of a *reformer by trade* more strongly than the attempt to overhaul the pension list. It was an attempt inquisitorial, unfeeling, and unnecessary; and its object was to inflame and gratify the basest passions of the multitude. The amount, in a national point of view, was not worth thinking of; as a precedent it had lost all its force,—and the only question was, whether a

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number of unoffending individuals should be dragged before the public, and made a prey to uneasiness and privation for the mere purpose of gratifying malignity and prying curiosity. In something the same spirit was the attempt to make public the names of all fund-holders above a certain amount; and as a specimen of arbitrary feeling, there cannot be a better than the proposal to break in upon the sanctity of a private dwelling with "a vigour beyond the law."

The subject of 'the thorough organization of self-government,' which Mr. Walker proposes as a panacea for all the evils of the State, is pursued through several Numbers, so that the full development of the theory would require a much larger space than we can afford. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that the principle maintained by him is that to which M. Tocqueville, in his admirable work on the institutions of the United States,\* attributes the greater part of the good he discovers in them, as well as that which the great German jurist, von Savigny, is anxious to preserve as the best guarantee for patriotism.† But perhaps we shall best convey some slight notion of its nature by stating that it is especially opposed to the centralization principle, the tendency of which, as we understand it, is to neutralize and eventually destroy all local or provincial power and influence of any kind enjoyed in right of station or property—(unpaid magistrates are particularly obnoxious to it)—and vest the entire administration, local as well as general, in regular government functionaries or boards of salaried commissioners with their subordinates. There may be instances in which centralization is necessary, but against the unchecked extension of the principle Mr. Walker earnestly protests:—

'There are two vices inherent in the centralization principle, which are quite sufficient to render it odious to all true Englishmen. In the first place, it must necessarily create a tribe of subordinate traders in government, who, with whatever English feelings they might set out, must from the nature of things, they or their successors, become arbitrary, vexatious, and selfish. In the second place, as it would deprive the citizens of the invigorating moral exercise of managing their common affairs, it would soon justly expose them to the reproach of that Roman emperor, who, to certain Grecian deputies claiming for their country a restoration of political privileges, made this bitter answer, "The Greeks have forgotten how to be free." Freedom, like health, can only be preserved by exercise, and that exercise becomes more necessary as a nation becomes more rich. The inevitable tendency of the centralization principle, like the ochlocratic, though more insidiously, is to despotism. The first is the favourite of those who call themselves Liberals, and the last of the Radicals.'

\* *'De la Democratie en Amerique,'* vol. i. c. 5. A careful study of this book will suffice to cure any thinking man of republicanism, if any thinking man can have contracted a taste for it.

† *'Of the Vocation of our age for Legislation and Jurisprudence,'* sect. 5.

Not to run the slightest risk of suffering Mr. Walker's scheme to be confounded with any of the absurdities of the present Cabinet, we subjoin the passage in which he pointedly excludes the inference :—

'The ochlocratic, or mob principle, though it may appear to be founded on the principle of self-government, is virtually the reverse, and for this reason, that its tendency is to throw the management of affairs into the hands of a few, and those the most unworthy; whilst apathy and disgust keep the best as much aloof, as if they were by law excluded from interference. This is an inevitable result in the long run. It is witnessed continually in ochlocratically organized parishes and corporations, and has, from the first, been visible in different degrees in the new overgrown parliamentary constituencies. The excitement of the moment is producing a partial activity, but which is factitious, and not essential. The cumbrous machines will only be towed into action by party steamers, in the shape of clubs and associations, and, in ordinary times, will be completely water-logged, while corruption and misrule will gradually creep in undisturbed. It will require far more statesman-like contrivances to draw men from their business, their pleasure, and their ease, and induce them sufficiently to interest themselves in public affairs to keep public affairs in their proper course. The spirit of party will not accomplish this.

'Zealots in liberty are apt to suppose that it consists entirely in independence of all government; that is, that the less power is lodged with government, the more freedom is left to the citizens. But the most perfect state of liberty consists in the most complete security of person and property, not only from government, but from individuals; and in this point of view, I apprehend, liberty is enjoyed to far greater extent in England than in any other country in the world. In this point of view, honesty and peaceable behaviour are essential to the enjoyment of liberty. . . . Whether a man has his pocket picked by a sharper, or by an oppressive impost; whether his plate or jewels are seized by an order of government, or are carried away by a house-breaker; whether his estate is cleared of its game by the king's purveyor, or by a gang of poachers; or whether he is confined to his house after a certain hour by a regulation of police, or by the fear of being robbed or murdered,—in neither predicament can he be said to enjoy perfect liberty, which consists in security of person and property, without molestation or restraint, provided there is no molestation or restraint of others. To attain this liberty, strong government is necessary, but strong without being vexatious, and the only form is that which, in the true spirit of our constitution, consists of a simple supreme government, presiding over and keeping duly organized a scale of self-governments below it. It is by moral influence alone that liberty, as I have just defined it, can be secured, and it is only in self-governments that the proper moral influence exists. In proportion as the supreme government takes upon itself the control of local affairs, apathy, feebleness, and corruption will creep in, and

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our increasing wealth, which should prove a blessing, will only hasten our ruin.'

We shall conclude with a sentiment in perfect harmony and exact unison with our own:—

'I like comfortable generous times. I loathe the base, malignant, destroying spirit now in the ascendant, chilling and poisoning as it works; and I would fain see the present age of calculation and economy pass away, to be succeeded by a glorious one of high-minded morals. To inspirit the rich, to enrich the industrious, and to ensure a sound and brilliant prosperity, what this great country wants, is not a sour system of paring and pulling down, but a statesman-like infusion of the splendour and energies of war into the conduct of peace—the same prompt and liberal application of means to ends—the same excitements to action—the same encouragements to those who serve their country.'

Mr. Walker has discontinued his labours during a brief interval, but he promises to resume them within a month or two, and we shall then be most happy to renew our acquaintance with the 'Original.' We now take leave of him with the sincerest feelings of respect.

ART. VIII.—*Dramas*. By Joanna Baillie. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1836.

THE name of Joanna Baillie commands attention from all true lovers of dramatic poetry. No female, we assert without scruple, has ever struck at once into so high a vein of poetry, or obtained so much success in the noblest and most consummate branch of poetic composition—the tragic drama. We are not old enough to remember the sensation caused by the first anonymous appearance of the 'Plays on the Passions,' but we have often heard it described; the curiosity excited in the literary circle, which was then much more narrow and concentrated than at present; the incredulity, with which the first rumour that these vigorous and original compositions came from a female hand, was received; and the astonishment, when, after all the ladies who then enjoyed any literary celebrity had been tried and found totally wanting in the splendid faculties developed in those dramas, they were acknowledged by a gentle, quiet, and retiring young woman, whose most intimate friends, we believe, had never suspected her extraordinary powers.

There may have been some national pride, and some personal feeling of regard in the high-toned praise awarded to the 'bold enchantress' in one of Sir Walter Scott's earlier poems:—

'Till Avon's swans—while rung the grove  
With Montfort's hate, and Basil's love!—

Awakening

Awakening at the inspired strain,  
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again !

Yet not only must the peculiar excellence of her tragedies, but the state of English dramatic literature at the time when they made their appearance, be taken into the account, when we would appreciate the genius of Joanna Baillie. At any time she must have commanded high admiration by her masculine vigour both of conception and language, tempered with feminine grace and tenderness; by the bold grappling with the strongest passions of human nature; by the fearless confidence in her own invention in the construction and development of her plots; by the constant, and frequently successful, attempt to give character to all the inferior incidents and personages of her drama; by the language, if not always perfectly pure or free from inversion, yet in its simpler flow, as well as in its imagery, peculiarly her own; even by the versification, which shook off at once the artificial and monotonous stateliness in which English tragedy had spoken since the days of Rowe. But, when these dramas first flashed across the poetic atmosphere—what was, what had long been the state of the English tragic drama? We are unwilling to disturb the slumbers of the dead: if, as Ariosto imagined, there be a limbo in the heavenly regions for things lost on earth, we cannot suppose that the tragic writers of that age can be much nearer to the sun, or inhabit a more genial climate than the planet Saturn. If these works were yet on earth we should recommend a consignment in the next Arctic expedition; they would, no doubt, be very stirring and effective translated into the Esquimaux tongue. Seriously speaking, when Miss Baillie first wrote, the drama, throughout Europe, seemed expiring, never to revive. Voltaire had long exhausted himself in his *Zaire*, his *Mahomet*, and his *Tancrede*. Alfieri, if any of his dramas had been published, had not been heard of in this country. Schiller, if known, was known only by his earlier and wilder plays. In England, the only tragedy of vigour and originality (Horace Walpole's *Mysterious Mother*) was interdicted from the theatre, and indeed from the library of more scrupulous readers, by the repulsive nature of the subject, in our opinion rendered more revolting by the misconception of the author. Walpole imagined that he made the horrible crime, on which his tragedy was founded, less improbable, by representing it as perpetrated at the time when the mother's mind was unbinged by the recent loss of her husband. To the calmer reason this might be true, but tragedy appeals not to the reason, but to the moral sentiment; perhaps metaphysically right, he was dramatically wrong in this first conception of his plot. Among the other serious dramas of this period, Douglas alone,

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from the romantic interest of the story, and the opportunity for fine acting in the part of Lady Randolph, maintains its place on the stage. The rest, monotonous alike in plot, in character, in language, in versification, are perhaps best known by Sheridan's humorous satire in the *Critic*, which is no less true than it is comic.

From this thralldom English dramatic poetry was at once emancipated, and by a young and meek woman. It cannot be denied that, notwithstanding her manly tone of originality both in thought and expression, the influence of her sex is still manifest in the works of Miss Baillie. Her range, both of events, and of the passions which she exhibits in their fiercer workings, is in some degree limited; and no female writer ever submitted to these natural restrictions with so much dignity and grace as Joanna Baillie. There is none of that artificial prudery and delicacy which is ever watching itself lest it should be betrayed into indecorous warmth, lest passion should break through the rigid boundaries of propriety: it is the inborn and native modesty of a pure mind, too virtuous to condescend to the display of virtue, too inwardly sensitive of the becoming to parade any studied and fastidious nicety. Throughout Miss Baillie's writings there is the constant charm of a simplicity of character which disdains to strain after effect. This straining, we are almost ungallant enough to say, is the common fault of female writers. She never labours to produce stronger emotion than naturally arises out of the incident; her tenderness (and in the expression of the softer affections she is often a consummate mistress) never degenerates into sentimentality; her playfulness—the innocent and cheerful coquetry with which she delights in enlivening her younger female characters—is easy and unstudied; her moral sentiments arise naturally out of her situations; these are never pompously enunciated, as though they were philosophical discoveries: always on the side of virtue, she does not think it necessary to lecture upon it. She lays out all her strength in being a powerful and pleasing dramatist, but never ventures out of her own province. Even her religion is in the same quiet and harmonious tone—the motive is always in its place—and the feeling, when it necessarily finds its way into the language, is as easy and unaffected as the rest; it has the force and authority of perfect sincerity; it is more impressive, because it makes no display.

Still, highly as this kind of native feminine sense of propriety enhances, in some respects, our admiration of Miss Baillie's works, it confines her within a narrower sphere of poetic conception. She cannot—it is contrary to her nature—assert perfect freedom in ranging through all the infinite varieties of human nature, which form the great and inexhaustible treasure-house for tragic poetry. There are some of its darker and more retired cells

cells which are closed against her. There are passions which she must develope with a trembling hand. Among the most singular endowments indeed of our nature, is the power possessed by minds of true genius of embodying passions utterly foreign to their own disposition; of passing, as it were, into the persons of others, and expressing the genuine language of grief, which they never felt, of jealousy, to which they have never been subject, of ambition, which has no real hold upon their hearts. How is the link-boy in the street—who rose by degrees into an actor of no very splendid success, whose knowledge of human nature was obtained in his disorderly frolics in Warwickshire, in the streets of then circumscribed London, or the convivial meetings at the Mitre, perhaps occasionally in the hospitable hall of Lord Southampton—how is this Proteus of the imagination by turns the delicate maiden, the haughty Roman, the blood-stained usurper, the misanthropic Athenian, the blind old banished King, Miranda, and Coriolanus, and Macbeth, and Timon, and Lear? Of all passions, hatred, we venture to assert, is that which is most opposite to the nature of Joanna Baillie. It is a feeling with which it is impossible that experience should have given her the slightest acquaintance; yet with what terrific energy, with what awful truth, has she developed its secret workings, its subtle irritability, its intense madness! Still, though thus possessing a command over emotions so totally alien from her own disposition—with such an intuitive perception of the manner in which certain events would work on minds of the most strange and peculiar temperament—able to place the persons of her drama in the most trying situations, and to make them act and speak with the force and the truth of nature—in woman there yet appear some limitations to the exercise of this wonderful and comprehensive faculty. There are depths in the human heart which her imagination must shrink from exploring—not those alone which the sense of propriety would interdict, but the agitations of some of the fiercer and more stormy emotions, the concentrated vehemence, the whirlwind of certain passions—at least in their strongest development.

Above all, some larger acquaintance with human life seems essential to that infinite variety of incident, that rich multiplicity of character, which belongs to Shakspeare and his school. It is singular how many of Miss Baillie's plays—especially in the volumes before us—turn on the crime of murder; it is with her the great source of strong emotion—her tragic Decalogue seems confined to the sixth commandment. The consciousness of the power with which she portrays the irresolution, the terror, the agony, the desperate frenzy, before the 'first commission of the horrid act'—the remorse, the prostration of spirit, the deep ineradicable despondency, after the perpetration of the crime—

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has been no doubt the overpowering temptation to the authoress, and may be admitted as ample justification to the reader, for the frequent recurrence of the same sort of interest. We mention the fact merely in illustration of our position as to the somewhat limited means of agitating and harrowing the mind, at the command even of so great a female writer as Miss Baillie. There are two points, however, which must be remembered in the course of these observations. We are comparing Miss Baillie—when we speak of the wider range of character and incident, the greater freedom and boldness with which every phase of human life is exhibited, the fearless energy, the unshrinking fidelity, with which every fierce and tumultuous emotion, which thrills and rends the heart of man, is exhibited, the infinite diversity with which every scene of many-coloured life is drawn—with Shakspeare and the school of Shakspeare. Miss Baillie's plays were indeed written before the admiration of these latter splendid writers, which has operated so powerfully on most of the other successful dramatists of the present day, had been revived; there are no indications in her writings of familiarity with the works of Massinger, Ford, or Fletcher. It is only as contrasted with this inimitable race of Poets that we find some want of variety in her conceptions, of copiousness in her language—we must add, as no less certain indications of a female hand, with all the force and picturesqueness of her style, occasionally the most whimsical inaccuracy, and anything rather than the correctness of a well-educated scholar.

But there is another consideration, which we must never lose sight of in estimating the powers and the fulness of Miss Baillie's imagination: she has almost always trusted entirely to her own invention for the conception both of her plot and of her characters. Except Constantine Palæologus, we do not remember any one of her plays which she has founded upon history; nor has she, like our old dramatists, or even the prince of our dramatists, freely laid under contribution the novel, the poem, the chronicle, the older play, whatever could furnish a background ready sketched out for the introduction of their own groupes of figures. No dramatist has borrowed so little: we do not presume to venture within the sanctuary of her study, but few writers could be proved out of their own works to have read so little as Miss Baillie. In short, the wonder is not that a female, and a female placed aloof by her own virtues and her position of life from the misfortunes, the miseries, the follies, the vices, which *sometimes* unhappily and fatally familiarize her sex with the more stirring varieties of human life, which occasionally give even them a melancholy acquaintance with, if not an experience of, the workings and the effects of the most violent passions—the marvellous  
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part of her compositions is not that such a female should not have done more, but rather that she should have done so much. We will only appeal farther in favour of our position to the manner in which Miss Baillie has usually drawn her own sex. If we except the proud Elburga in *Ethwald*, and Annabel in the play of *Witchcraft*, in the collection before us, (a character we think very imperfectly and by no means pleasingly developed,) her females are never under the influence of bad or even violent emotions. They are sometimes invested in a kind of ideal dignity, a superiority to all the ordinary weaknesses of their sex, or even of their nature, like Jane de Montfort; we may perhaps add Valeria in *Constantine Palæologus*. But almost invariably they are gentle, modest, affectionate; loving, but with a pure, a holy, and a tempered passion. She delights in a kind of meek cheerfulness of disposition, an innocent gaiety of heart; but modesty and the sense of duty are constantly softening off and subduing the inward passions; the authoress is chary of the dignity, the modesty of her sex; she treats it with a kind of reverential and sisterly respect; her females are not looked upon, as Shakspeare beautifully says of his own Isabella,

‘Like things enskyed and sainted’—

but they are never desecrated by real guilt. It may be said, that in this respect she has done no more than the manly taste and feeling of her great master did before her: to one Lady Macbeth we have Miranda and Imogene, Ophelia, and Desdemona, and Isabella, Portia, and Volumnia, and Constance, and Catharine of Arragon. Still we must be permitted to recognise the personality of the authoress in this peculiar characteristic of her dramas. Miss Baillie, we are sure, will pardon us if we consider her still a woman, since we most unfeignedly esteem her as equalled by none of her own sex, in any age and country, in the powers which she has displayed throughout the most difficult, as well as the noblest walk of poetic genius.

It is time, however, that we pass to the more immediate consideration of her present publication. It is remarkable, that in several plays contained in these volumes we find her peculiarly strong in that part in which we cannot but admit the deficiency of her former dramas. Beautiful as these were as *reading*, they were scarcely *acting* plays; they were wanting in that suspended, that stirring interest, which awakens and rivets the attention of an audience; they had not enough dramatic effect constantly to revive and quicken the failing emotions of hearers. With the exception of the *Family Legend*, they were never, we believe, brought upon the stage—at least repeated. *De Montfort* was produced at its first appearance, but without success. It is not difficult to account for its failure. *De Montfort* is peculiarly deficient

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ficient in that varied and vivid incident which alone commands the attention of a vast and crowded theatre. It consists in the development of one character under the influence of a passion, however described with tremendous force, yet the most repulsive, the most remote from our common sympathies, to which human nature is subject. We incline to the opinion, that in the original design of the *Plays on the Passions*, Miss Baillie put unnecessary trammels on her own genius; instead of surrendering herself to that free and unbounded inspiration which seizes every event as it unfolds itself; and all the mingling and crossing and conflicting of various motives and feelings, which form the reality of life, she set herself as it were a task. Her master passion, in Pope's words,

'Like Aaron's serpent swallowed up the rest.'

It thus gave a kind of monotony to the whole design, which was especially the case in the delineation of the most unamiable of all human feelings. De Montfort was the one dark figure on the wide canvass; instinct, indeed, with all the sombre grandeur of Spagnolet, but still insufficient to occupy or to give life to the whole space. The noble Lady Jane is described rather than set in action; when she speaks, she speaks most nobly, but she has little to do with the plot; the supposed pretensions of Rezenvelt to her hand goad the moody mind of De Montfort to more furious madness, but still she stands aloof, as it were, in her dignity, from the general business of the scene. We have always thought that, if we could select our own performers and our own audience, Basil might be made one of the most delightful of scenic exhibitions. We must, however, previously imbue a whole company of professional performers with that high refinement, that gentlemanly bearing, scarcely ever attained in perfection in our day but by the Kemble family; or we must impart the ease and practised powers of representation, possessed only by professional actors, to some of our distinguished amateurs. Above all, we must command an aristocratical audience—our readers will do us the justice to suppose that we do not mean the vulgar aristocracy of birth or wealth—but that of high and cultivated minds, of feelings open to all noble and generous sentiments, and keenly alive to the subtlest workings of delicacy and honour. For the whole conception, the language itself of Basil is too highly toned, too chivalrous, too finely romantic to catch the popular ear in a modern theatre; the least coarseness in the execution would mar its effect on the more refined part of the audience, while the touches would be too soft and evanescent to fix the attention of those who demand stronger excitement. The total absence of noise, and bustle, and effect, would disappoint all who are of less imaginative, more imperfectly cultivated temperament, and who indeed would have the best ex-

cuse

cuse for their want of power to appreciate the finer beauties of poetry, in the distance by which its machinery is divided from their sight, and the indistinctness with which, in the remoter parts of our large theatres, its language is conveyed to their ears.

The most remarkable characteristic of several of the dramas contained in these volumes is, as we have said, that they excel in that one great point in which Miss Baillie's former plays were wanting. In these volumes, Henriquez and the Separation, and in rather an inferior class the Homicide, are acting plays of the highest order. As poems they do not perhaps equal, but as dramas they far surpass her former works. We cannot select scattered passages of equal beauty with some of the single scenes in Basil and Ethwald,—the one exquisitely pathetic part of Rayner; or Mahomet, in Constantine Palæologus, listening to the murmurs of the slumbering and fated city. But for deep, for riveting, for absorbing interest of plot, for the simple and inartificial, yet most skilful, subordination of all the incidents to the main impression,—that single unity, which is worthy of preservation, and, in fact, is alone preserved by great dramatists,—for opportunities, above all, of displaying the powers of great actors, we have read nothing for some time which, in our estimation, promises so highly for theatric representation as these dramas.

To commence our task with something of regularity, we must express our regret that the tragedy of Romiero is placed in the van, as it were, of the present publication. It is, in our opinion, the play the least happily conceived, and the least effectively executed in the whole series. It is intended to illustrate the passion of jealousy. But Miss Baillie has not, we think, quite clearly perceived that the passion of jealousy may co-exist with the noblest qualities of our nature. It may madden the high honour of man into vindictiveness; it may turn the milk of woman's kindness into gall; the more intense the other feelings, valour, generosity, love, the more dreadful will be the state of that mind when those feelings are outraged and wrought into wild and undiscerning frenzy by this overpowering feeling. But a *jealous disposition*, and such seems that of Romiero, is something in itself mean and degrading; it is almost impossible to make it assume that dignity which is necessary to high tragic interest. Look to the great commentator on human life, the master who possessed the key to the heart of man. Othello is anything rather than a *jealous character*; his inflammable nature, once kindled, burns with the most desolating fury; the Moorish blood boils at once to the fiercest fever-heat; but it requires all the devilish art of Iago to work him up to madness; and even then it is indignation, it is stern resentment at the abuse of his passionate and confiding nature, the feeling of his

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utter desolation, that 'where he had garnered up his heart,' he should be robbed of his one hoarded treasure, Desdemona's love;—it is revenge against her, not hatred against Cassio, which is the predominant, the absorbing feeling, and prepares us for the harrowing catastrophe. On the other hand, Leontes, in the Winter's Tale, in whom jealousy lies, as it were, in the constitutional temperament, is no doubt somewhat dignified to our imagination by his kingly rank. But Leontes is not made the hero of a *tragedy*. Had he murdered Hermione with his own hand, the effect upon the mind would have been revolting rather than terrific. So Romerio, who is determined to find his wife dishonoured, and, when one cause of suspicion is removed, instantly grasps at another, awakens no generous sympathy; he would be detestable if he were not despicable; the skill and vigour of the authoress have been lavished in vain, in the attempt to dignify the character, or to reconcile the mind to the fatal catastrophe. We have not been wrought up to murder-pitch—the scene of bloodshed finds us cold and passive.

We pass on with eager haste to Henriquez, a work of a far higher order. It is equally happy in conception and in execution. In the enthralling interest of the plot, and the skilful development of character and of action, it surpasses all Miss Baillie's earlier and perhaps more poetic dramas. Henriquez turns also upon the passion of jealousy, but it is jealousy forced by strong and pregnant circumstances upon a generous and confiding spirit. Henriquez at first rejects with scornful disdain the imputation on the honour of his wife, and thus enlists in his favour all those emotions of compassion and sympathy which we refuse to the man of a suspicious temper. In the jealous disposition there is a want of self-respect, and where that is wanting no one commands the respect of others. Henriquez commands and receives both. The first act of this tragedy is occupied in the gradual working up of Henriquez to this passion so foreign to his nature, and perhaps for that very reason, when once excited, becoming a temporary, an uncontrollable madness.

Henriquez, the favourite general of the King Alonzo, is returning in triumph from the Moors into the bosom of his family. He is met, as it were, on the threshold of his castle by suspicious circumstances, which he dismisses with contempt. Gradually they thicken and darken around him. He finds, at length, that the object of all that suspicion, his dearest friend Don Juen, whom he supposed from his own letter to be at his 'own northern seat,' at a considerable distance, is to be at nightfall at a 'private door to the grove.' In his paroxysm he fiercely exclaims—

'Night falls on some who never see the morn.'

There may be readers who will consider, after all, that these circumstances are not quite damning and conclusive enough to account for the desperate deed of Henriquez. The plot may be thought not worked up with sufficient art and preparation for the dire catastrophe. Our objection, if we should venture to suggest one, would be of a different nature. It is a canon of great importance in tragic writing, that whatever conduces to an appalling and guilty close, should flow directly from the will of some of the personages in the drama. Our moral sense requires, as it were, some victim on which to wreak its just indignation. Where a generous spirit is perverted, and almost excusably perverted, into crime—where the very noblest qualities of his being are abused, as in those of Henriquez, into a deed so alien to the high-toned temper of his mind,—we are not content to be thrown back upon chance. Mistake and accident are not legitimate means for bringing about a terrific catastrophe; Othello has his Iago. Even where no crime is committed, but where the utmost extreme of misery is heaped upon a guiltless head, we require the known agency of man. Lear would be insupportable without Goneril and Regan. We cannot but feel that he is suffering a harsh and unmerited doom—a strong and almost indignant sense of injustice rises up within the mind. But if there be no human agent against whom we can vent our resentment, or at least our dissatisfaction, against what higher—what sacred power is it almost of necessity thrown back? We cannot take refuge in the mystery that hangs over real life, where we submit in constrained resignation to our ignorance of the true causes which bring about such events. For the poet is in the secret of all those causes which influence the fate of his tragic characters, particularly if they are purely imaginary; and we have a right to demand that he should not place our moral feeling in this unpleasant dilemma. He must not leave the impression that a good man is forced into guilt by *unavoidable* circumstances, over which neither he nor any other human being has any control. Nor must innocence be involved in calamity which we cannot treat as probationary, unless there be some one whom we can call to account without presumption and without impiety. It has been often said that the sublimity of the Greek tragedy depends on the struggle of a great and noble mind with inexorable—unconquerable fate. Notwithstanding the high authority on which this opinion rests, we entertain great doubts of its justice. We deny that the fatalism of the Greeks is arbitrary and irrelative. It is, in almost every drama, Nemesis, Ate, an avenging power for the hereditary, the voluntary guilt of some ancient house, not a mere stern Necessity, which causes crime and inflicts misery. It is, in fact, the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children. The crimes

crimes of Pelops, the Thyestean banquets, devote the whole Argive house, till its extinction in Orestes, to guilt and ruin. Œdipus stands alone; but independent of the solemn moral announced by the poet himself, that the wisest of mankind may be the most miserable,

\*Ὅς τὰ κλείν' αἰνίγματ' ᾔδῃ, καὶ κράτιστος ἦν ἀνὴρ,  
Εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δεινῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν—

we must always remember that the Œdipus Coloneus was a part of that great trilogy. The magnificent close of that play (if we remember right, M. Schlegel himself alludes to it) may be considered as a kind of tardy vindication of the Divine justice. The blind old man has a summons from the world by a special messenger from the Gods—and the mysterious wonder which attaches to his departure not merely heightens the general tragic effect of his history, but is a kind of promise of splendid retribution for his awful fate. We hope to renew this controversy on some future opportunity, but we have digressed, we hardly know where, from Miss Baillie and her Henriquez.

At the opening of the second Act the dreadful deed has been perpetrated:—

*Enter HENRIQUEZ with a sword in his hand, which he lays on the table in the light, shrinking back as he looks at it.*

HEN. The blood!—this blood!—his blood!—O dismal change! When rose the sun of this sad day, how gladly Would I have shed mine own to have saved one drop Of what was then so dear! (*Pushing it into the shade.*) Be from my sight.

It wrings my heart; and yet so black a stream,  
So base, so treacherous, did never stain  
The sword of holy justice. (*After sitting down, and gazing some time on the ground*)

This is a pause of rest from the first act,  
The needful act, of righteous retribution.  
Oh! is it rest? The souls that fell from light  
Into the dark profound, cut off from bliss,  
Had rest like this. (*Pressing his temples tightly with both hands.*)  
How furiously these burning temples throb!  
Be still! be still! there's more behind to do;  
But no more blood: I will not shed her blood.  
(*Knocking at the door.*) Who's there?

VOICE.—Are you awake, my Lord?

HEN. What dost thou want?

VOICE (*without*).—The banquet is prepared, the guests assembled,  
Your grooms are waiting, and your vestments ready.  
Will you not please, my Lord, to let them enter?

HEN. (*to himself*). The guests assembled! Vile bewildering dream!  
I had forgot all this. I must appear.

VOICE (*without*). Will you be pleased, my Lord, to let them enter?  
 HEN. Be still—be still; I'll open to them presently.

[*Exit hastily into an inner chamber, taking the sword with him.*]

The banquet is honoured by the arrival of a sudden and unexpected guest, no less than the King. He is received by the haughty and unsuspecting wife of Henriquez, Leonora, with the utmost pride and joy. He had been attracted, passing accidentally at no great distance, by the brilliantly illuminated castle:—

‘Your castle from its woods looked temptingly,  
 And beckon'd me afar to turn aside.  
 The light from every lattice gaily stream'd,  
 Lamps starr'd each dusky corridor, and torches  
 Did from the courts beneath cast up the glare  
 Of glowing flame upon the buttress'd walls  
 And battlements, whilst the high towers aloft  
 Show'd their jagg'd pinnacles in icy coldness,  
 Clothed with the moon's pale beam.’

The King, on the appearance of Henriquez, recounts his splendid exploits, and bestows on him a ring, as a pledge that he will hereafter grant him any favour which he may demand. The festivity is interrupted by the intelligence of the discovery of Don Juen's murdered body. After a few scenes the secretary of Juen appears, eager to investigate the cause of his master's death, and produces before the horror-stricken Henriquez—first, a will by which Juen de Torva had bequeathed to his ‘beloved—his early—his only friend, Don Henriquez d'Altavera,’ the whole of his splendid property—and secondly—a contract of marriage with Mencia, sister of Don Henriquez's wife, Leonora. This was the fatal mystery—this the cause of the secret visits of Don Juen to the castle of Henriquez. Their engagement had been concealed from her husband by Leonora from a womanish desire of an agreeable surprise, and had led to all this fatal misapprehension. Horror—remorse—despair—rush upon the soul of Henriquez;—he does not revive till he is alone with Leonora:—

‘LEONORA. That groan again! My dear—my dear Henriquez! Alas! that look! thine agony is great:  
 That motion too. (*He rises.*) Why dost thou stare around?  
 We are alone; surely thou wilt not leave me.  
 Where would'st thou be?

HEN. I' the blackest gulph of hell,  
 The deepest den of misery and pain;  
 Woe bound to woe—the cursed with the cursed!

LEON. What horrible words, if they have any meaning!  
 If they have none, most piteous! —

Henriquez; O, my Lord!—My noble husband!

I thought



I thought not thou would'st e'er have look'd on me  
As thou hast done, with such an eye of sternness.  
Alas! and hadst thou nothing dear on earth  
But him whom thou hast lost?

HEN. I had, I had! Thy love was true and virtuous.  
And so it is: thy hand upon my breast. (*Pressing her hand, which  
she has laid upon his breast.*)

I feel it—O how dear! (*Is about to kiss it, but casts it from him.*)

It must not be!

Would thou wert false! Would grinding contumely  
Had bow'd me to the earth—worn from my mind  
The very sense and nature of a man!

Faithful to me! Go, loose thee from my side;

Thy faithfulness is agony ineffable,

It makes me more accursed. Cling not to me:

To taste the slightest feeling of thy love

Were base—were monstrous now.—Follow me not!

The ecstasy of misery spurns all pity. (*Exit.*)

Mencia, the sister, had rejected for the high and wealthy Don Juen a youth of her own originally rather lowly condition, to whom she was in reality attached. She had an interview with him in the first act, and, as he is still lingering about the castle, she fears that his mysterious appearance may designate him as the murderer. He is in fact seized; and Carlos, another friend, searching for Henriquez to communicate the intelligence, finds him prostrate in the crypt of his domestic chapel over the grave of Juen:—

'CARLOS. Henriquez! hear'st thou not, noble Henriquez?

Nay, nay! rise from the earth: such frantic grief

Doth not become a man, and least of all

A man whose firm endurance of misfortune

Has hitherto so graced his noble worth.

Givest thou no answer but these heavy groans?

Thou canst not from the tomb recall the dead;

But rouse thy spirit to revenge his death.

HEN. (*raising his head.*) What saidst thou?

CARLOS. Quit this dismal bed of death,

And rouse thee to revenge thy murder'd friend.

HEN. He is revenged; Heaven deals with guilt so monstrous:

The hand of man is nothing.

CARLOS. Ay, but the hand of man shall add its mite.

(*Taking hold of his hand to raise him.*)

Up from the earth! I've found the murderer.

HEN. (*springing up fiercely, and seizing him by the throat.*) Lay'st  
thou thy hand on me! What is or is not,

The God of heaven doth know, and he alone.

Darest thou with mortal breath bestow that name,

To the dishonour of a noble house,

On one of ancient princely lineage born?

CARLOS.

CARLOS. Let go thy frenzied grasp! Should brave Castilians  
Thus grapple hand to hand, like angry boys?  
Fit time and place shall justify my words,  
If they indeed offend.—Our watch hath seized,  
In hiding near the castle, most suspiciously,  
A youth who hath to Mencia's love pretended,  
Whose hand, we cannot doubt, hath done the deed;  
But if he be of such high lineage born,  
'Tis more than he hath claim'd or we will credit.  
Why drop your arms thus listless by your side?  
Your eyes upon the ground? Will you not go  
And see the prisoner, and hear him question'd?

HEN. Ay, ay, this is required: I'll go with thee:  
I comprehend thee now.

CARLOS. And yet thou movest not:  
Does any sudden pain arrest thy steps?

HEN. I am benumb'd and faint.—I'll follow thee.'

Antonio, the discarded lover, is visited in prison by Mencia—  
and afterwards by Henriquez. The latter offers him the means of  
escape, but the high-minded youth, strong in the consciousness of  
his innocence, determines to meet the worst, and die on the scaf-  
fold, rather than live dishonoured by the suspicion of crime. The  
spirit of Henriquez, oppressed, as it were, and debased by the  
sense of guilt, but now rekindled by the fire of this kindred mind,  
reassumes at once all its former force and dignity. He has a  
long and striking interview with a friar to brace his mind to its  
last great effort. In the fifth Act he suddenly appears at Court  
—in the Royal Presence-Chamber—but Miss Baillie must here  
develop her own most effective scene:—

'Enter HENRIQUEZ,—followed by CARLOS and ANTONIO—(who is fet-  
tered and manacled)—

KING. Thou too, my valiant friend, a suitor here?

HEN. A humble suppliant.

KING. Who needs not sue.

Say freely what thou wouldst, and it is granted.

HEN. But what I beg, an earnest boon, must be  
Confirm'd to me with all solemnity,  
Before I utter it.

KING. A strange request!

But that thy services have been to me  
Beyond all recompense, and that I know  
Thy country's welfare and thy sovereign's honour  
Are dear to thee, as thou full well hast proved,  
I should with some precaution give my word.  
But be it so; I say thy suit is granted.

HEN. Nay, swear it on this sword.

KING. Where doth this tend? Doubt'st thou my royal word?

HEN.

HEN. When honour'd lately by your princely presence,  
 You gave to me this ring with words of favour;  
 And said if I should e'er, by fortune press'd,  
 Return the same to you, whatever grace  
 I then might ask should be conceded to me. (*Giving the ring.*)  
 Receive your royal token: my request  
 Is that you swear upon my sword to grant  
 This boon which I shall beg. (*Holds out his sword to the KING; who  
 lays his hand on it.*)

KING. This sword, this honour'd blade, I know it well,  
 Which thou in battle from the princely Moor  
 So valiantly didst win: why should I shrink  
 From any oath that shall be sworn on this?  
 I swear, by the firm honour of a soldier,  
 To grant thy boon, whatever it may be.  
 Declare it then, Henriquez. (*A pause.*)

Thou art pale  
 And silent too: I wait upon thy words.

HEN. My breath forsook me. 'Tis a passing weakness:  
 I have power now.—There is a criminal,  
 Whose guilt before your Highness in due form  
 Shall shortly be attested; and my boon  
 Is, that your Highness will not pardon him,  
 However strongly you may be inclined  
 To royal clemency,—however strongly  
 Entreated so to do.

KING. This much amazes me. Ever till now,  
 Thou 'st been inclined to mercy, not to blood.

HEN. Yea; but this criminal, with selfish cruelty,  
 With black ingratitude, with base disloyalty  
 To all that sacred is in virtuous ties,  
 Knitting man's heart to man——What shall I say?  
 I have no room to breathe. (*Tearing open his doublet with violence.*)  
 He had a friend,

Ingenuous, faithful, generous, and noble:  
 Even but to look on him had been full warrant,  
 Against the accusing tongue of man or angel,  
 To all the world beside,—and yet he slew him.  
 A friend whose fostering love had been the stay,  
 The guide, the solace of his wayward youth,—  
 Love steady, tried, unwearied,—yet he slew him.  
 A friend, who in his best devoted thoughts,  
 His happiness on earth, his bliss in heaven,  
 Intwined his image, and could nought devise  
 Of separate good,—and yet he basely slew him;  
 Rush'd on him like a ruffian in the dark,  
 And thrust him forth from life, from light, from nature,  
 Unwitting, unprepared for the awful change

Death

Death brings to all. 'This act so foul, so damned,  
This he hath done: therefore upon his head  
Let fall the law's unmitigated justice.

KING. And wherefore doubt'st thou that from such a man  
I will withhold all grace? Were he my brother  
I would not pardon him. Produce your criminal. (*Those who have  
ANTONIO in custody lead him forward.*)

HEN. (*motioning with his hand to forbid them*). Undo his shackles;  
he is innocent.

KING. What meaneth this? Produce your criminal.

HEN. (*kneeling*). My royal Master, he is at your feet.

(*A cry of astonishment is heard through the hall; the KING,  
slaggering back from the spot, is supported by an attendant,  
while CARLOS and ANTONIO, now free from his fetters, run  
to HENRIQUEZ, who continues kneeling, and bend over him  
in deep concern.*)

Nothing can be finer than the whole of this act. Every attempt  
is made to persuade Henriquez to withdraw his stern interdict on  
the royal mercy, but in vain. He is described as sleeping deeply  
and serenely on the night before his execution. The King makes  
a last effort to save him—

'KING. My noble friend, I felt a strong desire  
Once more—a short intrusion.

HEN. Say not so.  
Your Grace is come to wish me a good morrow,  
And cheer me on this outset of my way.

KING. Alas! a dismal cheer, a woful morrow!

HEN. Nay, three successive days have dawn'd upon me  
Through such a gloom of hopeless misery,  
That this, comparatively, seems indeed  
A morn of cheer. Then so consider it  
And now, in parting, I would beg of you  
To pardon whatsoe'er, in my long service,  
I've done, in ignorance or stubborn will,  
To prejudice the service of the state,  
Or to offend your Grace. Once at Cuenca  
I rashly hazarded some brave men's lives;  
And, for the unmeaning triumph of a day,  
Those brave men's lives were lost. My heart for this  
Has suffer'd many a pang; but pride till now  
Restrain'd confession. Pardon me for this.

KING. Thou need'st from me no pardon; yet thou hast it,  
And with it, too, my thanks,—my solemn thanks,  
For all the noble service thou hast done me.  
And is there no request thou hast to make?

HEN. Yes, if I might presume. Here is a list

Of some brave officers whose worthy services  
Deserve promotion: let them, for my sake,  
Find favour with your Grace. This is my suit.

KING. It shall be done. Oh that a suit of mine  
Could, in return, move thine obdurate bosom!

HEN. What is't, my gracious Master?

KING. If I have been to thee a gracious Master,  
Be thou a gracious Liegeman, and restore—  
Restore to me that honour of my reign,  
That pride, and fence, and bulwark of my land,—  
Restore to me again my gallant General,  
Henriquez d'Altavera.

HEN. Alphonso of Castile, I've serv'd thee long,—  
Yea, though I say it, I have served thee bravely.  
Have I from fire, or flood, or havoc shrunk?  
What battle have I lost, what town abandon'd,  
That now I may not, like a noble Spaniard,  
My earthly station quit, from insult spared?  
I've owed you service as my rightful King;  
I've owed you service as my gracious Master:  
But not for man on earth, nor saint in heaven,  
Would I submit a loathed life to live,  
After the horrid deed that I have done.

FRIAR (*laying his hand gently on HENRIQUEZ*). My son, my son  
where is the Christian meekness  
Which, at the Throne of Grace, some moments since,  
Thou didst devoutly pray for?

HEN. Father, I am reprov'd: my mortal frailty  
Was smother'd, not extinct. (*Turning to the KING.*)  
I will not, standing on this awful verge,  
To mortal greatness bend, else on my knees  
I'd crave forgiveness of this new offence (*laying his hand sorrowfully  
on his breast*):

An unrein'd mind, offending to the last. (*The KING rushes into his  
arms and embraces him; then turns away, retiring to the  
bottom of the stage, to conceal strong emotion.*)—vol. i., pp.  
363-366.

And Henriquez expiates his crime on the scaffold.

If the general effect of the *Separation* is not even more powerful  
than that of Henriquez, as we are disposed to think, the opening  
is unquestionably of more thrilling and commanding interest.  
The wife of Count Garcio is residing in an ancient castle, which,  
although the 'goodliest' of all his ample possessions, the Count  
himself has always avoided with inexplicable aversion. The  
Countess has been driven to take up her abode there during the  
absence of her lord in the wars, by the destruction of their usual  
residence in an earthquake. The opening of the play shows the  
castle

castle in a state of considerable confusion, on account of the dying state of Baldwin, the Count's favourite attendant. Every attempt is made to keep the Countess from the chamber of the dying man, though her charitable disposition had always led her to perform every kind office in person to the lowest menial. The shrieks of the dying man sound through the castle, and one or two appalling lines expressive of his agony are heard before the entrance of the Countess.

'Blood will accuse:—am I not curs'd for this?

..... I did not murder him!—

While she is on the stage, the still more awful, more explicit sentence breaks forth—

'Ulrico's blood was shed by Garcio's hand,

Yet I must share the curse!'

Ulrico was the brother, the only, the beloved brother, of the Countess!

The second act introduces Garcio approaching the castle, accompanied by his friends and his victorious troops, with somewhat more tardiness than might be expected from an ardent husband, returning to the arms of a beloved wife, or a father to his only child, on whom he dotes with the most passionate fondness. The reception, first of his friend and then of himself, by the Countess, stunned as she is by the sudden blow, and bewildered by suspicion, doubting yet fearing the guilt of her husband, awakens the jealousy of Garcio. It appears that a former admirer of the Countess, the Marquis of Tortona, had made his appearance in the neighbourhood. But we hasten to the *éclaircissement* in the third act—

## ' SCENE II.

*The Bedchamber of the Countess, who is discovered sitting on a low seat by the side of the Bed, with her head and arms thrown upon the Bed. She raises her head, and, after a thoughtful pause, starts up eagerly.*

COUNTESS. It cannot be! The roused and angry deep  
Lashes its foaming billows o'er the bark  
That bears the accursed freight, till the scared crew  
Into its yawning gulf cast forth the murderer.  
On the embattled field, in armour cased,  
His manly strength to blasted weakness turns.  
Yea, in their peaceful homes, men, as by instinct,  
From the dark rolling of his eye will turn,  
They know not why, so legibly has Nature  
Set on his brow the mark of bloody Cain.  
And shall I think the prosperous Garcio,—he  
Whose countenance allured all eyes, whose smile,  
Whose voice was love, whose frame with strong affection

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I've seen so dearly moved ; who in my arms,  
Who in my heart hath lived—No! let dark priests,  
From the wild fancies of a dying man,  
Accuse him as they will, I'll not believe it.

(After another pause.) Would in this better faith my mind had strength

To hold itself unshaken ! Doubt is misery.  
I'll go to him myself, and tell my wretchedness.

O ! if his kindling eye with generous ire  
Repel the charge ;—if his blest voice deny it,  
Though one raised from the dead swore to its truth,  
I'll not believe it.

Enter SOPHERA.

What brings thee here again ? Did I not charge thee  
To go to bed ?

SOPHERA. And so I did intend.  
But in my chamber, half prepared for rest,  
Opening the drawer of an ancient cabinet  
To lay some baubles by, I found within——

COUNTESS. What hast thou found ?  
SOPHERA. Have I not heard you say, that shortly after  
Your marriage with the Count, from your-apartment,  
A picture of your brother, clad in mail,  
A strong resemblance, over which your tears  
Had oft been shed, was stolen away ?

COUNTESS. Thou hast.  
How it was stolen, for value it had none  
For any but myself, I often wonder'd.  
Thou hast not found it ?

SOPHERA. See ! this I have found. (*Giving her a picture, which she seizes eagerly.*)

COUNTESS. Indeed, indeed it is ! (*After gazing mournfully on it.*)  
Retire, I pray thee, nor, till morning break,  
Return again, for I must be alone. [*Exit SOPHERA.*]

(*After gazing again on the picture*)  
Alas ! that lip, that eye, that arching brow ;  
That thoughtful look which I have often mark'd,  
So like my noble father ! (*Kissing it.*)  
This for his dear, dear sake, and this for thine :

Ye sleep i' the dust together.—  
Alas ! how sweetly mantled thus thy cheek  
At sight of those thou lovedst !—What things have been,  
What hours, what years of trouble have gone by,  
Since thus in happy careless youth thou wert  
Dearest and nearest to my simple heart. (*Kisses it again and presses it to her breast, while GARCIO, who has entered behind by a concealed door at the bottom of the stage, comes silently upon her, and she utters a scream of surprise.*)

GARCIO. This is thy rest, then, and the quiet sleep

That



That should restore thy health : thou givest those hours  
To the caressing of a minion's image  
Which to a faithful husband are denied.  
Oh, oh ! they but on morning vapour tread,  
Who ground their happiness on woman's faith.  
Some reptile too ! (*Stamping on the ground.*) A paltry, worthless  
minion !

COUNTESS. Ha ! was it jealousy so much disturb'd thee ?  
If this be so, we shall be happy still.  
The love I bear the dead, dear though it be,  
Surely does thee no wrong.

GARCIO. No, artful woman ! give it to my hand. (*Snatching at  
the picture.*)  
That is the image of a living gallant.

COUNTESS. O would it were ! (*Gives it to him, and he, starting  
as he looks upon it, staggers back some paces, till he is ar-  
rested by the pillar of the bed, against which he leans in a kind  
of stupor, letting the picture fall from his hands.*)

Merciful God ! he's guilty !—am I thus ?

Heaven lend me strength ! I'll be in doubt no longer. (*Running up  
to him, and clasping her hands together.*)

Garcio, a fearful thing is in my mind,  
And curse me not that I have harbour'd it,  
If that it be not so.—The wretched Baldwin,  
Upon his deathbed, in his frenzied ravings,  
Accused thee as the murderer of my brother ;  
O pardon me that such a monstrous tale  
Had any power to move me !—Look upon me !  
Say that thou didst it not, and I'll believe thee. (*A pause.*)  
Thou dost not speak. What fearful look is that ?  
That blanching cheek ! that quivering lip !—O horrible ! (*Catching  
hold of his clothes.*)

Open thy lips ! relieve me from this misery !

Say that thou didst not do it. (*He remains silent, making a rueful  
motion of the head.*)

O God ! thou didst, thou didst ! (*Holds up her hands to heaven in  
despair, and then, recoiling from him to a distant part of the  
chamber, stands gazing on him with horror. GARCIO, after  
great agitation, begins to approach her irresolutely.*)

I've shared thy love, been in thy bosom cherish'd,  
But come not near me ! touch me not ! the earth  
Yawning beneath my feet will shelter me  
From thine accursed hand.

Miss Baillie, by this bold and perilous situation, had involved  
herself in very considerable difficulty. She had to mitigate our  
horror and detestation towards Garcio—the murderer ! The hus-  
band of the countess must still be an object of interest. The  
authoress had judiciously thrown into Garcio's character, on his  
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first appearance, an uncommon tenderness of parental feeling; still the crime must be accounted for in such a manner, as neither to palliate it so much as to diminish the terror of the scene, or to make the stern resolution adopted by the countess unjustifiable or unnatural—nor on the other hand to deprive Garcio of all claims on our compassion, to abandon him to unreserved abhorrence. She has extricated herself with considerable ingenuity and skill from this embarrassing position. Garcio thus proceeds to describe the motive and the execution of his crime:—

GARCIO. Thou know'st too well with what fierce pride Ulrico  
Refused, on thy behalf, my suit of love;  
Deeming a soldier, though of noble birth,  
Even his own blood, possessing but his arms  
And some slight wreaths of fame, a match unmeet  
For one whom lords of princely territory  
Did strive to gain:—and here, indeed, I own  
He rightly deem'd; my suit was most presumptuous.

COUNTESS. Well, pass this o'er;—I know with too much pride  
He did oppose thy suit.

GARCIO. That night! It was in dreary, dull November,  
When, at the close of day, with faithful Baldwin,  
I reach'd this castle with the vain intent  
To make a last attempt to move his pity.  
I made it, and I fail'd. With much contempt  
And aggravating passion, he dismiss'd me  
To the dark night.

COUNTESS. You left him then? You left him?

GARCIO. O yes! I left him. In my swelling breast  
My proud blood boil'd. Through the wild wood I took  
My darkling way. A violent storm arose;  
The black dense clouds pour'd down their torrents on me;  
The roaring winds aloft with the vex'd trees  
Held strong contention, whilst my buffeted breast  
The crashing tangled boughs and torn-up shrubs  
Vainly opposed. Cross lay the wildering paths.  
I miss'd the road; and after many turnings,  
Seeing between the trees a steady light  
As from a window gleam, I hasten'd to it.  
It was a lower window, and within,  
The lighted chamber show'd me but too well  
We had unwittingly a circuit made  
Back to the very walls from whence we came.

COUNTESS. Ah, fated, fatal error! most perverse!

GARCIO. But, oh! what feelings, think'st thou, rose within me?  
What thoughts, what urging thoughts, what keen suggestions  
Crowded upon me like a band of fiends,  
When, on a nearer view, within the chamber,  
Upon an open couch, alone and sleeping,  
I saw Ulrico?

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS. Didst thou slay him sleeping?  
The horrible deed!—Thou couldst not! O thou couldst not!

GARCIO. Well mayst thou say it! I've become, sweet Margaret,  
Living, though most unworthy as I was,  
Companion of thy virtues, one whose heart  
Has been to good affections form'd and bent;  
But then it was not so.—My hapless youth  
In bloody, savage, predatory war  
Was rear'd. It was no shock to my rude childhood  
To see whole bands of drunk or sleeping men  
In cold blood butcher'd. Could I tell to thee  
The things that I have seen: things, too, in which  
My young hand took its part; thou wouldst not wonder,  
That, seeing thus my enemy in my power,  
Love, fortune, honours, all within the purchase  
Of one fell stroke, I raised my arm and gave it.

COUNTESS. Fearful temptation!

The behaviour of the countess surpasses, if possible, the force and thrilling effect of the whole scene. Nothing can be finer than her weakness and her strength, the calm dignity of her resolution, crossed by her fears for her husband's safety, and the lingering and inextinguishable feelings of deep attachment. We have marked one or two lines in italics.

COUNTESS. And I have been the while thy bosom's mate,  
Pressing in plighted love the bloody hand  
That slew my brother!

GARCIO. Thou, indeed, hast been  
An angel pure link'd to a fiend. Yet think not  
I have enjoy'd what guilt so deep had earn'd.  
Oh no! I've borne about, where'er I went,  
A secret wretchedness within my breast  
Turning delight to torment. Now thou knowest  
Why on my midnight couch thou'st heard me oft  
Utter deep groans, when thou, waked from thy sleep,  
Hast thought some nightmare press'd me.  
Oh! were the deed undone, not all the difference  
Of sublunary bliss that lies between  
A world's proud monarch and the lothliest wretch  
That gleans subsistence from the fetid dunghill,  
Would tempt me to embrace my hands in murder.

(*Speaking these last words loud and vehemently.*)

COUNTESS. Hush! speak not thus! thou'lt be o'erheard: some  
list'ner

Is at the door. *I thought I heard a noise. (Going to the door, opening it, then shutting it softly and returning.)*

No; there is nothing: 't was my fears deceived me.

GARCIO. And dost thou fear for me? Is there within thee

Still

Still some remains of love for one so guilty?  
Thou wilt not then, in utter detestation,  
Heap curses on my head.

COUNTESS. Guilty as thou hast been, I cannot curse thee.

O no! I'll nightly from my cloister'd cell

Send up to pitying Heaven my prayers for thee.

GARCIO. Thy cloister'd cell! What mean those threatening words?

COUNTESS. Garcio, we must part.

GARCIO. No; never! Any punishment but this!  
We shall not part.

COUNTESS. We must, we must! 'T were monstrous, 't were unholy  
Longer to live with thee.

GARCIO. No, Margaret, no! Think'st thou I will indeed  
Submit to this, even curs'd as I am?

No; were I black as hell's black fiends, and thou

Pure as celestial spirits (and so thou art),

Still thou art mine; my sworn, my wedded love,

And still as such I hold thee.

COUNTESS. Heaven bids us part: yea, Nature bids us part.

GARCIO. Heaven bids us part! Then let it send its lightning

To strike me from thy side. Let yawning earth,

Opening beneath my feet, divide us. Then,

And not till then, will I from thee be sever'd.

COUNTESS. Let go thy terrible grasp: thou wouldst not o'er me

A dreaded tyrant rule? Beneath thy power

Thou mayst indeed retain me, crush'd, degraded,

Watching in secret horror every glance

Of thy perturbed eye, like a quell'd slave,

If this suffice thee; but all ties of love—

All sympathy between us now is broken

And lost for ever.

GARCIO. And canst thou be so ruthless? No, thou canst not!

Let Heaven in its just vengeance deal with me!

Let pain, remorse, disease, and every ill

Here in this world of nature be my portion!

And in the world of spirits too well I know

The murderer's doom abides me.

Is this too little for thy cruelty?

No; by the living God! on my curst head

Light every ill but this! We shall not part.

COUNTESS. Let go thy desperate hold, thou desperate man!

Thou dost constrain me to an oath as dreadful;

And by that awful name ———

GARCIO. Forbear, forbear!

Then it must be; there is no mitigation.

(Throws himself on the ground, uttering a deep groan, when  
ROVANI and SOPHERA burst in upon them from opposite  
sides.)

ROVANI

ROVANI (*to the COUNTESS*). What is the matter? Hath he on himself Done some rash act? I heard him loud and stormy.

SOPHERA. She cannot answer thee: look to the Count,  
And I will place her gently on her couch;  
For they are both most wretched.

(*SOPHERA supports the COUNTESS, while ROVANI endeavours to raise GARCIO from the ground, and the scene closes.*)'

vol. ii. pp. 48-60.

Religion subdues the mind of Garcio, not merely to consent to, but to acknowledge the inevitable necessity of the *Separation*. He submits to it as a meet penance for his awful crime. His strength now comes in aid of her almost wavering, almost failing resolution.

The parting scene between Garcio and the Countess is equally high-wrought and affecting:—

COUNTESS. Alas! thou'rt greatly alter'd:  
So pale thy cheek, thine eyes so quench'd and sunk!  
Hath one short night so changed thee?

GARCIO. A night spent in the tossings of despair,  
When the fierce turmoil of contending passions  
To deepest self-abasement and contrition  
Subside;—a night in which I have consented  
To tear my bosom up—to rend in twain  
Its dearest, only ties;—ay, such a night  
Works on the mortal frame the scathe of years.

COUNTESS. Alas! thy frame will feel, I fear, too soon  
The scathe of years. Sorrow and sickness then  
Will bow thee down, while cold unkindly strangers  
Neglect thy couch, nor give thee needful succour.

GARCIO. And wherefore grieve for this? So much the better:  
They least befriend the wretched who retard  
The hour of his release. Why should I live  
If Heaven accept my penitence? Hath earth  
Aught still to raise a wish, or gleam the path  
Of one so darken'd round with misery?

COUNTESS. Nay, say not so: thy child, thy boy, to see him  
In strength and stature grown,—would not this tempt thee  
To wish some years of life?

GARCIO. Others shall rear him; others mark his change  
From the sweet cherub to the playful boy;  
Shall, with such pity as an orphan claims,  
Share in his harmless sports and catch his love;  
Whilst I, if that I live and am by Heaven  
Permitted, coming as a way-worn stranger,  
At distant intervals, to gaze upon him,  
And strain him to my heart, shall from his eye  
The cold and cheerless stare of wonderment  
Instead of love receive.

COUNTESS.

\* COUNTESS. O think not so! he shall be taught to love thee—  
He shall be taught to lisp thy name, and raise  
His little hands to Heaven for blessings on thee  
As one most dear, though absent.

GARCIO. I do believe that thou wilt teach him so.  
I know that in my lonely state of penitence,  
Sever'd from earthly bliss, I to thy mind  
Shall be like one whom death hath purified.  
O that, indeed, or death, or any suff'rings  
By earthly frame or frameless spirit endured,  
Could give me such a nature as again  
Might be with thine united!

\* COUNTESS. And wilt thou then a houseless wand'rer be?  
Shall I, in warm robe wrapp'd, by winter fire  
List to the pelting blast, and think the while  
Of thy unshelter'd head?—  
Or eat my bread in peace, and think that Garcio—  
Reduce me not to such keen misery!

(Bursting into an agony of tears.)

GARCIO. And dost thou still feel so much pity for me?  
Retain I yet some portion of thy love?  
O, if I do—I am not yet abandoned  
To utter reprobation. (Falling at her feet, and embracing her knees.)  
Margaret! wife!

May I still call thee by that name so dear?

COUNTESS (disentangling herself from his hold, and removing to  
some distance.)

O, leave me, leave me! for Heaven's mercy leave me!

GARCIO (following her, and bending one knee to the ground.)  
Margaret, beloved wife! keenly beloved!

COUNTESS. Oh, move me not! forbear, forbear in pity!  
Fearful, and horrible, and dear thou art!  
Both heaven and hell are in thee! Leave me then,—  
Leave me to do that which is right and holy.

GARCIO. Yes, what is right and holy thou shalt do;  
Stain'd as I am with blood—with kindred blood—  
How could I live with thee? O do not think  
I basely seek to move thee from thy purpose,  
O, no! Farewell, most dear and honour'd Margaret;  
Yet, ere I go, couldst thou without abhorrence—(Pauses.)

COUNTESS. What wouldst thou, Garcio?

GARCIO. If but that hand beloved were to my lips  
Once more in parting press'd, methinks I'd go  
With lighten'd misery. Alas! thou canst not!  
Thou canst not to such guilt —

COUNTESS. I can! I will!  
And Heaven in mercy pardon me this sin,  
If sin it be.—vol. ii. pp. 70-72.

We have hitherto chosen our extracts chiefly to display the strong dramatic effect of these compositions—before we conclude, we must make room for one more passage in Miss Baillie's sweetest tone of poetry:—

'SOPHERA. And look, I pray, how sweet and fresh and fragrant  
The dewy morning is. There, o'er our heads  
The birds conven'd like busy gossips sit,  
Trimming their speckled feathers. In the thick  
And tufted herbage, with a humming noise  
Stirs many a new-waked thing; amongst the grass  
Beetles, and lady-birds, and lizards glide,  
Showing their shining coats like tinted gold.

COUNTESS. Yes, all things, in a sunny morn like this,  
That social being have and fellowship  
With others of their kind, begin the day  
Gladly and actively. Ah! how wakes he,  
His day of lonesome silence to begin,  
Who, of all social intercourse bereft,  
On the cold earth hath pass'd the dismal night?  
Cheerful domestic stir, nor crowing cock,  
Nor greeting friend, nor fawning dog hath he  
To give him his good-morrow.

SOPHERA. Nay, do not let your fancy brood on this,  
Think not my Lord, though he with Gomez parted  
In a lone wood, will wander o'er the earth  
In dreary solitude. In every country  
Kind hearts are found to cheer the stranger's way.

COUNTESS. Heaven grant he meet with such!

SOPHERA. Then be not so cast down. Last night the air  
Was still and pleasant; sweetly through the trees,  
Which moved not, look'd the stars and crescent moon:  
The night-bird's lengthen'd call with fitful lapse,  
And the soft ceaseless sound of distant rills  
Upon the list'ning ear came soothingly;  
While the cool freshness of the air was mix'd  
With rising odours from the flowery earth.  
In such sweet summer nights, be well assured  
The unhousted head sleeps soundest.

COUNTESS. The unhousted head! and Garcio's now is such!'

vol. ii. pp. 79, 80.

The close of the Separation is rather melo-dramatic; but on the stage might produce a stirring effect. The Marquis of Tortona, indignant at the contemptuous rejection of his suit by the widow-wife of Garcio, invests the castle with a great body of troops. Among the objects of charity who crowd to the hospitable gate of the Countess is a mysterious hermit, who conceals himself in the castle during this siege. The small garrison is reduced



duced to the last extremity—the breach is already made—the conquerors are pouring in over the body of the commander, Rovani, when the hermit breaks forth, slays Tortona, and is himself mortally wounded. He dies at the feet of his wife—Garcio, her husband, her deliverer.

We have dwelt almost exclusively on these two dramas, considering them as by far the best in the collection. But we are by no means blind to the merit of some of the smaller pieces. Among these, we think that we have been most delighted with ‘*The Phantom*,’ from which however we must refrain from making any extracts: we would not mar a ghost-story for the world; and this is certainly one of the most striking of ghost-stories, cast with great skill into the form of a short drama. The Provost of Glasgow, however, and his lovely, patient, and gentle daughter, must receive our tribute of admiration. The *Phantom* might make a very pretty *pendant* to the graceful little drama on *Hope*, in the former series. One of the prose plays, ‘*The Homicide*,’ abounds in stirring incident, and effective situation; it would tell, we should conceive, upon the stage.

Miss Baillie, with singular modesty, intimates that it was her intention not to have published these dramas during her lifetime, but ‘that after her death they should have been offered to some of the *smaller* theatres of our metropolis, and thereby have a chance, at least, of being produced to the public with the advantages of action and scenic decoration, which naturally belong to dramatic representations.’ Surely Miss Baillie’s maid, like Lydia Languish’s, must have torn out of a certain good old book rather beyond the chapter upon ‘proper pride.’ We protest in the strongest terms against this derogation from the dignity of genuine tragedy. We trust that the larger theatres will assert their superior claim, and vindicate themselves from the charge implied in this apparent despondency, this more than becoming humility, of our great dramatic authoress. We will surrender to the *MINORS*, and they may make much of them, Witchcraft, the Stripling, perhaps the *Homicide*; but we venture to hope that we are not anticipating the fine taste of Mr. Kemble, in suggesting the part of Henriquez as worthy of his great talents. If so, we wish that the brilliant success, which he must meet with, may only be checked by the no less attractive performance of the *Separation* at the rival theatre. Miss Baillie may thus be triumphantly convinced that admiration of true dramatic talent is not yet extinct in the country, and the evening of her life may thus be adorned by that public homage to her extraordinary talents, which is the ambition and true reward of a dramatic writer.

ART. IX.—*A Twelvemonth's Campaign with Zumalacarregui during the War in Navarre and the Basque Provinces of Spain.* By C. F. Henningsen. Post 8vo. London. 1836.

WHEN Lord Eliot and Colonel Gurwood reached the headquarters of Zumalacarregui at Aserta on the 24th of April last, they were particularly struck with the conversation of a young countryman of their own who had joined the Carlists as a volunteer about a year before, and having won step after step by the most chivalrous gallantry, was now high in the staff, and decorated with the order of St. Ferdinand, with which Don Carlos himself had presented him at the conclusion of a charge which he personally witnessed. Colonel Gurwood describes this gentleman as 'a fine handsome young Englishman,' accomplished by education, and speaking several languages with perfect ease and correctness, whose picturesque details of his short military experience were exceedingly instructive, and who took the warmest interest in the humane object of the Duke of Wellington's mission. Mr. Henningsen continued to serve with the Carlists until the death of Zumalacarregui, for whom he had conceived that romantic species of attachment which he himself calls 'the soldier's first love—that love which, once widowed, can never again find a place in the heart.' He then retired, not from any belief that the fall of his chief, however severe a blow, would prove fatally injurious to the cause of the Infant; but, partly at least, from the painful conviction that the warfare, which all Zumalacarregui's endeavours in his latter days had proved unable to humanize, would grow more and more brutal and barbarous under the management of his successors. We are inclined to think that, with this generous motive, there may also have mingled the very rational anticipation that, however the war might terminate, an officer of his own class would at best be turned adrift without ceremony.

Captain Henningsen's narrative, now before us, constitutes the only full and fair account we have yet had of the northern insurrection—its origin, objects, and progress—down to the death of his chief. A more interesting memoir, we do not hesitate to say, we have never read. It is rich in matter deserving the attention of the statesman, and the diplomatist, and above all the military student; but we shall confine ourselves to a very short summary of the views which the author gives us of the personal character and bearing of Zumalacarregui—and some detached anecdotes and descriptions illustrative of the miseries and horrors of the Spanish civil war; a contest carried on in the face of the European civilization of the nineteenth century with all the ferocity, the cruelty, the utterly savage ruthlessness of the wildest barbarians

barbarians of the darkest ages—and which, for aught we can see, is likely to be so carried on for an indefinite number of years, unless the general humanity of the Christian nations shall combine them in some decided and irresistible interference.

One word only as to parties ranged against each other in Spain. The proceedings by which Ferdinand VII., in the last feebleness of his character and health, changed the order of succession in favour of his infant daughter—must at all events be allowed to have been of most questionable justice, and very uncertain authority. His disinherited brother, however, was considered by every Spaniard as the chief and type of the principles of monarchy and catholicism; his personal qualities of honesty and manly courage—he had stood firm, when Ferdinand and all the rest of the family yielded to the mingled cajoleries and menaces of Napoleon—were such as to make him dreaded, in spite of his very slender abilities and acquirements, by the enemies—and adored universally by the adherents—of these great principles. The party thus devoted to him consists of, generally speaking, the rural branch of the Spanish population;—the priesthood, secular and regular, almost to a man, —the small country gentry, the yeomanry, and the peasantry, are with him; and these constitute, as near as possible, *nine-tenths* of the whole population. The inhabitants of the great commercial towns have opened their affections, for the most part, to the more liberal principles so much in favour at present elsewhere. The court, in actual possession of the seat of government, and sustained by this more stirring and more compact part of the nation, has commanded, with few exceptions, the adhesion of the grandees and other principal nobles—just as these classes went over, with a few exceptions, to Joseph Buonaparte. The army generally gave its allegiance to the pay-office—(no *general officer* of high standing, except Santos Ladron and Armencha, has ever appeared on the side of Carlos); the whole *matériel*—fortresses and munitions of war, were at the service of the Queen. The Carlist spirit showed itself on the death of Ferdinand in local insurrections almost everywhere; but the absence of their prince in Portugal, and the want of any great name around which to rally, rendered these demonstrations ineffectual—except in North Castile—where the Curate Merino has all along maintained himself at the head of a considerable though irregular force,—and in Navarre and Biscay, where the insurrection was uniformly becoming more and more formidable, from the hour when Colonel Thomas Zumalacarregui, of a poor but noble family, with 200*l.* in his pocket, put himself at the head of its bandit-like germ of scarcely eight hundred men, until, after having successively worn out six hostile armies, actually killed off almost all the veterans in the Spanish service, and destroyed

stroyed the professional reputation of the Queen's six most celebrated generals, he died in the moment of anticipated triumph over all opposition—bequeathing to the cause of his prince complete command over the resources of Navarre and the Basque provinces,—and a hardy, well-disciplined force, capable of at once keeping the Queen's *Urbano* garrisons in check, and confronting her remaining regulars, to the extent of 25,000 men, in the field.

We may refer our readers to our recent article on Mr. Boyd's 'Recollections of a few Days spent with the Queen's Army,'\* for a brief statement of the career, which our present author has painted in minute detail. The civil and administrative and financial talents of Zumalacarregui must have been of themselves sufficient to constitute that miracle in modern Spain—a great man. He was also an accomplished mathematician, and a master of all the higher technics of his profession. He had not served under Wellington and against the Soult and Massenas in vain; and during his subsequent garrison life he had been often ridiculed for the indefatigable ardour with which he devoted his days and his nights to the study of the great masters of the art of war. But these endowments and acquirements would have availed little, had he not combined with them that indescribable magic power over the mind and heart of man which is the index of genius—the personal prowess and reckless self-exposure of a Homeric hero—and last, not least, such a concentration, perhaps exaggeration, of the peculiar passions, prejudices, virtues, and vices of the national character, as stamped him out for the intense sympathy of his unsophisticated countrymen,—the living symbol and representative of the stern Gothic chivalry of the glorious middle age of Spain.

All these features are brought out with enthusiastic delight in the heart-stirring narrative before us: we shall extract a few passages only;—if our space permitted, we should have given at least two of Mr. Henningsen's chapters entire:

‘He was a man in the prime of life, being forty-five years of age, and of middle stature; but, on account of the great width of his shoulders, his bull-neck, and habitual stoop, the effect of which was much increased by the *zamarra*, or fur jacket, which he always wore, he appeared rather short than otherwise. His profile had something of the antique—the lower part of the face being formed like that of Napoleon, and the whole cast of his features bearing some resemblance to the ancient basso-relievos which are given us as the likeness of Hannibal. His hair was dark, without being black; his moustaches joined his whiskers; and his dark grey eyes, overshadowed

\* Quart. Review, Vol. LIV, p. 186.

† The engraved portrait, from a sketch by the author, answers very strikingly to his description.

by strong eyebrows, had a singular rapidity and intensity in their gaze—generally they had a stern and thoughtful expression; but when he looked about him, his glance seemed in an instant to travel over the whole line of a battalion, making in that short interval the minutest remarks. He was always abrupt and brief in his conversation, and habitually stern and severe in his manners; but this might have been the effect of the hardships and perils through which he had passed. A civil war, like that which for two years has desolated the north of Spain—such scenes of strife and massacre—the death of his partisans, and the imperious necessity of reprisals on compatriots, and often on friends, whom the virulence of party opinion armed in mortal contest; exposure to innumerable hardships and privations, the summer's sun, and winter's wind; the sufferings and peril in which his followers were constantly placed, and his awful responsibility, may have been enough to change considerably, even in a brief space of time, Zumalacarregui's nature. It was seldom that he gave way to anything like mirth; he oftenest indulged in a smile when he led his staff where the shot were falling thick and fast around them, and he fancied he detected in the countenances of some of his followers that they thought the whistling of the bullets an unpleasant tune. To him fear seemed a thing unknown; and although, in the commencement, a bold and daring conduct was necessary to gain the affections and confidence of rude partisans, he outstripped the bounds of prudence, and committed such innumerable acts of rashness, that when he received his mortal wound, every body said it was only by a miracle he had escaped so long. He has been known to charge at the head of a troop of horse, or spurring the white charger which he rode in a sudden burst of passion, to rally himself the skirmishers and lead them forward. His horse had become such a mark for the enemy, that all those of a similar colour, mounted by officers of his staff, were shot in the course of three months, although his own always escaped. It is true, that on several occasions he chose his moment well, and decided more than one victory, and saved his little army in more than one retreat, by what seemed an act of hair-brained bravery.

The General's uncommon features, his fur jacket and cap, resembling at a distance a red turban, gave more the idea of an eastern chief than a European general. One might have imagined Scanderbeg at the head of his Albanian army; and certes his semi-barbarous followers could have been no wilder in dress and appearance than the Carlists in the early part of the campaign. To me Zumalacarregui, in character and feeling, as well as in costume and manner, seemed always like the hero of a by-gone century. He was of a period remote from our own, when the virtues and vices of society were marked in a stronger mould;—partaking of all the stern enthusiasm of the middle ages, a something uncommon and energetic in his features seemed to indicate a man formed for great and difficult enterprises. You might have fancied him one of those chiefs who led  
the

the populations of Europe to war in the Holy Land; he possessed the same chivalrous courage, unflinching sternness, and disinterested fervour—disinterested so far as mere earthly things were concerned—which animated those of the religious zealots who went because they found it easier to win heaven with their blood on a battle-field, than through penitence and prayer. . . .

‘Like most men of an ardent temperament, he had the defect of being quick and hasty; and in his passion was often guilty of acts which, although nothing after all but a severe and unsparing justice, in cold blood he would have been incapable of. More than one officer in the Carlist army owes his rank to having been on some occasion reprimanded by him in terms which, when his anger was over, he knew to be too severe. I believe him—as far as it is possible to judge of a man’s character by a year’s observation and acquaintance—to have been free from any ambition of personal aggrandisement. Wrapped entirely in the cause he had adopted, he thought and dreamed but of that; and I believe that, from the hour when he undertook to repair the broken fortunes of the Royalist party, to that when he expired in the midst of his triumphs, his only motive was to witness its success. The wish of augmenting his military glory—the bubble reputation, which cheers the soldier on his perilous career—perhaps added a fresh incentive.

‘The contempt of gold which he always evinced formed a striking feature of his character. When he died, after paying the army for two years, and raising contributions in three provinces, he left to be divided amongst his household all that he possessed in the world—about 48*l.* sterling and four or five horses. Even his barber, the waggish Robledo, was richer than the Carlist commander-in-chief. Any sum he possessed in the morning was sure by the evening to be dissipated; he gave it away, *sailor-fashion*, by handfuls to his soldiers, or the first beggars who importuned him, and who, well aware of his foible, never failed to beset him. He used, quite out of temper, to exclaim, “Here—take—take! when you have got all I have, you will leave me in peace.” Of an evening his subalterns were obliged to pay for him in the coffee-house. “You give more,” observed his wife, “than is reasonable, or than you can afford.” “We are more like God when we give,” was his answer.—vol. i. pp. 87-96.

‘Stern and severe as he was, and unsparing of fatigue for his men—leading them long marches with a rapidity which it seemed the human frame could scarcely have supported—he was the soldiers’ idol. He obtained the sobriquet of *El Tio Tomas*, “Uncle Thomas,” as the French called Napoleon *Le petit Caporal*; and he was better known under the appellation of *El Tio*, than by his Gothic name Zumalacarregui. His skill and valour, the peril from which he so often saved his soldiers, and the successes to which he led the way, seem scarcely sufficient to account for their wild attachment to the man they loved and feared above all others—an attachment which must

must be felt to be understood. Without garments, without pay, without provisions, his army would have followed him barefoot all over the world, or have perished by the way. The same degree of enthusiasm was entertained towards him as was displayed in the French army for *l'Empereur*, and this extended to the populations of the revolted provinces, excepting that it was difficult to say whether love or awe predominated—with the peasant they were certainly strangely blended.

‘I joined the Carlists and Zumalacarregui when he had nothing but the reputation of a guerrilla chief who had skilfully baffled the pursuit of the Queen's troops, and struck a few daring blows, but whom, from the description then given on the other side of the Pyrenees, I expected to find ferocious and ignorant. I remember at first my total inability to comprehend enthusiastic attachment, independent of private friendship, to any individual; but I ended by sharing entirely the feelings of the soldiers; and so long as he lived, in success or adversity, I would have followed him to the end, even if I had experienced no acts of kindness at his hands. It was of course for Don Carlos I had come to fight. I had been rather prejudiced against than in favour of his general, yet, in the brief space of a few months, if Don Carlos had abandoned his own cause, I should have remained to follow Zumalacarregui.’—*Ibid.* p. 102.

Alongside of this portrait, we must place that of the warlike Curate of Castile:

‘Merino, now sixty-two years of age, was born at Villaviado, and spent his early years in the humble capacity of a goatherd. He had, however, picked up, in the religious establishment of a neighbouring town, the rudiments of an ordinary education, when an old clergyman, discovering in the young herdsman indications of ability, undertook to bring him up for the church. In six months the youth made such rapid progress under his tuition, that he was enabled to take orders, and was appointed curate of his native village. It seems difficult to associate the idea of a talent for any species of literature with those requisite for a leader of partisans, whose career, excepting that his conduct shews him to have been moved only by patriotic motives, has resembled that of daring and reckless brigands committing every sort of excess against their enemy. As to Merino, however, he never touched the least portion of the rich booty his followers often obtained. He conducted himself in a similar manner in the war waged against Napoleon, when he might have possessed himself of immense treasures. The moment the war was concluded he retired to his home, the rank of brigadier-general having been conferred upon him in consideration of his eminent services.

‘Zumalacarregui rendered justice to Merino as an enterprising and daring leader. He once observed, however, after the actions of Vittoria, that “if we had all the men the curate has lost, we could march upon Madrid when we chose.”

‘Merino



Merino is the true type of the Guerrilla chief. Of small stature but iron frame, he can resist the greatest fatigues, and is wonderfully skilled in all martial exercises. His dress is rather ecclesiastical than military, and reminds one more of the curate of Villaviado than of the Brigadier-General Merino. He wears a long black frock coat, round hat, and a cavalry sword. The only luxury in which he seems to indulge is having a good horse beneath him. He has two magnificent black steeds, which are not only renowned for their excessive speed, but climb among the rocks and mountains like goats. These are both saddled and bridled, and have been trained always to keep abreast, so that at whatever pace the mounted one may go the other is by its side. Merino, when he sees that one is tired, leaps from one saddle into the other, even when they are going at full gallop. He always carries, slung by his side, an enormous blunderbuss or trombone, the discharge of which, loaded with a handful of powder and a number of slugs, is like that of a piece of artillery, and would fracture his shoulder if fired in the ordinary manner; but he places the stock under his arm, and holds the barrel tight with the other hand. The last effort the Christinos made to take him was by sending against him a colonel named Moyos, who had also been a chief of partisans, much in Merino's style. This man, of gigantic frame and stature, was well acquainted with the country, and of undaunted energy. Merino favoured him with an early interview, and in the first skirmish he met his death from a *trombone*. . . . The curate has seen sufficient of the fidelity of partisans, it appears, to trust only one old servant who has been with him for the last forty years. Every evening, when he has disposed of his men, he rides away for the night, no one, excepting his faithful servitor, knowing whither he has gone. This has given rise to a report that he never sleeps above a few minutes in the four-and-twenty hours,—a story in which the Castilians place implicit faith, and indeed they may well believe anything of a countryman who neither smokes nor drinks wine. He is simple and even patriarchal in all his habits, but the successes he has obtained have always been tarnished with cruelty. An indefatigable and faithful adherent to the cause he has adopted, he has ever been found a bitter and merciless enemy; and his stern and inevitable decree against his prisoners is *death*.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Boyd's account of the sullen silence with which the Christino troops were received in the Basque villages, must be in the recollection of our readers. Take this sketch of the impression made on the mind of an officer, who, like Mr. Boyd, had accompanied a Christino march,—but who, in the sequel, joined the camp of Zumalacarregrui:—

On seeing the absolute frenzy of the inhabitants, and hearing all the bells ringing, and beholding the women, in their best attire, coming out to meet us at a distance from the village, stunning us with

with their questions for brothers, lovers, and relations, and almost dragging us from our horses to partake of wine, chocolate, or some refreshment, while handkerchiefs, shawls, and curtains were waving from the windows, and flowers were showering down upon us as we rode along, his astonishment knew no bounds. He could not help contrasting our reception with that which the Christino troops experienced the last time they had passed through the same place. "Then," said he, "a dead silence reigned in the village, broken only by the tramp of our horses' feet; it seemed like a deserted spot,—the doors were all closed, a few old crones only looking on, with their blear eyes, and some children hovering about the corners of the street. Here and there a head might be popped out of a window above, but it was as quickly withdrawn again. If our soldiers asked for wine, no one knew where any was to be obtained; and they veiled their antipathy to us under an appearance of intractable stupidity. The very children, who are now chattering so fast, when we inquired when the *factiosos* had last been in the village, did not know what we meant, or had never seen them. The soldiers and officers, uttering an oath against the ill-licked cubs, would pass on." In all probability directly the column had gone through, the *partida*, which had left in the morning, on returning would be surrounded by twenty urchins, who had made observations concerning the *negros* with a precocious shrewdness and gravity acquired during the unquiet times in which they lived. They communicated everything eagerly to the *Carlistas*, as they vulgarly mispronounced the word.

It will only be fair to Zumalacarregui, that before we give any specimens of the war under his management, we should begin with Mr. Henningsen's account of the treatment of the Carlist chief Zavala by the Queen's party, some months before Zumalacarregui appeared on the scene of action:—

'I will give an example of cruelty exercised against Zavala, beyond what Europe would believe of the modern ages and of the party who profess to desire nothing but the improvement of Spain. Having, when pursued, sometimes obstinately defended himself, his two daughters, who had fallen into the hands of the Christinos, were dragged about, and always carried forward with the *tirailleurs* in every encounter by the garrison of Bilboa, which had daily skirmishes with him. Zavala, fearful of injuring his own children, was obliged to prevent his partisans from returning the enemy's fire, and precipitately to retreat. At length, driven almost to desperation between the reproaches of his party and his paternal feelings, he sacrificed the latter to his duty; and having harangued his followers, placed them in ambush near a little village between Guernica and the sea. The enemy, being informed of the circumstance, advanced along the road, leading forward as usual his two daughters. Zavala, in a firm voice, but with tears in his eyes, ordered his men to open their fire; and, instantly rushing in with the bayonet, was fortunate enough to recover his children unhurt; they had, however, narrowly escaped,

escaped, two of those who held them being killed by the first discharge. His devotion was rewarded with victory; the enemy was dispersed and routed.'

Captain Henningsen has a striking description of *the battle, or series of skirmishes, in which Quesada was finally discomfited*. The Queen's general owed his own escape solely to the gallant devotion of Colonel Leopold O'Donnel, Conde de Labispal, a nobleman of Irish extraction, who, *happening* to fall in with the army when travelling to Pampeluna, where a young and beautiful heiress was waiting to become his wife, had volunteered his services for the day, and headed a company of hussars of the Guard. O'Donnel was one of the many who fell into the hands of the Carlists.

'Last but not least of the prisoners taken was the Count Labispal:—gallantly but vainly struggling to rally his men, he was surrounded by the Navarrese. Hitherto the Carlist prisoners had been shot as rebels, and the Christinos had suffered death by way of reprisal. Zumalacarregui, anxious to put an end to this dreadful state of things, set at liberty, and caused to be escorted as far as Echauri, five miles from Pampeluna, two soldiers, who, unable from fatigue to follow the march, had been taken from Quesada's column. The next time Quesada sallied from Pampeluna he requited the mercy of the Carlist general by shooting in Huarte d'Araquil a wounded volunteer, and putting afterwards to death the alcalde of Atoun, who was suspected of Carlism, as well as several other individuals. Zumalacarregui now wrote to the General Count Armilde de Toledo, to state "that since the chiefs appointed by the usurping government were unwilling to make any arrangement for the preservation of the lives of their respective followers,—although he had several times set them the example of clemency—the blood of those that perished must be now on their own heads."

'He kept his word: of all the prisoners who were executed, perhaps the fate of Leopold O'Donnel was the most melancholy. He perished through that valour which seems an heir-loom in his family, and sacrificed himself with a company of the Guards to save Quesada and his staff. He offered, if Zumalacarregui would spare his life, to pay a ransom that would equip all the battalions of Navarre; but knowing the necessity for making an example, the chief remained inexorable. He died with his brother officers of the Guards, in a manner which added another example to the many, that often those who have most enjoyed a life of luxury and pleasure, and to whom it still holds forth bright prospects, can relinquish it with the least regret. His father, the Count of Labispal, celebrated both during the triumphs of Wellington and the revolution of 1823, callous and heartless as he had been throughout his political career, was doomed to prove, on hearing the death of his son, that there was still one point where his sensibility was vulnerable. He died of a broken heart at Montpellier,

Montpellier, where he had been long residing. In his changes of principle this elder Labispal had been the Talleyrand of Spain.'

We must next extract part of our author's chapter on the battle fought between Zumalacarregui and O'Doyle, nearly on the ground of the Duke of Wellington's illustrious triumph at Vittoria.

'It was now destined to become the scene of a signal overthrow of a division of the regular army of Spain by a handful of enthusiastic mountaineers. At Zuniga, accounts of the last devastations of Rodil, the burning of villages and cottages, and the massacre of the wounded Carlists, had reached our army, and had worked them up to a degree of excitement which accounts for their impetuosity. The great difficulty was to keep them in something like order. Their loud cries of *A ellos! Muera la Reina!* were vigorously answered by the enemy, as well as their fire; but as they advanced, in spite of the volleys of musketry which the whole line of the Liberal army was pouring in, their replies waxed fainter. The order which the Carlists preserved, with their impetuosity, their martial bearing, their wild shouts, and the black flags with a death's head and cross bones, seemed to have had an appalling effect. . . .

'The slaughter continued till nightfall, the enraged Royalists giving no quarter—and the night coming on alone saved the miserable remains of O'Doyle's army. About four hundred made their way to the village of Arieta, where they shut themselves up in the houses. About a thousand were killed, the field for two miles being covered with their dead bodies—the miserable wretches being dragged from the woods and thickets in which they attempted to conceal themselves, and slaughtered by their angry opponents. I remember seeing twelve dead bodies lying together at a ford of the rivulet between the field and the road. . . .

'The pursuit had continued so late that the greater part of our army was obliged to sleep on the field, and we bivouacked amongst the dead. In the meanwhile, part of the third battalion of Navarre was detached to attack those who were in the village, where they had barricaded the houses. After firing all night, the Christinos not choosing to surrender, a quantity of combustibles were collected, and placed against the houses. In the morning, the Christinos sent a flag of truce to the captain who was charged with his company to set fire to piles; and stated that they had got the curate, the regidor, and a number of the principal inhabitants, with their wives, and children; and that if the Carlists attempted to burn them out, they would commence by putting all these to death. The captain, who was a Frenchman, by the name of Sabatier, sent to Zumalacarregui to know how to proceed. The Carlist general determined to blockade them next day; as they were entirely without provisions, he knew that hunger would force them to surrender. Eighty-four prisoners were brought in, which the soldiers had made when tired of killing; for excepting

cepting in these few cases no quarter was given: even two chaplains of the queen's army had been slain on the field. It was supposed that, according to the existing regulation, they would all suffer death; they were, however, remanded, and next day pardoned.—O'Doyle, the general of the division, his brother, a captain, and several officers, were however shot. Zumalacarregui was inclined to have pardoned him, but amongst the dispatches intercepted a few days previous were the minutes of a court-martial held at Vitoria, in which O'Doyle had given his vote for shooting the wounded prisoners. These papers had not yet been destroyed, and the circumstance of the part O'Doyle had taken in this transaction was mentioned to Zumalacarregui: this sealed his fate.

O'Doyle behaved like a brave man on the field, but with less firmness afterwards. As he was being led up as a prisoner, a Carlist officer was mean enough to make some insulting observation. O'Doyle replied, "You are bearing arms, but you have never been a soldier, or you would know that a real soldier obeys his orders if they came from hell itself." The officer was more severely reprimanded by the murmurs of the bystanders. O'Doyle, the next morning, begged to see the general, and when admitted to an interview, stated that he was a soldier who fought for those who paid him; that the fate of war had thrown him into the hands of the Royalists—and that he would serve them, if admitted to that honour, as faithfully as he had served the Queen. Zumalacarregui answered him briefly, that it was out of his power to spare his life. He then began to implore, with clasped hands, "*La vida, por Dios! por Dios!*" Zumalacarregui turned his head away in disgust, and said, "*A confesar luego*"—and the wretched man was led out, and, after being half an hour with his confessor, shot; as well as his brother and the other officers. His execution took place on the very field where he had been defeated; his fortune and his life both taking wing on the same spot. Poor O'Doyle's was a melancholy fate, but it is impossible to deny the singular retribution of his punishment. Even a quiet grave was denied him: although he was buried—or rather a little earth and a pile of stones were placed over him, by way of distinction, through that deference which the soldier bears even to the rank of his dead enemies. I remember, on passing three months after near the spot, witnessing the disgusting scene of bodies disinterred, and in most cases cleaned to the bone by the birds and beasts of prey—and the dogs which, as I believe is often the case near a battle-field, sallied from the adjacent villages at night to feast upon the slain. The pile raised over O'Doyle and his brother had been thrown down, and two bodies, no doubt theirs, dragged amongst the stones, were half devoured. What made the scene of an action more appalling was, that the bodies were always stripped of every thing excepting the *corbatin*, or leather stock—this and the chako being the only part of the equipment the Carlists could never be induced to wear—they would take every thing excepting this from the dead; and I remember seeing in that very plain many skeletons, the  
flesh

flesh having been picked from the bones, but the leather collar still remaining round the neck.'

At the close of another battle-piece, we are presented with a striking anecdote of Zumalacarregrui—and some not less striking indications of the sort of materials with and on which he had to work :—

'A soldier stepped out of the ranks, and complained that forty ounces of gold, about 120*l.*, which he had taken from a dead officer of the Christinos, had been seized by one of the staff under pretext that all arms, horses, and money taken belonged to the King. The officer charged with this was a man chiefly known in the army under his surname of Malcasco, or, the "headstrong;" he was one of those characters who in the boil and ferment of unquiet times are often borne upwards; he had long been celebrated as the most notoriously quarrelsome and desperate character in the country, and was accused of having, amongst other misdeeds, shot an alcalde who had once fined him, for which he was condemned to the galleys. His present spouse was the widow of an officer in the constitutional army, whom he had killed in the Carrascal; it was said, however, in fair fight. During the early part of the insurrection he had rendered the Carlists such services, that his former rank of captain was given him. His countenance, dark and scarred with the marks of innumerable frays, was of most forbidding aspect, and bore the trace of all the brutal passions by which he was swayed. Zumalacarregrui immediately inquired what he had done with the soldier's money. He stoutly denied ever having seen the man, and threatened him with the bastonado for his impudence. Another witness now stepped out of the ranks, and corroborated the complainant's statement. Malcasco very coolly said that they were both liars. The sword of Zumalacarregrui, who was now convinced of the glaring injustice of the case, in an instant flashed over the head of the criminal, and he swore to cleave him down to the belt if he did not instantly produce the money. Malcasco, who perhaps dreaded nothing either in this world or the next more than the general, instantly flung the purse to the ground, and after this public exposure skulked off, muttering between his teeth, like a surly dog which has been deprived of a bone. The soldier was ordered to pick it up, count it, and re-enter the ranks. Malcasco was disgraced, and only in some degree restored to favour on having had some time after his arm broken between Cirauki and Maneru. Where all men's passions, good and evil, are in extremes, as in Spain,

"A land

Where law secures not life,"

and they are to a great degree loose and unbridled by the ordinary restraints of society, such characters are unfortunately too often met with.'

The captain adds, that such characters are rarer among the  
Carlists

Carlists than among the Christinos. This controversy it would not be easy to decide.

Perhaps the next anecdote, which is so characteristic in all respects of the man and the country that we could not omit it, leaves a more painful impression than any other one page in the book. Count Via Manuel, a Spanish grandee, holding high rank in the Queen's army, fell into Zumalacarregui's hands at the close of one of these bloody battles among the woods of Navarre. The frank and open manners of this nobleman confirmed the favourable impression which Zumalacarregui had received from witnessing his conduct in the field. He was in truth a rare example in his order of high-minded courage, and he had never been suspected of being biassed by any unworthy motive in the choice of his party. The Carlist general had lost the day before a favourite officer of his staff, and two or three volunteers besides. He proposed to write to Rodil, offering the captive grandee in exchange for these prisoners: in the mean time he invited Via Manuel to dine daily at his own table at head-quarters—took him out with him on horseback—in short, lived with him as a friendly guest;—a week elapsed—

'They were at dinner at Lecumberri when Rodil's answer was brought in to Zumalacarregui; that note contained only the following sentence:—"The rebels taken have suffered death already." This was clearly the sentence of the prisoner. Zumalacarregui handed it over to him with the same sang-froid with which he would probably have received it, had it been the messenger of his own fate. Via Manuel changed colour. His host politely, but firmly, expressed his regret at being obliged to perform so unpleasant a duty, but informed him that he might be with his confessor till sunrise. His life had been spared so long, that this intelligence came like a thunderstroke on the unhappy grandee. At his request, Zumalacarregui consented to delay his execution, while he sent a messenger to the King intreating his clemency. He returned with the answer, that when soldiers and officers of inferior rank, taken with arms in their hands, had suffered death, it was impossible to pardon a Spanish grandee. Via Manuel was shot at Lecumberri, but did not die so well as his deportment at first announced; probably it was the shock of the sudden disappointment, after he had so long entertained hopes of life, which had unnerved him.'

'I must not omit to mention a singular instance of fidelity. Shortly after his death, a serjeant, as he stated himself to be, and his galons indicated, deserted over to us, and was placed in a company of guides; he afterwards surprised and stabbed a sentinel, and disappeared. We were informed by other deserters some months afterwards, that this very individual was a servant of Via Manuel's, who took this mode of communicating with his master—but arrived a day too late; and—  
having



having acquired the certainty of his execution, on the first opportunity carried back the news of it, and some relics of his lord which he had bought from the soldiers who shot him.'

Surely, in spite of all Rodil's cruelty, and the cold-bloodedness of its announcement, *Via Manuel* had tasted the salt of his captor; and even an Arab robber under such circumstances would have considered the sacred law of hospitality as infrangible. If, however, Don Carlos was exactly aware of the reception which his general had given to the Christino grandee, his Royal Highness's answer to Zumalacarreghi's appeal is still more painful to think of than the *hesitation* which prompted that appeal.

We have 'supped full with horrors;' but still there is one scene of considerable extent which must be given before our reader can have completed his notion of these barbarous people. In a village just within the border of Navarre, a small garrison of Christino *Urbanos*—(men drafted recently from the National Guard of some town in the south)—had established themselves, and were levying heavy contributions upon the monasteries, besides doing bloody execution occasionally among the scattered peasants of what Zumalacarreghi considered as his own proper domain. The country people flocked in with urgent entreaties for his interference to rid them of this annoyance—he did not require much persuasion;—but the enemy's columns were hovering about;—Zumalacarreghi had but a small force with him at the time; and the attempt must at least have been delayed, but for the zeal of a veteran smuggler, *Ximenes*, who—with a sturdy youth, his son—offered to conduct a detachment by a safe *By-way*.

'I shall never forget,' says our author, 'one old woman, dressed almost in rags, her grey hair floating dishevelled about her neck, who came up to the captain of a company with whom I was in conversation, and probably mistaking him for a superior officer, doubled her shrivelled hand in his face, and shrieked out a volley of insulting epithets, which she concluded by invoking "*La malediccion de Dios*" on all our heads, if we retired like *falsos*, and left a single one of the *blacks* alive. Having inquired of a bystander who was this fanatic? we were informed that she was an old weaver, of a neighbouring village, whose only son had been shot that day fortnight—having been dragged from his bed—by some of the *Urbanos*; it was supposed for having carried tobacco to the Carlists.'

The detachment approached the village, and found that the *Urbanos* had fortified themselves in the church—while *Ximenes* made the discovery that *his own eldest son* was their commandant! Forthwith,—

'The two four-pounders taken at Vittoria, and which at that time were all the artillery brought to bear on the church-gates, which were lined with heavy sheets of iron. The gates having been

burst open, with the loss of three men wounded only, our volunteers rushed into the church, but they were only able to surprise one or two of the enemy, the rest having retreated into the steeple, of which the staircase had been broken away, and where they had most strongly barricaded themselves. As they obstinately refused to surrender, and it would have taken too long to undermine the massive walls of the old steeple—in which act the approach of some Christino column would probably have interrupted us—it was resolved to set fire to it. Piles of wood, tow, goat-skins full of brandy, and other inflammable matter, were piled at the foot of the steeple, from the interior of the church; and the Baron de Los Valles,\* having just arrived, was entrusted with the commission of setting fire to it. The besieged had no doubt of being relieved before daybreak, and therefore were loud in their jokes against the Carlists, to whom they called out, "Mountain thieves! sons of monks! rebels! you will soon have to run back to your mountains—the columns are advancing!"

Night closed in—but it brought no intermission of the assault—by-and-by—

The shrieks of some who had taken refuge in corners of the building where they were reached by the flames, as well as the women and children who saw the devouring element raging below, were heard at intervals; and although orders were given to fire only on the men, it was often impossible to distinguish the dark figures that flitted before the light, endeavouring to breathe an instant out of the smoky atmosphere. It was repeatedly proposed to them to let the women and children out, but this they refused. The bells had all fallen in, and packets of cartridges were constantly exploding. Towards morning a few faint cries of "*Viva el Rey!*" were heard from the women, and the commandant of the Tower inquired if quarter would be given them? He was answered "No; the men had none to hope for." He then inquired if it was Zumalacarregrui who had besieged them, and which was he? The general had just arrived, and most imprudently went beyond the corner of the church, exclaiming "*Aquí estoy!*"—Here I am. The commandant then said they could bear the heat and smoke no longer, and asked if they would be allowed the consolations of religion before they suffered death. Zumalacarregrui replied, that the Carlists had never denied that yet, but not to flatter themselves with the hope of mercy. The commandant then answered, that they surrendered. But how men who had defended themselves so desperately, and who had no chance for

\* This is the French officer who has published a volume entitled 'The Career of Don Carlos,' and containing some very interesting chapters—especially one on Don Carlos's escape from London, and incognito journey through France to the seat of war. We have great doubts, however, whether Prince Talleyrand was not perfectly well aware of all that was going on. If Carlos be finally thrown over in Spain, nothing can prevent his resuming all his natural rights as First Prince (after the exiles at Prague) of the House of Bourbon.

their

their lives, missed the opportunity of shooting the Carlist leader, who was not above fifty yards from them, firing downwards, when it is so much easier to aim, and a bullet carries so much straighter than in a horizontal direction, has always been a matter of surprise to me, particularly as several shots were fired afterwards by them.

When ladders were placed to the church-roof, and the volunteers went up to receive their arms, they shot one soldier, and an officer was wounded; the men who had fired were bayoneted on the spot—one in particular, who defended a narrow ledge, and was struck in the breast by a volunteer, fell from the top to the bottom of the steeple headlong at our feet: the rest made no resistance. Three women (one a Carlist prisoner) and four children had perished, and above thirty of the garrison, either by the smoke or the flames, or the shot of the assailants. Those that remained were so blackened by the smoke, that they presented a most ghastly appearance, when, with considerable difficulty, they were got down over the roof of the church, which, although the steeple was burning for ten or twelve hours, had never taken fire. The commandant and his lieutenant were brought before the general, who inquired whether the garrison had been acting all along by their orders. The commandant hesitated, but the ex-schoolmaster boldly replied, "Yes; they acted by our orders." The former was a short man, about four-and-thirty, his form athletic, and his bones all thickly set; he was dressed in blue trowsers and a zamarra. The smoke to which he had been all night exposed had swollen his eyelids and darkened his face. *This was the son of Ximenes*; on the whole, he presented the idea of a bold and determined ruffian. The schoolmaster, who was also below the middle stature, had an open and prepossessing countenance, and he behaved in every respect with the firmness of a man; while the captain occasionally betrayed signs of weakness, which I should scarcely have expected after his gallant defence, for such it incontestably was.

"Have you anything to say in your defence?" inquired the general. The reply of the lieutenant was:—"That he neither begged for mercy, nor did he suppose it likely that pardon would be granted him.—They might, however, do worse than let him live; he had no affection either for the queen or for Don Carlos, but where chance had thrown him, that party, as they had seen, he would serve: if they chose to try him, and let him live, he would serve the king like a soldier—if they shot him, like a soldier he would die." "And you?" said the general to the captain. "I only surrendered," replied Lorenzo Ximenes, "because I was promised quarter; if not, I should have held out longer. You may judge from my behaviour whether I would not have perished in the tower if I had not distinctly understood so." "It is false," hastily interrupted the general; "who did I speak to myself?" "To me," said the lieutenant. "And did you say to the commandant that I had offered quarter?" "No; I

told him that you had refused us our lives, and we should both have perished there, only the smoke had grown intolerable: this is the truth, or you would not hold me here now." The general beckoned with his hand for them to be removed. "You will remember my father and brother?" said Lorenzo imploringly. "If I have done wrong, they have served the king faithfully." The whining tone in which this appeal was made contrasted unfavourably with the bold and frank demeanour of his fellow-captive. "If your father and brother had been taken," said the general, "your treason would have been no palliation of their loyalty." The schoolmaster, I remember, held a paper cigar between his fingers (for at all times and seasons the Spaniards smoke), and was looking round for a light. *The general took his own cigar from his mouth, and handed it to him to ignite his by; he bowed respectfully as he returned it to him.* "Think on what I have said, general," cried he, as they were led away. It was evident that Zumalacarregrui was strongly prepossessed in his favour; he gazed after him with that intense and penetrating look so peculiar to him, and muttered a few words, in which "What a pity for that lad!" alone were audible.

Henningsen happened to be one of the officers of the watch that night, and he and his comrade established themselves in the same house with these two unhappy men. Presently the father of the Christino Captain, old Ximenes, the most devoted of Carlists, announced himself at the door.

'When I heard that Ximenes was come I could not help feeling a thrill of horror, and we were all about retiring, when the prisoners begged us to remain. The meeting—and the parting of the father, for the last time on this side of the grave, from a son,—who, however divided in opinions, and sinning in his political tenets, was still united to him in blood and in affections, which he in vain endeavoured to control and smother,—this was a heart-rending scene. Ximenes had sacrificed his fortune, and the ease and independence of his old age, to his duty—and he now saw his eldest, and once his best beloved, son about to suffer death, with the consciousness that he had done his part to bring him to a punishment so bitter. He had resolved at first not to trust himself with an interview, but the prayer of his son, against whom all animosity was now buried, he had been unable to refuse. Ximenes, whom I have known much of both before and since, is a man who, although advanced in the vale of years, is still hale and healthy,—short of stature, sharp-featured, and grey-haired,—but I shall never forget when he entered the room, his son's throwing himself at his feet, and the expression of his countenance as the tears started to his grey eyes and rolled over his weather-beaten cheeks; in an instant they were locked in each other's embrace; retiring into the alcove they conversed earnestly for some time, but not, from what I involuntarily gathered, until the last, about the possibility of saving him.

him. As the father took leave of him we heard him distinctly and earnestly say, "Is there no hope, then?" "*Pide usted á Dios!*"—"You must pray for it to God!" replied the old man, as he tore himself away. When he was gone, we sent up the larger part of our supper to the prisoners, who had their rations, but which they could only get cooked soldier-fashion. We had much conversation with them. The commandant seemed much more tranquil after this interview,—and his lieutenant preserved the same sang-froid as at first. A day or two days after, having been tried by the auditor of war, the prisoners were shot.

'I have often seen old Ximenes since. He still continues to serve us with the same zeal, and has been on many and dangerous expeditions, but he is visibly altered, and has always a settled gloom and melancholy in his countenance. I have heard that Lorenzo had offered him a large sum of money to gain him over; this had come to Zumalacarregrui's knowledge, through the intelligences he kept up in the heart of the adverse party, and he had reproached Ximenes with not having informed him of it. On account of this, it was said he had been deterred from making any application to obtain the pardon of his son. This may or may not be, and it signified little, as, under existing circumstances, it was out of the general's power to have granted it.'

Our readers will find many chapters not less interesting in the pages of Captain Henningsen. The boldest inventions of the historical romancer fade into dimness beside the grotesque horror of these living portraiture. The Captain has, however, abundant materials of a more agreeable sort—his descriptions of scenery are extremely graphic—and he tells many humorous stories with glee and effect.

We confess that we contemplate neither of the two parties in this Spanish conflict with much interest of a political nature. For anything like what we call *freedom*, the country is wholly unfit—what 'liberal institutions' mean, the one side do not, in the smallest degree, comprehend—and the other side attach notions the most fantastically absurd to these vague terms. Whether the niece or the uncle shall sit ultimately on the throne, the system of government, when peace and safety are once restored, will continue much the same that it has been—for a long period to come,—much longer, certainly, than that of our own lives: but we do think the scenes now depicted by this brave and artless soldier ought to produce something more effective than such a mission as was that of Lord Eliot and Colonel Gurwood. The good effects of their interference were short-lived,—and whichever party first broke the compact of Aserta—(we believe the fault lies with the Christinos),—it must be obvious that nothing but stronger measures, adopted not by one power but by some general congress, can arrest this system of murder. We

We think it just to Captain Henningsen to present, in conclusion, his opinion, very summarily expressed, of the ultimate chances of Don Carlos—supposing the rival Bourbons of Spain to fight out the battle on their own resources—or with only the insignificant aid of petty bands of unauthorized foreign mercenaries. He introduces it with an *ominous* sentence.

‘Don Carlos came to risk his person amidst a handful of followers in the mountains of his hereditary dominions, like *Charles Stuart in the Highlands*. Hitherto, it is true, his success has not been decisive; but of his eventual triumph, those who are acquainted with the popularity of his cause in the Peninsula, protracted as the struggle may be, can have but little doubt. The northern provinces can only be subdued by the extermination of the male population, the transplanting of families, burning of harvests, and destroying every human habitation, as was attempted by the French Convention in *La Vendée*. But to effect all this in a country like the present seat of war, which baffled the genius of Napoleon with all his legions, and where every arbitrary act, instead of striking terror, arms fresh masses of its population, would require, I apprehend, a larger army than was ever marshalled under any man since the days of Xerxes. It would, moreover, be forced to feed upon itself, like a swarm of lemmings, when its work was done. I am aware that the public at a distance has been accustomed to receive very different impressions; but people have too long been kept in ignorance of facts by the intrigues of the Stock Exchange and the confederate Jews, its rulers, the Rothschilds and Mendizabals, who, like the jackals and vultures, fatten their carrion carcasses where the fray has been, and, as Byron so appropriately expresses it—

“Stand afresh,

To cut from nations’ hearts their pound of flesh.”

The official return of Don Carlos’s forces, on the 1st of January, 1836, gives—for Navarre, Alava, and Biscay, 35,200 men;—for Catalonia, 22,363;—in all, 57,563.

ART. X.—1. *Chapters of Contemporary History*. By Sir John Walsh, Bart. 8vo. London. 1836.

2. *Reflections on the O’Connell Alliance; or, Lichfield House Conspiracy*. Cheltenham. 1836. 8vo.

3. *Vindication of the House of Lords*. By Æneas Macdonell, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London. 1836. 8vo.

4. *The Portfolio*. Nos. I.—VII. London. 1835—1836. 8vo.

SIR JOHN WALSH has given us a very important work. No longer himself a member of the House of Commons, he has continued to watch the proceedings of that assembly,



as well as of the other branch of the senate, throughout the last five years, with close and anxious attention; and he produces the results of his reflections on what he has therein witnessed, and on the state of the public thought and feeling as elsewhere represented, with the candour and frankness of one whose temper has not encountered the hazards of actual participation in the warfare of words,—who has been looking on with no personal interest beyond what every educated and independent gentleman must have equally partaken during such a period. In short, the Baronet now addresses himself, not to the passions of any one section of his countrymen, but to the common sense of the nation at large, in language which may not therefore be entirely acceptable to the more ardent adherents of *Toryism*—but which, on the other hand, is more likely to soften than to irritate the spleen of *Whiggism*—and which we are confident will command the respect of all those of the *Radicals* who are not afraid to look their own purposes in the face.

We have intimated that Sir John's course of narrative and reflection does not bear with anything like harshness upon the *Whigs*—meaning the high born and high bred chiefs of the old party so designated, whose rank as statesmen had been fixed and acknowledged previous to the patriotic pranks of Messrs. Lafitte, Bonnellier, and Co. at Paris in 1830. Of Lord Grey, in particular, our author speaks throughout with gentleness,—we had almost said with favour. We have no wish to argue this matter keenly with Sir John Walsh. Like him, we deeply feel that '*Medicina potius tempus est quam querela*'—and we would willingly be persuaded that we have ourselves used on various occasions language rather too harsh than otherwise respecting the public character and proceedings of this now discarded leader. Sir John Walsh, in his opening Chapter, announces his belief that Lord Grey acted *honestly* throughout the business of the Reform Bill—that he believed a measure not of that kind only, but of that extent, to be not only necessary from the circumstances of the time, but in itself just, right, and constitutional; that, the bill once passed, he had no desire to gratify further the wild aspirations of the democracy, but set himself to pursue in effect the same course of conservative administration and constitutional reform which had been traced out for his example and guidance by Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington; and that when the Whigs look wise, and talk of the rod breaking in his hands through 'unfortunate accidents, temper,' &c.—they are only engaged in a laudable endeavour to lacerate a very simple fact—to wit, that he soon discovered that the new element of power which had wafted an all-but forgotten party



party into an apparently secure supremacy, had deserted him the moment the anti-revolutionary purposes of his own general government became manifest.

Our author admits, and excuses, constant 'vacillation' in the cabinet, whose chief he considers to have been thus 'conservative at heart' throughout the last eighteen months of his sway. He appears to think that such occasional 'coquetting with the Movement' was almost inevitable, and that the lofty Earl himself must have been abundantly punished by the monitor within for every ineffectual concession he yielded to 'the pressure from without.' We waive for the present this personal discussion: the facts are clear and incontrovertible, that in the first reformed parliament two-thirds of the House of Commons were Whigs—and that before a twelvemonth had elapsed—Lord Grey could not find among his four hundred supporters a member who would venture to accept a lordship of the Treasury, lest he should lose his seat. Sir John Walsh eloquently says:

'The party who, three or four years before, had existed but in a few select coteries in the metropolis, which the rising generation had viewed but as the lingering and curious relics of an antecedent epoch, which had but just escaped, by the death of Canning, being finally absorbed in the blaze of his genius, had revived to sway the destinies of the nation. Backed by an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, supported by a popular cry in the country, Lord Grey seemed the most powerful minister who had directed the councils of the nation since the days of Pitt. And powerful indeed he was. He might have carried vote by ballot, or universal suffrage, or annual parliaments; he might have expelled the bishops from the Lords, or created three hundred new peers, or revoked the patents of two hundred old ones. He might have reduced the whole of the army, and established a national guard. He might have abolished tithes, and substituted any provision, or no provision, for the clergy. He might have repealed twenty millions of taxes, and paid the fundholders 7s. in the pound. There was scarcely any innovation, feeding delusive expectations and fanning morbid excitement, which he could not have accomplished. But he undertook a more arduous enterprise. He endeavoured to regulate the march and direct the momentum of the machine he had set in motion. He conceived that he could hold it in his hands and use it as he pleased, applying a small portion of its power, and suffering the superfluous strength to evaporate and escape in harmless profusion. After having convulsed the nation, after having roused every passion, stimulated every hope, awakened the latent energies of cupidity and ambition in one part of the community, and kindled deep resentment in another, he fancied that he could bid all this excitement subside at his command, and revert to the regular march of settled government.'—pp. 10, 11.

Our readers will turn to the work itself for a more detailed examination

amination of the facts thus powerfully summed up. But Sir John offers one reflection which we must not omit :

‘ We have heard, till reiterated assertion is taken for proof, of a century of misgovernment, a long monopoly of power, the perpetration of abuses, the rankness of corruption, the venality, extravagance, and incapacity of former ministries. Let it be remembered that Lord Grey and his colleagues held office four years—that, after having triumphantly carried the Reform Bill, they—still at the head of an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons,—conducted affairs during two parliamentary sessions, and brought forward two ministerial batches of measures. Where were the corruptions detected—where were the abuses exposed—where was the prodigality checked? What materials of power and popularity would they not have acquired, if they could have denounced and held up their predecessors as political delinquents? What an unanswerable proof of the practical efficacy of their own measures and of the purity of their own intentions would they not have afforded, could they have materially reduced our establishments, or altered the system and scale of the different departments of the public service? Let it not be forgotten that they declared it to be impracticable to effect any of these objects—that their duty and the cogency of circumstances compelled them to maintain them as they found them; that in the reductions they made in details they rendered an honourable testimony to the conduct of their predecessors, and repeatedly acknowledged that they but pursued a path which had been already traced. . . .

‘ The Whig administration had every conceivable motive to separate themselves from the whole course and conduct of preceding governments. The maintenance of their distinct existence as a party, and of their power as a government, almost depended upon their pursuing a new and marked course of policy, which should offer a broad contrast to that of former cabinets. Every inducement—their strong party spirit, their bitter hostility to their opponents, the manifest expediency of keeping the extreme liberals in good humour, dictated the adoption of such a line. Why did they not follow it? . . .

‘ They had already gone very far towards democracy, farther than their natural inclinations, opinions, or principles led them; and they would not advance beyond, except under the compulsion of the direst necessity. *The Whigs never intend to go all lengths, except they find that they cannot otherwise retain the reins of power.* . . .

‘ In the Cabinet, as elsewhere, there was a Conservative and a Movement side. When their intelligencers and whippers-in brought them word that they were losing ground in the country,—that their friends in the House of Commons were alienated, or were trembling for their seats—that their majority on this or that question was precarious—that some old and tried supporter was going to vote against them on such a motion, the arguments doubtless became warm, and the breach wider. . . .

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'In both the changes which took place within a few weeks of each other, the secession of the Stanley party, and the retirement of Lord Grey, the result was the same. The Conservative portion were foiled, the Movement triumphed. And let me add, that the more brilliant members in talent, the more independent in character, the more marked and distinguished in the public eye, were defeated by their inferiors in those respects. They were defeated, because from the moment they separated they stood almost alone, balanced between the Conservative and the Movement, while their late colleagues fell back upon the powerful support of the Movement party.'

The sum of the Chapter is this :

'Those who see, in the dissolution of Lord Grey's Cabinet, the mere result of individual difference of opinion upon insulated questions, neither comprehend its causes nor its character. Those who describe the Government of Lord Melbourne as a continuation of that of Lord Grey, with some change in the casting of the parts, and some modification of its policy, possibly misconceive—certainly misrepresent it. In the nature of its position, in the foundation of its support, in the direction and tendencies of its policy, it widely differs from, or rather is diametrically opposed to it. When the ministry of Lord Grey was broken up,—first by the secession of Lord Stanley and his friends, and subsequently by the Premier's own resignation,—it was not a Cabinet which was dissolved, *it was a system of government which was overturned.*'

The plan on which Sir John Walsh has constructed his work renders it inevitable that he should more than once recur, from different points of view as it were, to the same ground which he had already carried us over in his first Essay. Thus, in the second, which he entitles 'Character of the First Reformed Parliament,' the survey of the different parties constituting that House of Commons brings out only with more fulness of detail and picturesqueness of description, the same features which he had opened in the chapter headed 'Administration of Lord Grey.' The strength of Whigs in that house was, as we have been reminded, upwards of 400; the Conservatives were only 130; and the Movement party—which in 1830 had returned only a little knot of individuals—which in the Parliament that carried the Reform Bill, formed a considerable body, keeping aloof from the ministry but yielding it almost uniform support,—this same party of yesterday now mustered 100 members, who openly unfurled the standard of opposition, and in spite of and contempt of all Lord Grey's 'vacillations and coquetries,' commenced and pursued a most active war against his government. How effective this new opposition was, we need not say: it broke to pieces the power which had made so many sacrifices to conciliate it, and in the

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one fact, that—having thus pertinaciously assailed, and at length triumphantly destroyed, the Cabinet of Lord Grey—this same party, swelled by the last election from 100 to 170, constitutes nearly half the whole strength on which the existing Government depends for daily existence;—in this one fact we have visible and tangible proof, either that the Whigs in office have abandoned the system of their old leader, or that the Movement has renounced its principles and objects, and *stat nominis umbra*.

Which of these alternatives any rational adult would adopt, even were there no distinct oral evidence of any kind producible, we humbly think there can be no doubt. Sir John Walsh, in his own restrained and somewhat over-refined style of politeness, puts the case thus shortly :

‘The Whigs have it no longer in their power to play a false and hollow game, manœuvring between the two other parties. They are forced to show their colours and declare their purposes. There was no advantage in that delusive phantom of Whig strength, behind which the Radicals masked their approaches. It is far better that there should be a real and avowed union with the Movement, than a delusive and mock distinction.

‘The Whigs boast that the Reform Bill subverted Toryism. I believe them; but I assert that it equally undermined Whiggism. The present Ministers may call themselves by what fanciful sobriquet they please. Their supporters may cry—“Oh, here is Lord Melbourne and the Marquis of Lansdown—surely *they* cannot be called Radicals!” We have nothing to do with the private opinions or secret inclinations of these noblemen; but if we see their government in the Lower House strictly united with the Movement party, and subsisting but by its support, we have a right to consider them as identified together. The argument of their advocates, that they are not to be censured, because, without any agreement or alliance, their measures happen to meet with the support of O’Connell and the English and Scotch Radicals, is as weak as it is disingenuous.

‘It is not because their measures happen to meet with the approbation of these parties,—it is not because a fortuitous concurrence of opinion is formed between them,—that we proclaim our distrust. It is because they depend for the passing of those measures, and for their own existence, upon that concurrence and support; and that where an absolute dependence is manifest, we are not credulous enough to believe that it does not imply constraint and subserviency. It is at best a compromise, in which the most violent portion consent, not to the relinquishment, but to the postponement of their extreme objects, for the sake of obtaining the co-operation of the less daring in securing the more immediate ones. But such a compromise is, inevitably, to the sole ultimate advantage of the Movement party; the essence of whose policy it is to pursue their system of encroachment, step by step; to take all instalments; and who calculate that they

they are always compensated for the desertion of any over-scrupulous or timid confederate in any future stage, by the additional power derived from the object gained through his assistance.'

Nothing can be better said—nothing could be more convincing—if there were anybody to be convinced. But there is no such person. Even those who are the most incapable of understanding any argument can comprehend a plain statement of facts from a witness of unimpeached character,—and such a witness we have before us in the person of Mr. Shiel—who in a speech at Thurles on the 7th October, 1835, said these words—words which were no doubt extracted from his sense of moral indignation, roused by the audacity with which the 125th No. of the 'Edinburgh Review,' then just published, had proclaimed (p. 204) the utter absurdity of those who maintained that there was '*some difference*' between the present Melbourne government and the government of Earl Grey:—

'Our eyes (says Mr. Shiel) were opened; and while we became conscious of the fatal results of our *disunion with the Whigs*, we determined to repair the evil which had been done, and never again to fall into a similar error. Accordingly, we entered into a *close alliance* with them, and at the meeting at Lord Lichfield's formed that *compact*, and, I trust, indissoluble junction, by which so much has been effected. *There it was, that that course of proceeding was devised which broke up the Government of Sir R. Peel.* What a glorious, and, at the same time, what an incalculably serviceable circumstance it was, that by a *resolution on the Irish Church, and the great principle of secular appropriation*, we should have annihilated the Tories! To defeat them by any means would have been, in itself, a great achievement; but to put them out of office by a resolution *pledging the Whigs for ever and ever to the principle*, without which *all church-reform would be a mere imposture*, was, indeed, a triumph to the Irish people; and if, in the last session, nothing else had been done, still *this* would have been a signal instance of success, because that resolution is *irrevocable*.

'The result was a complete amnesty—a most unqualified reconciliation; and I have further to state, that the advice of Mr. O'Connell was mainly instrumental in bringing it about. Lord John Russell was called to our head, and we stood before Sir Robert Peel the most firm, the most united, the most concentrated body that ever appeared in opposition.'

It remains to be asked, which of the parties thus compactly and indissolubly conjoined has laid aside its own principles and adopted those of its former antagonists. We submit two or three short extracts from the speeches delivered by the '*main instrument in the reconciliation*' during the recess now about to close, as sufficient evidence that *he* at least has parted with none of the objects which we had been used to consider as characteristic of the radical faction.

faction. A bookseller in the Strand, Mr. Limbird, has printed these productions in a convenient form, and we advise our reader to procure the whole collection, which will not cost more than a shilling. Our first extract is from a speech at Dublin on the 5th October,—just two days before the Great Drum-major's *Petit Tambour* performed his flourish at Thurles.

‘The quarrel that existed between us when Lord Anglesey was here is at an end. He was a good but a weak man, who suffered himself to be flattered by Blackburne, whom he permitted to counsel him in all matters. But I don't think amongst the entire crew there was one half so bitter as Stanley. Even Peel does not hate us so much as that amiable youth. The Tamworth baronet would not go farther in injuring us than the necessities of his personal traffic for place and power would render necessary, but Stanley would do us a gratuitous mischief.’

‘We have the people of England with us—we have the people of Scotland with us—we have with us the government of Lord Melbourne (Cheers)—but, above all, we have the advantage of a fixed and unalterable determination not only to assert *our rights*, but to deserve to obtain them.—(Cheering.) How are we to do this? By sustaining the government, and by supporting them in the registry against the Tory spirit of the assistant barristers appointed by Lord Stanley, who well knew the hands in which he placed this trust. The more we are assailed, the more resolutely must we rally against the common enemy.’

Let us now hear what was spoken at Manchester by the honourable and learned gentleman who has ‘Lord Melbourne's government with him:’—attend to his explanation of ‘*our rights*.’

‘If we had good government, *nothing would be taxed but property in its masses*, and the articles which the labouring classes consume would be totally free from taxes, as they ought to be; and I never will be content while one farthing remains of the taxes upon malt, beer, or upon any other article which *the people in general* consume. The same with the bread-tax. I am the decided enemy of the corn-laws. I am more. I am of opinion that you will never have good government till the duration of Parliament is shortened. It may not be very satisfactory to have *our just rights* doled out to us little by little, but in the course of time these small instalments will form the great aggregate which we claim. *Wait a while, boys.* When the royal power was too strong for the people, and exercised itself in attacks upon the subjects at large, the Lords then made common cause with the people, because there was, to a great extent, a community of grievance and suffering. The kingly tyrant was put down, but another equally great was set up. Cromwell, a special humbug—a sort of Peel in his way—he assumed supreme power, and set up as great a tyranny as that which had been abolished. The restoration came next, and

James,



James, the son of him whom the people had beheaded, afterwards mounted the throne, and was guilty of the most abominable treachery. But the people did not behead him; they had become better instructed, and they left his foolish head upon his shoulders, allowing him to wander about Europe, a specimen of the folly of trying to make the people slaves (hear!). And will not people take a lesson from this? May not 170 other persons walk abroad in the same way, without any great damage to the interests of the country?"

Let us next listen to the orator at Glasgow:

"We may meet here and talk about them (the 170)—electors may vote against them—they care not for any thing we may do—there is nothing about them that the people can control or lay hold of (cheers.) They are something like an animal that forms a conspicuous figure in a sort of race that is sometimes run in Ireland, in which a pig, with its ears cut off and its tail soaped, is turned loose to become the prize of the first person who can hold him. (Great laughter and cheering.) There they are, the soaped pigs of society—the real swinish multitude, as obstinate, as ignorant, and as mulish as their brutal prototypes. What advances in science have been made by these men? What discoveries in the arts? What have they added to literature? What moral virtues do they possess? What *physical force* belongs to them? A good sturdy kitchen-wench, with a broom, would beat the entire of them. The principle is established—down with the Lords in their present form—the necessity is obvious—down with the oligarchy (renewed cheering)—down with the swinish multitude. (Great cheering.)"

We conclude with one more extract from the speech at Manchester:

"Well, I have talked long, and upon many topics, and shall I express to you my principal motive of action? It is to get England to join with me in putting an end to the system of forcing one set of people to pay for the religion of another. Nobody comes up to you and says, I am going to law, and you say, "Well, what is that to me?" "Oh," he replies, "I'll employ a lawyer, and you must pay for him." If any man come to another in that way, he would laugh at him, or if he was surly, perhaps knock him down. If a sick man sends for a doctor, he does not order his neighbour, who does not need his advice, to pay for him. Why should I pay, then, for spiritual doctors whom I don't want? The right principle is, "Pay for all you want; and let others do the same." It is said that in England common sense prevails, and that is a principle of common sense. There is another which may be applied to the Lords. What title have they to legislate for us? They have two—the *present law* and the *constitution*; but they have been changed, and *why should they not be changed again? That is therefore no argument.* What are the Lords? Hereditary legislators. Is there a single man amongst you who would employ



employ an hereditary tailor? That principle of common sense will go abroad about the Lords. Whether hereditary legislators or tailors, we'll have none of the botchers at all.'

When these passages, and a hundred not less ferociously malignant, shall be called to the notice of his majesty's ministers in either House of Parliament, along with the Thurles evidence of Mr. Shiel, and the notorious fact of Mr. O'Connell's hospitable reception in his majesty's castle of Dublin upon the conclusion of his 'missionary' career—we shall be curious indeed to watch the style of their replies.\* For the present, let us content ourselves with reminding Lord Melbourne that from him at least a clear and explicit answer, one way or the other, will be expected with particular anxiety—by all who have been accustomed to respect his personal character.

*'L'honneur est comme une île escarpée et sans bords ;*

*On n'y peut plus rentrer quand on en est dehors :*

*'Du mensonge toujours le vrai demeure maître ;*

*Pour paroître honnête homme, en un mot, il faut l'être ;*

*Et jamais, quoiqu'il fasse, un mortel ici-bas*

*Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il n'est pas.'*

Meantime the Protestant public have taken the liberty to draw their own conclusions from the sayings and doings of both ministers and those who 'have Lord Melbourne's government with them.' There can be no doubt what the effect of these things has been. Sir John Walsh, in one of his *chapters*, rejects the notion that there has been, 'properly speaking, any reaction.' He insists that none of those who really had ever embraced at heart the side of the Movement, have been withdrawn from it by these recent exhibitions. We differ on this head from Sir John—that is, if we rightly understand him. We are of opinion that, previous to the close of the last parliamentary session, a decided reaction had occurred among many of the staunchest original adherents of the reformed cabinet. Lord Melbourne, after the adhesion of Mr. O'Connell had enabled him to oust Sir R. Peel, could never muster above half that strength in the House of Peers which had been uniformly at the command of Lord Grey; and who can doubt that, among the higher Whigs in the Commons, the same feeling must have been operating, though it did not as yet venture to show itself in the same tangible form? But be this as it may—whether we are to call the thing *reaction*, or by some other name more agreeable to Sir John Walsh, he

\* His lordship's attention will be invited, *inter alia*, to the 'something' from the fountain of honour which Mr. O'Connell offered to Mr. Raphael. Was it a baronetcy to him—or a barony for his wife?

himself

himself exults in the unquestionable fact, that throughout the country at large some sentiment, in its results extremely adverse to 'Lord Melbourne's government,' and extremely consolatory to the Conservative party, has been excited, and developed to an extent altogether unforeseen and undreamed of during the last three or four months of this recess. At three great county elections, in two of them to the utter discomfiture of enormous masses of local Whig influence, Conservative members have recently been returned in the room of Whigs—and in every one of these cases the result has been distinctly traced to the same causes—the alarm and horror excited by the audacious exposition of the unchanged principles, and more concentrated purposes, of the Radical faction—its undisguised hostility to whatever remains of our old constitution in Church and State—its haughty and contemptuous patronage of 'Lord Melbourne's government'—and the apparently inexplicable fact of that nobleman's public denial of any compact or alliance whatever having been entered into between his immediate friends and that faction, previous to their conjoined attack upon the government of Sir Robert Peel.

If Sir John Walsh had thought it worth his while to look to the public press for further tokens of public feeling, he would have found the same change, or reaction, at least as plainly indicated. The journals of all sorts in town and country which gave the most effective support to Lord Grey—and which transferred their adherence to Lord Melbourne himself when he first occupied the place of prime minister—these journals have now, with only one exception, deserted the Cabinet. Except the 'Edinburgh Review,' these magnates are now all Conservative. The less influential prints, which still continue to labour on the ministerial side, do so with such decisive marks of radicalism—all of them, without exception, have so largely partaken in the late system of attacks on the principle of the Protestant Church Establishment in Ireland, and on the very existence of the House of Peers in the form and character of an hereditary and independent branch of the senate, that to speak of them as Whig journals is an outrage on common sense. Even our respectable northern brethren themselves, indeed, have on some recent occasions, as, for instance, in their flattering patronage of Messrs. Tomkins and Jenkins, lent a transitory echo at least to some of the most offensive of all the doctrines now most impetuously trumpeted within the camp of avowed Jacobinism. We, however, have no wish to dwell on such slips—the 'Edinburgh Review' has remained on the whole as much of a Whig journal as any journal could be after the passing of the Reform Bill:—But with that one exception—it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that

that 'the public press' of Great Britain is and has been for some time past either radical or conservative. It either denounces Lord Melbourne, or flatters Mr. O'Connell! And we apprehend the Whigs themselves will not deny that the most important changes which have occurred in this department have been to the side of conservatism. It is indeed remarkable that, although new journals on the radical side spring up every day, each endeavouring to surpass the other in revolutionary violence,—among the old established publications of *whatever shape*, enjoying any considerable extent of circulation in *family circles*—the only circulation which ever is of much value—among these the cause of conservatism has been gaining convert upon convert—day after day, week after week, and month after month—in spite of all the court and patronage lavished by the existing government on those classes by whom the literary labour of such publications is mainly performed.

It would be indelicate to hazard more than an allusion to individual writers of the very highest class. 'Lord Melbourne's government' does not need to be reminded by us that it has forfeited the allegiance of the contemporary literary names which had, during the last twenty years, been counted first among the true and solid ornaments of the Whig cause.

But as to these matters—or matters very nearly akin—let us hear the reluctant evidence of the 'Edinburgh Review' itself. Very shortly after Mr. O'Connell's pilgrimage had terminated, thus writes our honoured contemporary:

'The Court, we fear, is against Ministers. The Church is against them, and regards them as the source of all its perils. The aristocracy, whether in Parliament or in the country, is their implacable enemy; and, hating reform only somewhat less bitterly than it hates them, would even support a reforming government of Tories, if such a course might only relieve them from the Whigs. Last of all, the House of Commons is but by a narrow majority for them; and of that small majority there are many unfriendly in their tenets both to their persons and their policy, who only support them through fear of their constituents.'—No. CXXV., p. 185.

After adverting to the plans for making the House of Peers elective, which had been advocated by so many of the minor ministerial journals last summer—the 'Review' continues:

'Many have suggested, what is indeed the American plan, that the elective franchise should be higher; and consequently that the second chamber should represent a class of individuals different from those who choose the first. Suppose, then, that only persons of 500*l.* a-year or upwards were to elect among the peers—or, there being no distinction in favour of peers, suppose they were to choose among all

classes indiscriminately—what would be the result? We are by no means certain that a better chamber than the present House of Lords would not be found; but we are very sure that it would be quite as hostile to liberal principles; indeed it would probably be more hostile—for the wealthier classes would by no means return as many liberal peers as now sit by right in the Upper House.

'The truth is, that the evil lies a little deeper than many imagine who discuss this question. It comes from the unhappy but undeniable fact, that a large majority, not only of the peers, but of the property of the country, is alarmed at, if not positively adverse to, reform. This is the state of our case; this the condition of the problem we have to solve; and shutting our eyes to it is quite useless and quite childish.'—*Edinb. Rev.* No. CXXV., p. 201.

After alluding to these passages—which we have thought it better to quote *literatim*—Sir John Walsh proceeds, in language which we are proud to adopt:—

'The admission of the Edinburgh Reviewer, that *the property of the country is hostile to the Movement*, is a most important one. He must have been inspired by some singular and evanescent impulse of candour and sincerity, when he granted a position fatal to his cause. The property of the country opposed to the present government!—not merely the great colossal fortunes, nor only the affluent gentry,—but the property of the country, from the class possessing an independence of 500*l.* a-year! Let us not lose sight of this fact,—let us not forget a statement coming from a quarter which invests it with added weight, because it must have been a reluctant concession of a truth too obvious to be denied. The property of the country opposed to the Movement! In these times we cannot feel quite certain that designs which are opposed by the property of the country may not succeed, but we may at least venture to assert that they ought not to do so. The property of the country opposed to Radicalism! Hear this, you who possess property, and yet slumber in inactivity!—Hear it, you who enjoy the inestimable blessings of independence, and yet trifle with the spirit of political and democratic agitation!—Hear it, all who value the inheritance of your fathers, or the acquired fruits of your own labours!—Hear it, and draw this corollary from it—a corollary certain as mathematical demonstration,—that if the property of the country be opposed to Radicalism, Radicalism will be opposed to the property of the country. There is little of the temper of Quakerism in that party—little disposition to requite active hostility with meek forbearance—little scruple in the pursuit of its objects. The property of the country is the most tempting bait with which to excite the appetite of the democracy. It always requires great self-restraint in the Radical party to resist the temptation of stimulating their followers by so seducing an incentive; but if, in addition, they have the provocation of finding its powerful weight thrown into the scale against them, doubt not that they will determine to subvert it. The influence of property is so strong, so steady,

steady, and so extensive, that in the long run it will certainly obtain the victory, unless it be broken down by some violent and sudden effort.'

It would be impossible to add any strength to the justice of this statement, so far as it goes; there can be no doubt that the alarm excited by considerations such as Sir John points to has of late been felt very profoundly, and acted upon very extensively too, among classes of the community which had for a long time refused to open their eyes to the danger which property in its masses must ever incur from the unguarded predominance of democracy; all this the Edinburgh Review itself virtually admits. We rather think that the alarm among the classes to which we have alluded began to be perceptible at a very early period of Lord Grey's own administration. When that minister first expressed his opinion that the tithe system of Ireland must be changed, he was careful to add, that, until the legislature should have changed it, the government must of course enforce the payment justly exigible under the existing law. But the system of vacillation and coquetting had already begun—his colleague Lord Althorp was rash enough to announce, not long after, in the House of Commons, that the government would no longer allow the military force to be called in, in case of tithe payments in Ireland being refused; and this declaration, by every man who knew any thing of Ireland, was felt to be a most serious assault upon the principle of property. It was clear to every such person, that if the minister should utter a similar declaration as to *rent* in Ireland, the consequences, as to another species of property, would be precisely the same—and who could not foresee that the Irish peasantry, who never did pay *tithe* in reality at all, would soon learn to extend for themselves the practical application of the new ministerial doctrine? All men knew that, though the military force is seldom wanted to secure the discharge of just obligations in England, its existence is here, as in all other countries, the source of obedience to the civil power—the *ratio ultima legum*: but all men were aware that that which operated unseen in England was obliged to be brought constantly into open action among the undisciplined and lawless population of the sister island—and that to proclaim its future disuse *there*, was to remove from the apprehension of the debtor the only argument of which he had ever practically acknowledged the weight. This was the beginning of an alarm which received, at every new enlargement of the Movement power, some new accession—and a correspondently extending influence among classes of the community, under ordinary circumstances the least disposed to take much interest in the details of political administration.

But the first open assault upon the principle of property was, fortunately for property, combined with the first decided assault upon a principle which, when fairly assailed, could rally round it feelings yet stronger and deeper, interests still more extensive, and therefore still more powerful, than, if thus unaided, the potent principle of property itself might have been able to command in its hour of peril. It was combined with the virtual announcement of unfriendliness to the principle of a Protestant Church establishment in Ireland—that unfriendliness which has now passed into the form of undisguised hostility—and has accordingly arrayed in opposition to the *Movement* a force which no danger of a merely secular description could ever have aroused with such a startling summons, or armed with such a settled and resolved determination. It is this assault that has widened Toryism into Conservatism; which has merged a humbled and defeated political party in the colossal dimensions of a national and religious one.

Sir John Walsh examines the Irish Church question at considerable length, and with statesman-like caution. He by no means takes so high ground as we have always been inclined to do on this subject. For our own views, confirmed by every atom of later experience, we refer to an article which we drew up four years ago, under the title 'State and Prospects of Ireland\*.' We need not take the trouble of reproducing in another form either the facts which we then reviewed, or the arguments which we then endeavoured to enforce. We adhere to that deliberate statement in every particular. But we are well aware that many excellent *Conservatives*, particularly in parliament, are not prepared to adopt all our views on this subject; and we believe we may safely add that *all Conservatives*—with the exception of one able and most worthy man, Mr. Pusey, whose opinion was perverted by the influence of a totally false foreign analogy—are prepared to concur in every part of that Chapter on the Irish Church, which Sir John Walsh sums up in these striking paragraphs:

'It is an axiom in Irish politics, which ought to be ever present to the mind of the British statesman, that the excess of Catholics over Protestants varies inversely as the property, intelligence, and civilization of the class of society. I do not mean that this is a necessary consequence of the moral and social effects of the two religions; but that, from the passages in the History of Ireland to which I have adverted, Catholicism has become the faith of the vast mass of the descendants of the aboriginal Celtic tribes composing (except in the

\* Quarterly Review, Vol. XLVI., p. 410. See also an article 'On the Roman Catholic Question,' in Vol. XXXVIII.—the argument of which, in all its parts, has been hitherto confirmed by the course of events.



North) the lower and laborious orders, while Protestantism is the hereditary badge of those English settlers who have at different times grafted upon Ireland all that she possesses of social improvement.

Such is the problem which Ireland presents to the British statesman;—a nation split into two great but unequal divisions, separated from each other by language and religion; the one comprising the immense majority of an unenlightened peasantry, brave, ardent, and naturally generous, but bred up in complete subjection to an extremely ambitious priesthood, and cherishing an hereditary enmity, national as well as religious, against their Protestant fellow-countrymen. This body is confronted by a far smaller numerical amount of Protestants, yet possessing interests which have the most powerful claims upon our consideration and support. The property of the country is Protestant in a still larger proportion than the population is Catholic. The number of Protestants compared with Catholics, in the classes of the nobility and landed gentry, is overwhelming; in the trading and commercial part of the community, is considerable; among artisans and small shopkeepers, is still respectable: it is only among the swarming agricultural population of the southern and western provinces that the Protestants are entirely swamped and lost.

Sir John breaks off into a disquisition on *tithe*, as a mode of supporting any church establishment, through which we shall not follow him. For all the alleged evils of *tithe*, whether theoretical or practical—whether arising out of the nature of *tithe* itself, or out of the peculiar state of society in Ireland—we were offered a complete remedy by the bill which Lord Stanley introduced in 1834. *Tithe* was to be converted into a fixed annual payment, varying only in proportion to the average price of corn, and all collision between the clergy and the peasantry would have been rendered impossible—had that bill passed into a law. The Conservatives in the Commons supported that bill strenuously, and so would the Lords—but for alterations, produced in committee by Mr. O'Connell, which had totally changed its substance and character. It was in all its leading provisions adopted in the bill which Sir Henry Hardinge introduced at the commencement of the last session. We are, therefore, entitled to look at the church of Ireland as it would stand were those objectionable circumstances removed—which the government of Sir Robert Peel would have removed but for the intrigues and manœuvres of his unprincipled opponents; and supposing them removed, can any man doubt that policy and justice equally prescribe the maintenance of the church of Ireland, for the reasons (to go no higher) thus stated by Sir John Walsh?

1st. It will be supported without taxing the Catholic peasantry, either really or apparently, and it will occasion no collision between the Protestant clergy and their parishioners.

2nd.



' 2nd. It will be maintained directly by the landed property of Ireland, which is Protestant.

' 3rd. It is a property vested in the Church, and confirmed to it by the most solemn compact between the two countries, that of the Act of Union. Without raising that nicest and most difficult of all questions, the abstract right of the supreme power in the state to interfere with this property, it may safely be assumed that nothing but the most imperative necessity could justify it.

' 4th. It is cherished and revered by the whole Protestant population of Ireland, both from their ardent attachment to the religion of which it is the minister, and from their firm persuasion that it is their security against the encroaching bigotry of Popery, and against the ambition and cupidity of those who make *that* a cloak for the accomplishment of their temporal designs.

' 5th. That the feelings and opinions of the Protestants, comprising the Presbyterians and followers of the Church of England, are entitled to the greatest consideration and respect, because, however numerically inferior, they unite in themselves all the other elements of social importance in a civilized community—education, intelligence, property, and station; because they are the only portion of the nation really attached to the connexion with England; because they are right in regarding attacks upon their Church as in fact attacks upon their property, upon their existence as a part of the community, and upon the Union itself.

' 6th. It is the barrier against the increase of Catholicism in the lower classes, and the only means of affording a rallying point to the Protestants, who, in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, are, as it were, overwhelmed by the rapid multiplication of the pauper Catholic population. The Establishment is reproached with having failed to accomplish its purposes, since its followers have diminished, while the rival faith has added to its numbers. Catholicism has increased because poverty has multiplied, and also because the scattered Protestants in the lower classes, insulated among the followers of a hostile creed, exposed often to persecution, and always to be singled out as the objects of dislike, estrangement, and suspicion, have been gradually compelled either to emigrate or to abjure their religion. But because the Church Establishment has been unequal altogether to cope with these difficulties, it must not be abandoned as utterly inefficient, unless we would desire the total extirpation of the Protestant faith. Let it, on the contrary, receive every reform of which it is susceptible, for the purpose of adding to its influence and efficiency.

' 7th. An institution providing for the residence of clergymen of the Church of England in the remote rural parishes is fraught with so many important benefits to a country like Ireland, that even did it not exist, and were not that existence linked with so many precious national interests, it would be well to create it. *Take even the strongest, the most extreme case, that of a parish in which there were no Protestant parishioners, the probability is, that a parish so circum-*  
stanced

stanced would contain a population consisting entirely of the peasantry. If there were resident landlords, resident middlemen, resident traders, the inference would be that there were some Protestants. An exclusively Catholic population would be a population of cottiers and of small farmers not much raised above them. Now in such a community would not the residence of a gentleman having received a liberal education, on whom a sacred profession imposes the duties of morality and religion, whose relation to themselves gives them a claim upon his good offices, who takes nothing from them, and who spends a moderate income among them, be productive of the greatest possible benefit? Can we refuse to admit that, as missionaries of civilization, as well as of religion, this distribution of resident ministers among this wild population, must be fraught with inestimable benefit? As the channels of something like English feeling, as the means of retaining some hold of the people, as the formation of centres round which Protestantism may rally, as the organs of many temporal advantages to the peasantry, the establishment of these outposts and videttes of the Church of England seems grounded in true policy.

'8th. A Protestant government, the head of a great Protestant empire, however it may act upon the wise and beneficent principles of toleration, cannot and ought not to push them so far as to regard the two religions with absolute indifference. The interests, the support, the extension of the Protestant faith, ought to be more precious to it than that of the Catholic. It should not oppress or injure the latter, but it ought to foster, protect, and encourage the former.'

Our author says in conclusion:—

'I shall not lengthen this chapter by examining in detail Lord John Russell's expedient of devoting a portion of the Church revenues to the purposes of general education, embodied in his resolution. Could this proposition be weighed calmly, distinct from the party feelings in which it originated, and without reference to the party objects which it was designed to accomplish, its weakness and nullity would require no comment. Outraging the feelings of the Protestants, introducing a principle which must sweep away their Church, it does not pretend to satisfy the Catholics; it is accepted as a thing of no value except in so far as it introduces the point of the wedge.

'As a means of thoroughly embroiling the question, it appears to have answered its end. *It would be superfluous to reason upon it as a system adapted to tranquillize the feuds or to ameliorate the condition of the Irish people—since these are objects which it never was intended to effect.*

'Such are the views and opinions upon which the Conservative body rest their defence of the maintenance and integrity of the Irish Church, when the proposed reforms shall have added to its efficiency, and removed the objections arising from the present system of tithe. These opinions are the very reverse of intolerant or bigoted; they are founded upon a just and comprehensive estimate of the claims of the two religious parties; they are not formed in a spirit of hostility to

to the Catholics; they do not exclude every measure of conciliation; they are wholly defensive,—they only repel encroachment. We merely declare that an institution, the temporal benefits of which are great and common to the followers of both religions, which is protected by national engagements of the most solemn nature, which is cherished by the most valuable portion of our Irish fellow-subjects, which is the strongest link between the two countries, which is the most efficacious instrument for scattering the seeds of civilization and improvement in remote and barbarous districts, shall not, with our consent, be sacrificed by party intrigues to the most formidable enemy of the greatness and prosperity of the British empire.\*

Such is Sir John Walsh's clear statement. Such are the reasons for which Conservatives, of even the most moderate shade, consider the Ministerial assault on the Irish Church as equally impolitic and unjust. It is by arresting the progress of this assault that the House of Lords has concentrated on itself the rage of the baffled Irishry, and their ministerial tools; but it is the same display of honesty, wisdom, and bravery, that has restored the House of Lords to their rightful station in public opinion; and thus enabled them to resume, with safety and honour, the free discharge of all the noble functions with which they are charged by the Constitution for the general benefit of us all.

The pettish *menaces* of Lord Melbourne, the coarse vituperation of the two Attorney-Generals, and the frantic denunciations of their itinerant master, were all the result of the stand made by the House of Peers on behalf of the Church in Ireland. The *pretences* put forth by these persons and their various underlings embrace a wider scope; but here was the true source of all those waters of bitterness. We shall not condescend to any defence of the Lords against the vague and varied imputations to which their manly exertions exposed them. Sir John Campbell's classical phrase, 'that they did nothing but *burke* the bills of the Commons,'—and Lord John Russell's sweeping assertion, that 'they had been opposed to every liberal measure for seven years,' have been exposed and answered by a high-spirited Roman Catholic gentleman, in such fulness of detail, and with such overwhelming success, that we may safely content ourselves with a reference to his most valuable pamphlet.\* It was on the 28th of August that Sir J. Campbell made his elegant statement about *burking*. The Irish Church Bill had not been laid on the table of the Lords until the 13th of the same month; and the other four Irish bills of the session followed successively on the 18th, the 20th,

\* The 'Vindication of the House of Lords, in a Series of Letters to the Editor of the "Times" by Aeneas Macdonell, Esq., Barrister-at-law,' has been re-published by Mr. Churton, in a separate form.

the 27th, and the 29th. Between the 3rd of August, and the moment when Sir John was speaking, the House of Lords had already returned unaltered *thirty-two* bills, and returned with amendments *nineteen*! The whole number of bills returned by them to the House of Commons during that *burking* month of August, was 56.

But *fas est et ab hoste doceri*—and the imputation of having done nothing but *burking* the bills of the Commons ought to impress a salutary lesson on the minds of the Conservative leaders in the Upper House. Their wise and happy selection of the Church in Ireland as the proper question on which to re-assert the legitimate exercise of their authority, has awakened on their own behalf a breadth of sympathy which they could hardly have counted on, had the point in debate been one more immediately connected with their own personal and peculiar interests. They must not lose hold of the advantage thus gained. They constitute the great barrier to the encroachments of Radicalism—they have made that to be keenly felt; and the resentment they have thus incurred is not likely to prove temporary or evanescent. They must look forward to a succession of collisions. They must not underrate the opposing force. No means must be omitted by which the Lords could still further confirm and fortify themselves in the public opinion of the country—as the virtual representatives of the principles and sentiments of the Conservative body. They must consider how novel and anomalous are the circumstances in which they have been placed by recent changes. They have now no outwork against their natural foe—they must bear the brunt as they are. They must no longer adhere to the same attitude that suited their former condition and means of defence. Technical rules, and petty customs, and outworn analogies, must be disregarded. They must assert their right and title to adapt their line of conduct in many things to the altered state of their relations to both the other branches of the legislature, to the executive government, and to the nation at large.

We presume no man will venture to say that the House of Commons has recently made a more splendid display in eloquence, in statesmanship, even in the management of ordinary business, than had been usual in the ante-reform period—or to deny that, on the contrary, it has sunk in public opinion in consequence of its heretofore unexampled exhibition of second-rate speechification, wild and puerile theories, shallow reasoning, dense ignorance, and last, not least, of vulgar vanity and the overweening ambition for individual notoriety. The dilatoriness of their proceedings, the waste of time on verbiage and utter trifles, and the neglect of serious business at the proper time of the session, may perhaps have

have been encouraged by some of their master-spirits from the hope of thus effecting, what these tactics have certainly produced, comparative inaction *on the part of the Lords* until the public mind has been wearied as to the topics of the season, lost all liveliness and interest in proposed measures, and can offer only an exhausted and jaded attention to any new discussion of them in another place. It appears to us that the Lords have it in their own power to counteract this cunning, and that they ought to exert it deliberately and boldly:

‘We have the masculine understanding and energy of the Duke of Wellington—we have the profound legal acquirements and lucid eloquence of Lord Lyndhurst—we have received the important accessions of Lords Canterbury, Ashburton, and Abinger—we have the statesmanlike abilities of Lords Aberdeen, Wharnccliffe, and Harrowby. We want no means of producing an impression upon the public mind, and of enabling the House of Lords to take that prominent place in the eyes of the nation to which its station entitles it. It places itself in an unnecessarily subordinate and disadvantageous situation, when it consents to wait upon the dilatoriness of the Commons, and when it restricts its labours to the correction and revision of theirs. It is thus thrown into the shade, its existence is almost forgotten; it only comes into action at the very end of the session; and is only known as rejecting, postponing, or modifying the measures of the Lower House.

‘I entertain a strong opinion that it would be desirable for the Conservative party in the House of Lords to originate a certain number of measures, in conformity with the views and intentions of Sir Robert Peel’s administration. I would wish them to work out the principles laid down in his celebrated Address to the Electors of Tamworth, and subsequently embodied in the different bills, which, during his short term of office, he had an opportunity of at least submitting to the legislature. No friend to the House of Lords could wish to see them running a race of popularity against the Commons, and endeavouring to outbid them for the applause of the democracy. But it is generally admitted that certain measures of practical reform are absolutely required, as much by the universal demand of the nation, as by their own perfect reasonableness, justice, and expediency. They formed the principal part of the scheme of policy unfolded by the late Conservative administration.

‘It is not more contrary to precedent for a majority in the Lords to assume the conduct of certain measures, with or without the concurrence of the ministry, than for the ministry to retain office in defiance of the opposition of a majority in the Lords. If they chose to resign, it would be a far more advantageous ground of difference—that they retired because the House of Lords passed measures of Reform to which they were not parties, than that it had rejected bills which they had carried through the Commons.

‘The

\* The manifest expediency of a division of labour between the two Houses, when the Commons are perceptibly overwhelmed with the accumulation, is another argument of obvious weight. Why should half the most important public questions be in abeyance, while the Commons are engrossed with some one or two, or with some matter of merely private or party interest, such as the case of Baron Smith, or the committee on Mr. Sheil's dinner conversation at the Athenæum? The subjects, for example, of Reform in the Church, and of Commutation of Tithes, might with peculiar propriety be taken up by the Upper House.\*

\* Whatever may be the mode of constituting legislative bodies—whether by hereditary right, by popular election, or otherwise—they act upon the community at large, not by means of their organization, but in proportion to the abilities and statesmanlike powers they display. One of the clap-trap Radical cries is, that the Peers are a few hundred individuals opposed to a nation. Why is this description incorrect? 1st. Because they are not opposed to the nation, but warmly and thoroughly supported by the great majority of its property, and by no inconsiderable numerical proportion of its population. 2nd. Because they do not assimilate to the nature of a body of individuals more than the few hundred members of the House of Commons do. Both are integral parts of the Constitution; both are deliberative public assemblies, and of both that very publicity is an essential attribute. The nation will judge them by their works, and not by the mode of their formation. If the House of Commons should continue to exhibit the same inefficiency—the same dilatoriness—the same proneness to trivial debates—the same wordiness of second-rate orators—the same want of discretion in wasting its time upon petty private squabbles, it is not the large constituencies which can prevent its character and influence from sinking in public estimation. If the House of Lords bring forward well-advised measures of practical utility—if they show in the discussion of them senatorial talent, and in the conduct of them through the House business-like arrangement—if they enter upon a separate sphere of action, and prove that their views and policy are in accordance with the expectations of the great and liberal Conservative party in this nation, all the clamour of the Radical press will not prevent their acquiring great weight and authority in the community.'

Whether the Lords are as yet prepared to act in the full spirit of these suggestions—whether they are themselves, after undergoing such a long-continued discipline of affronts and contumelies, aware of the real extent to which the public mind with respect to them and their duties has already righted—we do not profess to say; but we apprehend there can be no doubt that they have, at all events, completely made up their minds not to shrink from the ground of their

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\* A Committee, to take evidence on oath as to the Intimidation System of the Irish Priests in Elections, seems to us in the very first place desirable.



defensive stand; and that this being so, even if there were nothing more, we may calculate upon a very speedy catastrophe to the present Lords-Lieutenant of Downing Street. 'We have *lent* them Downing Street,' said the epigrammatic member for Tipperary, 'and they have *given* us the Irish Church—this *rent* at all events must be paid—they are pledged by all the obligations which any cabinet can be under to stand by that measure which formed the very basis of their assault upon Sir Robert Peel—which formed, and continues to form, the keystone of their alliance with the democracy and catholicism that constitute their sole strength; and they well know that to persist in this measure is to fall.

The author of the very acute tract entitled 'Reflections on the O'Connell Alliance,' has a passage which we must indulge ourselves with quoting in this place:

'It is said that Ministers have offered to compromise, or throw overboard the "great principle" avouched by the "appropriation-clause"—that "great principle of secular appropriation of ecclesiastical property," which, Mr. Sheil tells us, "annihilated the Tories," (meaning Sir R. Peel's ministry!) "pledging the Whigs for ever and for ever to the principle, without which all Church Reform would be a mere imposture." Now the mere overture of such a compromise of this "great principle," when it is recollected that it was this very principle that ousted Sir R. Peel, and lifted the Whig Rump into power, on the shoulders of O'Connell;—the bare idea of any thing of the sort, would, to use the expression of the Morning Chronicle, "infamize" the men now in office to the end of time. But, unprincipled and reckless as they are, they dare not do this. It would call forth one universal yell of disgust and rage, the effects of which no man can contemplate without alarm—effects that would probably supersede a more regular and a more instructive retribution. What! meet at another Rye-House; and there plan and concoct, with their base confederates, a measure solely contrived for the purpose of forcing themselves into power;—to do this, and more—to effect their sordid purpose, and to eject their able and high-minded rival; and now to repudiate and disown the very act by which all this was effected—and still to keep their places! If this proposal has been made—nay, contemplated—let it no longer be said that the Whigs have disgraced themselves and their party by their alliance with the Radicals: it is the latter to whom that alliance had brought dishonour.

'But, under any circumstances, the persons who are called in courtesy his Majesty's ministers are on the horns of a dilemma. If they do actually back out of the infamous alliance, the great man himself, and the *tail*, together with the whole open-mouthed pack of destructives, will become more hostile to them than ever: and again will they be denounced, as being even more "base," more "brutal,"



"brutal," more "bloody," and more "incompetent," than they were. Add to this, the conviction that certain disclosures will be made by the disappointed and infuriated beggarman that may subject some of the confederates to impeachment. — *Reflections*, p. 53.

We, like this spirited writer, are disposed to reject as something too bad for even the present Ministers, such an abandonment of the principle to which they owed their instalment in office, as is here characterized in strong but not too strong language. Suppose then that they bring forward their 'all-important measure,' their precious 'sine qua non' again—and that having carried it by a very slender majority (none of them can anticipate anything better) in the Commons, and been defeated thereafter three to one in the Lords—suppose that they then act upon what all their organs have been avowing as their belief—viz. that the Lords take courage to throw out their scheme solely in consequence of the narrowness of their majorities below; and in short, demand their royal master's authority for a dissolution. If they obtained it, we should be under no sort of alarm for the result. Quite the contrary. The tide that has been driving so decidedly in our favour, so far from turning, has not yet exhibited half its strength. The re-action will be more and more largely evidenced every time that recurrence is had to the sense of the outraged nation. After having risen gradually from 100 to 320 in three short years, why should we fear a repetition of such experiments? Not certainly on any grounds peculiar to ourselves as a party—though there may be other grounds, and very good ones. But what view is the King likely to take of such a proposition?—"No, gentlemen, this parliament, virtually your own, since it made you my ministers, is not yet a twelvemonth old—and am I asked to dissolve it, merely because the House of Commons is with you, to the extent of \*\*\*\*\* votes,\* while you are opposed as to the point in debate, by the determined and unconquerable resolution of two-thirds of the Upper House,—by 'the property of the country,'—by a vast preponderance of its intelligence,—and lastly, by my own opinions and feelings, deliberately formed and fervently cherished, touching the sacred principle to which my family owed the throne of this Protestant empire?"

The 'Edinburgh Review,' whose testimony we have already referred to, does not conceal its painful apprehension that, were the present government once displaced, 'a *Tory* succession, without prospect of end, would be the fate of the country.' No.

\* We understand that Mr. Joseph Hume expects the majority in the case here supposed would be seven; while the more sanguine whippers-in of the government do not count on more than ten, or at most twelve.

CXXV., p. 185. Substituting the word *Conservative* for the word *Tory*, we are inclined to the opinion that this fate, however melancholy, is all but unavoidable.

In truth, however, the leaders of the Conservative party have neither resentment nor ambition that could be gratified by their dismissal. They are not impatient for office—they are not even desirous of it. The question with them is not one of *ins* and *outs*—but of the British constitution in Church and State on the one side, a continued warfare, against the fundamental principles of that system on the other. They are not, any more than by-standers, to be deceived by the cry of *Whig* or *Tory*. What are the Downing-Street Whigs?—the China head-piece of a Black-thorn cudgel. When was it a question between Whigs and *their* Tory antagonists, whether the Church of Ireland should be abandoned—whether the bishops should be deprived of their seats in the House of Lords? whether the temporal members of that House should be elected by household suffrage? whether the representatives of the people should be chosen by ballot? The tenants-at-will of Downing-Street are egregiously mistaken if they are not well aware that the array at the head of which Sir Robert Peel stands,—though it includes all the Tories that ever were worthy of the name—embraces myriads and myriads of intelligent Englishmen who never esteemed themselves Tories, who even rejected some of the peculiar tenets of the Tories, but who have been roused into exertion and organized into the phalanx of a party, on the equally new and simple ground that they perceive a real danger of the doctrines of Derrynane being reduced to practice. Not less miserable is their hallucination if they doubt that Sir Robert Peel has accepted the chieftainship of this new party, with a most complete conviction of the necessity of his conforming himself to the novel circumstances under which its energies have been called forth—of adopting and carrying through to their utmost extent the principles of *Conservative*, as contradistinguished from *Revolutionary*, *Reform*—and of being guided, should he have the opportunity of framing an administration calmly, leisurely, and deliberately, by the obvious fact that his personal position, even since he last came into office, has been changed—that he stands on a greater elevation—and will have to select his colleagues and instruments from a much wider field than he could until of late consider as at his command;—that, moreover, in exact proportion to the increase in his phalanx has been the increasing rancour of the influences to which that phalanx is opposed; that his force must be more rigidly compacted and disciplined accordingly; that, under our present circumstances, in the composition

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of a Conservative government, whatever is not strength must be worse than weakness.

The conduct of the two great Conservative leaders in Parliament, both amidst circumstances apparently the most discouraging, and now of late under more favourable stars, has been of such essential service to the Constitutional cause, that Sir John Walsh may well be pardoned if he dwells on the spectacle with all the pride of delight:—

‘At first,’ as Sir John says, ‘they submitted to the inconveniences of their new position—they smothered personal and party resentments—they bore misrepresentation and obloquy—they allowed themselves, with their eyes open, to be instruments in the hands of their ancient opponents—they felt and believed that the best interests of their country required that they should afford to their rivals a fair trial—and with true, simple, unostentatious patriotism they gave them the fairest and the fullest one.’

Of Sir Robert Peel in particular, he well says:—

‘The national interest, awakened by his more recent and splendid exertions at the head of his short-lived administration, may withdraw attention from this less marked period of his career. The future may have in store for him a long, brilliant, and successful course, which may throw into deeper shade this brief time of less prosperous fortune. Yet the biographer of Sir Robert Peel will not pass with a hasty step over this portion of his political existence. It was no common trial for the former leader of the House of Commons to look round upon the thin train of dejected followers, from whose front ranks so many of his best supporters, of his most confidential friends, and most efficient coadjutors in debate, had disappeared. It was some provocation even to find himself jostled from that place which the prescriptive courtesies of other times would have spontaneously yielded to him, by the rude and novel intrusion of a hostile faction.

‘It was no mean test of the highest order of parliamentary ability thus, almost alone and unaided, under circumstances calculated to depress, in the presence of triumphant and exulting opponents, to command an attention as profound, to extort a personal deference as complete, as had ever been accorded to his brightest fortunes. There was dignity of character and intellectual energy in this proud self-assertion against so strong an adverse current. That was no doubtful superiority, which extracted the materials of increased personal consideration from the very absence of adventitious support.

‘The first and most arduous step was to establish an ascendancy in the new House equal to that which he had enjoyed in the old. Nor did it require less of statesman-like ability and comprehensiveness of mind to shape his course, when that position was attained, according to the dictates of the policy which has been previously described. His detractors are always desirous of representing him as a mere skilful parliamentary

parliamentary tactician, whose power only consists in his readiness in debate and practical knowledge of the House of Commons. Yet, during this whole period, the leading characteristic of his conduct has been its simplicity, its singleness, its rejection of every species of party manœuvre.

Yes—and these are the features which have procured for Sir Robert Peel an ascendancy in the general mind of this country, even more remarkable than he has ever asserted for himself within the walls of the House of Commons. His dauntless bearing up under difficulties which shook so many wise and strenuous minds to their foundations—his brave hopefulness in the solid though slow-working good sense and ardent real patriotism of the nation—his imperturbable conviction that the Protestant feeling of England, in every age the great bulwark of religious liberty, would show itself in due season—the generous readiness with which he consented to take a new state of things as his starting-point—and his disdain of letting mournful reflections cloud and perplex his contemplations of futurity—these are the high and noble features of mind and character which, surveyed by thousands who began with many deep-rooted prejudices against the man, have by degrees, after converting distrust into respect, ended with swelling respect into enthusiastic attachment; and which cause every honest British heart to beat in unison with ours when we apply to Sir Robert Peel the words of Cicero to Torquatus—*Tibi nullum periculum esse perspicio, quod quidem sejunctum sit ab omnium interitu.*

Sir John Walsh is well aware that, while all-important questions concerning our domestic institutions remain suspended in the balance, it is almost in vain to expect deliberate attention for any discussion of the state of our foreign policy. Of late, from the same feeling, we have seldom touched on such topics at all—nor shall we go into them at length now;—but we must not conclude without avowing our own strong conviction, that the distracted state of our internal condition—the violence of our party struggles—and the weakness of the present cabinet, both from its *position* and its *composition*,—have been influencing, most injuriously for us, the external relations of this great empire. Of the difficulties and evils attending the agitation and the changes which have unsettled everything fixed, and deranged every previously established system for ‘carrying on the business of the government,’ none have been more clearly apprehended by every practised eye than the baneful effect of this state of things on our foreign policy. The government that is weak and insecure at home can never command respect or inspire confidence abroad. Every foreign cabinet now hopes to find, in the

the frequent vacillations of the balance of parties in England, a moment when its own views may be prosecuted or its objects effected—and calculates with confidence on the changes of ministry and dissolutions of parliament which are to modify the views of the cabinet,—and by dissipating or absorbing the energies of this nation, leave our weaker allies to their fate, and our stronger rivals to the uncontrolled exercise of their power. How can a foreign government act in cordial concert with a ministry, however consonant may be their views, whose tenure of office is so precarious, that the execution of measures, however promptly undertaken, may not improbably devolve on the political opponents of those with whom they have been concerted? It is vain to say that honour exacts from all parties alike the observance of national engagements—the value of an engagement must often depend more on the latitude of its interpretation, and the spirit in which it is performed, than on the literal preservation of the faith of treaties and promises. What minister, since the nation was first agitated by the spirit of reform, can have hoped or attempted to conduct the foreign relations of this empire on any preconceived system—to prepare beforehand for even proximate changes—still less propose to himself by previous combinations to direct the current of affairs? In such a state of things, nothing deserving the name of foreign policy can exist—and England must be contented with a few petty demonstrations and palliative efforts, ever straining after the events and never coming up with them. For the last three years both Houses of Parliament together have hardly devoted three hours to the discussion of any question connected with our foreign affairs; and the success or failure of a candidate for some small office in a remote borough receives more attention from the people of England than do all the vital interests, commercial and political, they have everywhere at stake in Europe and Asia.

Let any man compare this picture—and who will say it is not a true one?—with the wide expanse of views—the forethought—the intricate but accurate calculation—the almost infinite combination of means and preparation of events and results, which distinguish the diplomatic efforts of another nation—a part, a small part, of whose correspondence has been recently disclosed.

Does the present state of Europe justify this disregard of all exterior relations? Are all our interests abroad so well protected—so carefully and efficiently guarded, as to make it safe to slumber on in security—or so to occupy ourselves with other matters, as to feel no interest in the clouds that may gather on the horizon? Have we no harvest scattered in the fields on which the storms that may be mustering are likely to descend—and if we have, are

we everywhere or anywhere in such a position—in such a state of preparation, as would enable us to protect them?

It was but the other day that the low mutterings of coming war were breathed across the Atlantic. If we look to the East, there we see the skies

‘That, streaked with dusky red, portend

The day will have a stormy end.’

What is to be the result of the struggle in Spain, where not Spaniards only but Englishmen are engaged in such a civil war as never before disgraced a civilized age?—Italy is reposing on a barrel of gunpowder. Portugal—that prettiest plaything of our foreign policy—is indulging in all the mischievous caprices of an angry coquette. Greece—almost Russian and altogether bankrupt—distracted by internal factions and disgusted with its European rulers and protectors, is not, the King of the French informs us, *for the present* to receive the last series of her loan—(to the infinite delight, no doubt, of the member for Middlesex, whose experience on this question must be valuable to the government)—and King Otho it seems has not yet fulfilled the conditions on which he received his bauble-crown. The sovereign of Turkey and his vassal of Egypt and Syria, armed to the teeth, wait for some reasonable pretext to engage in a war which they have already been informed ‘*may compromise the peace of Europe.*’ Austria, divided between her fears and her wishes, temporizes with Russia and Prussia, while she looks to France and England, and vainly tries to trim the balance. Prussia, under the name of a commercial union, creates a new combination of interests in Germany, and neutralizes the political influences of Austria, and the smaller States, by a set of Custom-house regulations which exclude *England* from the whole market of Germany and thirty millions of customers; while Belgium, our own first begotten of reform, threatens to join the coalition against us. France, having begun her preparations for war with America, continues them for some other purpose, and *talks* of the restoration of Poland; meanwhile she augments her *Marine*. Russia contents herself with setting aside the Treaty of Vienna by an Ukase, and coolly demanding possession of Turkey, which some of our dear French friends think she ought to have, ‘*because it would deprive England of India.*’ Such is the state of tranquillity and peace which Europe enjoys. There is not one of all these countries in which British interests are not at stake—there is scarcely one in which they are not in peril—in Germany they have already been sacrificed.

When the influence of the French Explosion of July, 1830, had afforded Lord Brougham and those who have now thrown off his Lordship, to ‘fan the sacred flame’ in England, an intimate political



political intercourse between these two countries became inevitable. The changes in the form and principles of government which had been effected, or prepared, by an impulse reciprocally communicated and sustained, made this seem necessary to the new governments of both; and when the Orleans dynasty was established on the throne of France, and the Reform Bill became a law in England, that connexion received a character of greater permanency. That every other people which might effect a similar revolution should attach itself to the nations from which they had derived their sentiments, and to which alone the new form of their institutions could be acceptable, was natural and certain. But if the union of the 'Liberal' Governments was a necessary consequence of their exclusive sympathies, a combination for mutual protection among the purely monarchical governments was equally unavoidable; and the geographical position of the parties was favourable to their respective coalitions. England and France espoused the cause of Belgium—and concluded a quadruple alliance which included Portugal and Spain, where revolutions had been commenced or accomplished under their auspices. Russia, on the other hand—Prussia—Austria—Holland, because of its relative position to Belgium—and some of the smaller German States clung together;—a common sense of danger from the success of so many popular movements was their bond of union—the desire to preserve their internal tranquillity, and protect their institutions from the taint of revolutionary principles, their only common object. Russia, the head of this coalition, had, before it was yet formed, on the first intelligence of the tumults in Paris, prepared to march an army into Germany; but the prompt recognition of the new Sovereign of France by the Duke of Wellington's government checked the ardour of the Autocrat—and the Polish war, while it seemed to threaten the peace of Europe, actually secured it for a time, by providing occupation for the armies that had been collecting to disturb it—and by giving Louis Philippe leisure to reconstruct that despotic system of government which is alone efficient for any good purpose among such a people as the French.

Austria had looked with reasonable jealousy on the spirit of aggrandisement that Russia everywhere manifested; and had given umbrage to that power by the preparations she had made to oppose her in Turkey. She could not conceal from herself that Russia had both tampered with the Slavonic population of her eastern provinces, and sought to disturb her influence in Germany; nor could she even then be ignorant that Prussia was the instrument by which this latter object was to be effected. Dreading the effect of French propagandism on the one side, and the march of Russian armies



into Germany on the other, the revolution in Poland and the deep-laid policy of the new French king must have been equally acceptable to Austria. As the tranquillity of France improved, the monarchical principle in her government gained ground from hour to hour—and the confidence of Austria increased. The fear of danger to her institutions and to the spirit of her people diminished—and that more permanent danger from the East, which was common to her with England and France, gradually resumed its ascendancy. Had the measures of Louis Philippe been less successful in repressing the spirit to which he owed his crown—the necessity for an intimate connexion with Russia would have continued to exist, and would have forced Austria into a concurrence with the other Imperial Cabinet in the views it was known to have entertained—and this, in all human probability, would have led to a war.

Prussia, intent on the commercial project she has developed—foreseeing success if peace could be maintained—and trembling for her Rhenish provinces—did all her subserviency to the views of Russia would permit her, to preserve the peace that she felt so necessary to herself—and indemnified the Czar for his disappointment in not having an army in Germany by covertly aiding him in suppressing the revolution in Poland.

The power and ambition of Russia had made her more dangerous to the peace of Europe and the interests of England than any other state. From the first moment in which she had felt herself strong enough to take a share in the political affairs of Europe, she has directed all her efforts to the acquisition of territory—by whatever means and in every direction. Her weight is too great to be successfully resisted by any one of the many states with which she is in contact. Her ambition is too restless and lofty—it has been too long indulged and too successfully pursued to justify any expectation that she will cease to be guided by it. She, in any war in which she may be engaged, believes that she hazards no more than the number of soldiers that cross her frontier. Her existence she conceives cannot be threatened by external force—and her population is too ignorant to be under the influence of the press or the public assemblies of Europe. Occupying a position so unattackable—and possessing an extent of territory far exceeding that which has ever been permanently possessed by any European crown—she has not addicted herself to the arts of peace, or the amelioration of her internal condition; but, availing herself of the facilities for combination and secrecy in council—for promptitude, unity, and rapid decision in action, which the autocratic form of government affords her, she preserves a perpetual dictatorship, which—converting her

her whole institutions into a military organization—closes almost every path to fame, honour, or wealth, except that only which may be opened by the sword; while, defective in the higher classes of education and intelligence amongst her own people, she has drawn from the intellectual resources of other countries instruments fitted to her purposes, and has found means of attaching to her interests from various nations some of the most profound and skilful of modern statesmen and diplomatists. With a moveable army of not less than two hundred thousand men, and reserves equally numerous, she is prepared to issue as from a fortress into the more genial countries of central and western Europe—there to establish—by force or fraud—the ascendancy which a bold countenance, an imperious bearing, her military strength, and her skilful diplomatic combinations, have secured to her in the East. Profiting by the dissensions or weakness, from whatever cause arising, of the neighbouring nations both in Europe and in Asia, she has found means to appropriate to herself in each of these divisions of the globe territories equal in extent to the largest kingdoms—and she still longs for further acquisitions.

The projects of Russia in Turkey, and the errors by which England has favoured them, we some time since exposed—as well as the consequences to England of their ultimate success—and not to England only, but to all the nations of Europe. At that time there were many who doubted whether Russia entertained the ambitious views we attributed to her, and some who denied that our statement rested on any foundation whatever. Russia now avows the precise object which we then attributed to her—and demands that the exclusive *protection* of Turkey should be relinquished to her;—but in truth she had always avowed her purpose, and if we had neither seen nor heard, the fault was none of hers. She had never ceased to proclaim her intentions, and they ought to have been as obvious to every thinking man, as they were to the Duke of Wellington, when he pronounced the battle of Navarino to be an 'untoward event.' Is there a man in England of any party who does not now admit that the use of that term was singularly appropriate? When he described Turkey as our 'ancient ally,' with what derision was not the epithet received? Who is there now who does not long to hear it again applied with as much truth and justice as it was then?

An opinion has been industriously circulated, that the Conservative party in England, seeing in the ascendancy of Russia the triumph of their own principles, have rejoiced in her success, and, seeking to derive strength from her power, have complacently looked upon the advantages she has obtained, even to the detriment

ment of English interests. Was it the Conservative party that promoted her views at Navarino—and in the dismemberment of Turkey to which that mischievous folly led? Was it the Conservative party that looked with complacency on the successes of Mahomet Ali, and arranged a second dismemberment? Are the Conservatives responsible for having refused the protection the Sultan craved from England—and for thus opening for the first time the gates of the Bosphorus to the fleets and armies of Russia? Was it *their* fault that, at that momentous crisis, there was not a British ship of the line in the Mediterranean—or have *they* to answer for permitting the extinction of the separate existence of Poland? The *Conservatives alone* have appreciated the value of the ancient alliance of Turkey with England—and the dangers of Russian aggrandisement. It was the opposition which the Duke of Wellington encountered, even when our old system of government remained entire, which gave Russia the confidence of security that enabled her to pursue her successes in Turkey.

The contents of 'THE PORTFOLIO,' by whatever means they may have been obtained, bear a certain stamp of authenticity which it is impossible not to appreciate; and whether or not they may be exact transcripts, which we are inclined to believe they are, we do not doubt that they convey sentiments which could have emanated from no other sources than those to which they are attributed.

A despatch attributed to Count Pozzo di Borgo—and dated Paris, 28th Nov., 1828—bears ample testimony to the admirable military judgment with which the Duke of Wellington foresaw the result of the last contest between Russia and Turkey.

'There is no doubt that—from the moment when the impatience of the public, and the illusions of our adversaries will have afforded time to allow events to appear, and show themselves as they really are—the force of truth will triumph over prejudice and error; and that our present situation will be appreciated with *all its advantages*. The sacrifices we have made in order to obtain them, although considerable, are by no means disproportionate with the results; and the magnitude of our resources still displays itself in a formidable manner to those even who are the most disposed to question them. These truths, Monsieur le Comte, are evident to the French government *which has never mistaken them*; and to just and impartial persons in this country. I will even add, from information I have acquired, that they are equally so to the Duke of Wellington. This great military man has never drawn serious consequences from accidental successes, and from the unexpected resistance of the Turks. He has given to each event its degree of importance, and has carefully avoided exaggerating its effects. From the moment that he became aware

aware of the number of Imperial troops which had passed the Danube, he no longer, it is true, expected decisive results; but he was perfectly sensible that the relative superiority would remain to our arms; and that discipline would triumph over enthusiasm. It is this conviction which makes him foresee the probability, and the almost certainty, of a new campaign; and makes him apprehend the most disastrous consequences for the Ottoman empire; because he thinks, with reason, that experience will point out to us the precautions we must take, and that the Emperor has the means of preventing any from being neglected. I have acquired this information in a positive manner, from the Prince de Polignac, who has just arrived from London, and who has communicated it to the King and his ministers; and I am the more disposed to place faith in it, because it is in harmony with that innate sagacity which I have always found the Duke to possess, whenever he was called upon to exercise his judgment upon questions relating to a profession in which he has excelled in such a transcendent manner.—*Portfolio*, No. 7, p. 344.

But the importance of these documents is not confined to the light they throw on the opinions of individuals,—they develop the real object which Russia proposed to herself in the last war with Turkey, and the estimate she formed, from observation and experience, of the effects produced by the changes which the Sultan had accomplished.

‘This new campaign which our adversaries, or those who are jealous of our greatness, are so fearful of seeing commenced, has become, Monsieur le Comte, necessary and inevitable. The dignity, the honour, and the interests of the Emperor and of the empire require it.

‘When the imperial cabinet examined the question, whether it had become expedient to take up arms against the Porte, in consequence of the provocations of the Sultan, there might have existed some doubts of the urgency of this measure in the eyes of those who had not sufficiently reflected upon the effects of the sanguinary reforms, which the chief of the Ottoman empire had just executed with such tremendous violence, and also upon the interest with which the consolidation of that empire inspired the cabinets of Europe in general—and more especially those which were less disposed towards Russia. THE EXPERIENCE WE HAVE JUST MADE MUST NOW REUNITE ALL OPINION IN FAVOUR OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH HAS BEEN ADOPTED. The Emperor has put the Turkish system to the proof, and his Majesty has found it to possess a commencement of physical and moral organization which it hitherto had not. If the Sultan has been enabled to offer us a more determined and regular resistance, whilst he had scarcely assembled together the elements of his new plan of reform and ameliorations—how formidable should we have found him, had he had time to give it more solidity, and to render that barrier impenetrable which we find so much difficulty in surmounting, although art has hitherto done so little to assist nature!

‘Things

' Things being in this state, we must congratulate ourselves upon having attacked them before they became more dangerous for us—for delay would only have rendered our relative situation worse, and prepared us greater obstacles.

' There is another reason which renders further successes and a more decided superiority in our favour indispensable, if we wish to obtain the object of the war. *When the Emperor commenced it, Europe was informed that his Majesty would abstain from conquest, and would only require to be indemnified for his expenses, and be assured of a moral guarantee for the freedom of his commerce. It is natural that the Cabinets, far from being disposed to give any latitude to these general expressions, must desire to circumscribe their effect within the narrowest possible results. Let us now suppose, that—when the Sultan partly surpasses their hopes, by his resistance, when some of them may still indulge in the idea of our weakness—we advance the conditions judiciously expressed by your Excellency in your confidential note, they will all raise their voices against our enormous pretensions, and all, without exception, will find them hard, and perhaps unjust. I say, without exception, because in that case I neither except France nor Prussia. These two courts have without doubt a friendly and kind policy towards Russia, and will not arm against her; but their desire of peace is such, and the necessity they feel of seeing an end put to the complications which the continuation of hostilities may cause, is so pressing, that they will consider it incumbent upon them to disapprove of everything that can delay a conclusion so desirable in their eyes—as soon as the Sultan shall have consented to re-establish the state of things, *ante bellum*, and to cede that which public opinion has already sacrificed to us—the fortresses and the Asiatic littoral of the Black Sea.*

' The destruction of those which exist on the right bank of the Danube and on the face of the Balkan will be looked upon as having for its object the almost immediate overthrow of the Ottoman empire. They will *appeal to our promises*—they will refuse to admit our explanations—and thus will be formed throughout Europe a desire more or less vehement, it is true, and with difference of intention, but, nevertheless, in the main opposed to what we are *under the necessity of obtaining*.—*Ibid.*

Thus it would appear that the strength which the Ottoman empire was deriving from the 'new organizations' effected by the Sultan, and the 'interest with which the consolidation of that empire inspired the cabinets of Europe in general,' formed a sufficient reason, in the estimation of all the counsellors of Russia, why that strength should be destroyed, and that consolidation prevented. With what interest, then, must the hostilities of the Egyptians have inspired the cabinet of St. Petersburg! How fearful is the policy which could find, in the internal amelioration  
of

of a neighbouring and comparatively feeble nation, and in the sympathy with which the whole civilized world regarded its progress, an adequate reason for attacking and crushing it!

But all the injurious intentions of Russia were to be frustrated by what is called a demonstration!—by the presence of two or three ships at Vourla! Of all modes of producing irritation and demonstrating our own weakness,—showing the will without the courage to strike,—these petty demonstrations are assuredly the most effective. If a naval demonstration must needs have been made, why should it be confined to a single sea?—and why had we not a fleet to make it with such as Old England has been used to see bearing her flag in triumph on the ocean?—such a fleet as once saved Egypt, and *might* still save Turkey. If we are to make demonstrations, let them be such as our enemies will not smile, nor our friends hang their heads, to behold;—let them be worthy of the nation that makes them, and such, at least, as may produce some other feeling than contempt and derision. The time was when the clink of a caulking-mallet in the dockyards of England disturbed the slumbers of sovereigns; but these times have gone by,—and England, like her ships, is out of commission.

She must be officered anew—and, though we have not hesitated to state our belief that the Conservative leaders in Parliament are by no means anxious to see the present Administration cashiered—we do not hesitate to express our own opinion that, whether we look to domestic or foreign questions, the time is at hand when all the Conservative energies of the country must be concentrated on a vigorous effort to bring about that result. We are loth to stoop from high matters to the lowest of the low—but we must say that we think the Conservatives will be very much to blame if they do not make good use of the sentiments of unutterable scorn and disgust which have been within these few weeks raised in every class of the community—save one or two knots of filthy intriguers and a herd of base expectants—by the development of a set of jobs more outrageous to the Crown—the *Peerage*—and the people—than was ever before brought home to any set of persons assuming the name of statesmen.



## NOTE

*On a Pamphlet entitled 'Newton and Flamsteed, by the Rev. Wm. Whewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.'*

We have a sincere respect for Mr. Whewell—he is a man of vigorous abilities and large attainments, a capital college tutor, and sometimes a very successful writer; but college tutors are apt to conceive rather an overweening idea of their own authority, and they must not be too much surprised if they find themselves occasionally mistaken in the pleasing notion that the world at large is ready to accept their dogmatic assertions with the humility of the striplings over whom they are accustomed to predominate.

Mr. Whewell's *Remarks*, if they had been worthy of appearing at all, ought to have been addressed, not to the Quarterly Review on Mr. Bailey's work, No. 109, but to Mr. Bailey himself; but Mr. Whewell may have had reasons for the course he preferred. This, however, is nothing; we regret, quite as sincerely as Mr. Whewell, that he was not able 'to find one lover of *truth* to take the task off his hands;' for, if the case he advocates be indeed that of the truth, he has miserably failed in his attempt to make it out.

His first thrust, and it is a pretty hard one, is aimed at Whiston. 'We find no one speaking of Newton as Flamsteed does, except Whiston, whose judgment is *perfectly worthless*; for he was a prejudiced, passionate, inaccurate, and *shallow* man, as might easily be shown.' These are ugly words, but let us see how the fact was. Whiston is always described as a man of great integrity, of uncommon parts, and more uncommon learning: Bishop Hare characterizes him as a man of *unblemished character*, and rigidly constant himself in the public and private duties of religion. We all know that he was Sir Isaac Newton's deputy in the Lucasian Professorship, and was afterwards his successor, at *Sir Isaac's own recommendation*. If therefore he was the *worthless, shallow* person that Mr. Whewell would have us believe him to be, surely it was highly culpable in Sir Isaac to palm such a man on the university. But the secret history of the enmity against Whiston is his conscientious departure from the doctrine of the Church of England, and his adoption of the principles of *Arianism*; for which he was cited before the proper authorities, and afterwards expelled the university. Whereas (as Bishop Hare justly remarks) 'if he had been orthodox in his opinions, he would probably have been cried up as the ornament of the age, and no preferment would have been denied him.'

Mr. Whewell is next pleased to favour us with the startling assertion that Newton's importunities, to obtain Flamsteed's *Observations* excited 'no sympathy in Flamsteed,' *because* Flamsteed was 'unconscious of the nature of the then existing crisis in the history of astronomy'—'he never fully accepted Newton's theory (of gravitation), nor comprehended its nature.' That, if he did not comprehend its nature, he was not likely fully to accept it, we must admit; but in refutation of

Mr. Whewell's



Mr. Whewell's audacious *dictum*, we must also beg the non-undergraduate public to consider, not two, or twenty, detached expressions in the writings of a very indifferent writer, which honest Flamsteed certainly was, but the whole tenour of the correspondence between him and Newton. That correspondence has no meaning at all, if it does not clearly prove that no man then living understood Newton's theory better than Flamsteed, and that Newton himself had no suspicion, from first to last, that the greatest practical astronomer of his age was a dunce.

Flamsteed objected to Newton's combining Cassini's observations of the Comet of 1680 with his own, observing 'It was not only an injury to me, but the nation, to rob our observatory of what was due to it, and further to bestow it on the French.' On this Mr. Whewell says, 'With these feelings we can easily imagine that Flamsteed *might* wish to secure what he conceived due to the character of himself and the nation:' &c. *Might?* who can *doubt* the honour and honesty of those feelings of Flamsteed—unless indeed he does not understand them?

Again, Mr. Whewell says 'it is highly *probable* that Flamsteed, a pious and serious man, was disgusted with what he heard, *truly or not*, respecting Halley's profaneness and infidelity.' Mr. Whewell cannot be ignorant that Halley was a self-convicted infidel, and that he lost an honourable and lucrative situation by being so—and therefore it seems *more* than probable that Flamsteed was disgusted with him. He was also very much disgusted with the committee, who disposed of his Observations contrary to his wishes; and admits that he called them '*the robbers of his property*.' But so they were; for until he delivered them, for the use of the public, in a state worthy of his reputation as an observer, that reputation—the most valuable property that poor Flamsteed possessed—was filched from him. That at this altercation Newton betrayed marks of great irritation, Mr. Whewell is not disposed to deny; but he has great doubts that the obnoxious term '*puppy*' was used by Newton; and when Flamsteed says 'he *only* desired Sir Isaac to restrain his passion, keep his temper, &c.' Mr. Whewell is pleased to call to his recollection Sir Anthony Absolute, and talks about 'the demeanour of a very angry man—far too angry to allow us to accept literally what he asserts'—in other words, Mr. Whewell intimates his own opinion that Flamsteed has recorded *a lie*. Mr. Flamsteed was a clergyman—a devout and pious clergyman—and so, we doubt not, is Mr. Whewell; but we cannot compliment him on the decorum of this passage, which, after all, appears to make out Flamsteed's case. If Mr. Whewell's prejudice had not blinded him, he must have seen clearly that it was not Flamsteed's intention to *overcharge* the description, since he employs the mildest term which flowed from Newton's vocabulary—'*Puppy* was the *most innocent* of them,' he says. If therefore *Puppy* were not the term used, Mr. Whewell is driven to the dilemma of substituting a *harder* name. But can the public be brought to consider the whole

whole of this extraordinary scene a mere fiction, solely because Mr. Whewell does not believe it?

Mr. Whewell, with his usual bad fortune, now touches on the delicate affair of the *sealed packet* confided under a solemn pledge to the care of Sir Isaac Newton—which packet was nevertheless broken open, and the catalogue it contained put to press under Halley's direction. 'It must be recollected,' says Mr. Whewell, 'that any assumption on the part of Flamsteed, that he might deal with the observations made in his official capacity of Astronomer Royal, as if they were his private property, could not be allowed by the guardians of the Institution.' It is not true that Flamsteed ever made any such assumption,—it is not true that he ever considered them 'as if they were his private property'—though they actually were so just as much as the excellent Bridgewater Treatise written by Mr. Whewell is its author's private property. But the 'Guardians of the Institution' could never have done right in giving a pledge and then breaking it—and Flamsteed was perfectly right in believing, what afterwards proved to be the case, that his character as an observer was likely to be endangered by the negligence or wilful errors and misprints in his catalogue, if its publication were confided to the care of his *quondam friend* Halley. But we are told that the *sealed packet*, being thus national property, the seal was declared to have been broken by the Queen's command! What a paltry, pitiful subterfuge! The Queen's command! How often is the name of royalty thus abused! Mr. Whewell, good innocent man! knows nothing of such tricks, or he would have seen that the pretended authority of the Queen was only a cloak for the depredation. But what can be said—what palliation can be found—what justification can be adduced—for the conduct of Newton in placing the 175 sheets of MS. observations in the hands of Halley—to be printed in a garbled manner, with the *erroneous* places of the moon annexed? Surely this could not be for the benefit of astronomy; and Flamsteed might well exclaim that it was 'the height of trick, ingratitude, and baseness.'

The two last pages of this pamphlet are meant to bear with cruel and crushing weight on the article in our last Number. The attack is made by an appeal to 'the Preface to Halley's edition of the Catalogue'—the surreptitious, stolen edition, adorned with Halley's *own preface*, which Mr. Whewell has not the candour to call *Halley's*. Mr. Whewell, after abusing us for leaning on *ex parte* authorities, rests his mighty charge against us on an appeal to this preface of Halley's, and invites the reader to decide 'whether Newton's philosophical and moral character do not come out from this examination (of Halley's preface) blameless and admirable, as they have always been esteemed by thinking men.' Who ever uttered one syllable against either Newton's moral or philosophical character? Not the Reviewer, nor Mr. Bailey,—with the exception of the unhappy incident of the *sealed packet* and the transactions connected with it—on which

Mr. Bailey

Mr. Bailey speaks as every honest man must do, and the Reviewer only quotes Mr. Bailey's words. The readiest and indeed the only mode of extricating Newton from the dirty business in which he was unfortunately involved is to suppose him to have been all along the dupe of Halley's intrigues; and thus allowing him to clear his conscience at the expense of his judgment.

This Preface, however, of that moral character, Halley, is also brought forward to decide 'whether the Reviewer has not shown extraordinary ignorance of that part of scientific history, &c.' The Reviewer is certainly ignorant of this preface, which is to guide men's judgments; he knows no more of it than what Mr. Whewell has extracted, and that is one tissue of falsehood, as proved in the 'Life of Flamsteed': it is, moreover, damning evidence against Halley. That it is so little known is due to the magnanimity of Flamsteed, who made 'a sacrifice to heavenly truth' by burning 300 copies of the purloined and mutilated book. The extract from this precious preface, given by Mr. Whewell to enlighten mankind, commences with a bold assertion that 'thirty years had nearly elapsed, and nothing had proceeded from the magnificent observatory with which Flamsteed was entrusted.' This magnificent observatory was entered by Flamsteed without a chair, or table, or instrument of any kind within its naked walls, all of which he supplied out of his pitiful salary of 100*l.* a year, assisted by the liberality of his private friends. He left it a 'magnificent observatory,' it is true—and his widow was threatened with a prosecution on the part of government for insisting on keeping what was her own. The 'Preface' proceeds to say, 'Mr. Flamsteed appeared to have laboured only for himself, or for a small number of friends.' Mr. Whewell would have done wisely to have suppressed this passage, for he has himself told us (p. 9) that 'the nation had a large share of Flamsteed's thoughts.' He knows, too—if he really has read Mr. Bailey's 'Life of Flamsteed'—that Flamsteed worked during many years for *Sir Isaac Newton*—and supplied him with a long series of observations, which were of the highest service to him and to science. Mr. Whewell says he takes a pleasure in quoting Newton's acknowledgment of having been favoured with those observations, and also his promise that he would not be less just to Flamsteed 'for the future'—but he omits to record the remarkable fact, that Newton was not only regardless of this promise, but, in the second edition of his *Principia*, absolutely erased the acknowledgment that he had previously made; as if he wished to obliterate every trace of any favour conferred.

A word or two on the unblushing impudence of Halley in accusing Flamsteed of doing nothing in thirty years. This man had long been striving to supplant Flamsteed in the office of Astronomer Royal: and although he appeared so anxious to have the observations of Flamsteed published, even before they were fit for the press, yet, after he at last obtained the place, he suffered his own astronomical career of twenty-two years to pass away without publishing a single observa-

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tion, except the account of two or three eclipses. And what does Mr. Whewell imagine to have been the cause of this reserve? We will tell him—it is by Halley himself avowed ‘that there being many uses to be made of the said observations for forming a method for better ascertaining the longitude of places; and a *great reward* being appointed, by Act of Parliament, for discovering such methods *he had hitherto kept his own observations in his own custody*, that he might have time to finish the theory he designs to build upon, *before others might take advantage* of reaping the benefit of his labours.’ What does Mr. Whewell think of *private property* now? We will not believe that, with all his disparagement of Flamsteed, he can deliberately prefer this mean and selfish Halley to the noble and spirited Flamsteed, who communicated his observations with free and open hand to every person who asked for them; and who ultimately published them at his own expense. But enough and more than enough of this rash pamphlet, utterly unworthy of such a man as Mr. Whewell.

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